

A
COLLECTION

Of the Best

English Poetry,

As BY *Jane*

Several HANDS.

(*Viz.*)

Duke of Devon,
Lord Rochester,
Mr. Dryden,
Sir John Denham,
Lord Roscommon,
Earl of Mulgrave,
Sir Robert Howard,
Mr. Phillips,
Dr. South,

Bp. Spratt,
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In Two Vol's Octavo.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by T. Warner, at the Black Boy in
Peter-Noster-Row, 1717.

(Price 10 s.)



The True-Born
English-Man.

A

S A T Y R.

*Statuimus Pacem, & Securitatem, & Concordiam
Judicium & Justitiam inter Anglos & Norman-
nos, Francos, & Britones Walliæ & Cornubiæ,
Pictos & Scotos Albanix, similiter inter Francos
& Insulanos Provincias, & Patrias, quæ perti-
nent ad Coronam nostram, & inter omnes nobis
Subiectos, firmiter & inviolabiliter observari.*

Charta Regis Willielmi Conquistoris de
Pacis Publica, Cap. 1.

Printed in the Year 1708.

(Price Three Pence.)

The Time-Book

English-Master

A

S A T Y R



British Museum
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(The Time-Book)

T H E P R E F A C E.

TH E End of Satyr is Reformation: And the Author, tho' he doubts the Work of Conversion is at a general Stop, has put his Hand to the Plow.

I expect a Storm of Ill Language from the Fury of the Town, and especially from those whose English Talent it is to Rail: And without being taken for a Conjurer, I may venture to foretel, That I shall be Cavil'd at about my Mean Stile, Rough Verse, and Incorrect Language; Things I might indeed have taken more Care in. But the Book is Printed; and tho' I see some Faults, 'tis too late to mend them: And this is all I think needful to say to them.

Possibly Somebody may take me for a Dutchman; in which they are mistaken: But I am one that would be glad to see Englishmen behave themselves better to Strangers, and to Governors also; that one might not be reproach'd in Foreign Countries, for belonging to a Nation that wants Manners.

I assure you, Gentlemen, Strangers use us better abroad; and we can give no reason but our Ill Nature for the contrary here.

Metinks an Englishman, who is so proud of being call'd A Goodfellow, shou'd be civil: And it cannot be denied but we are in many Cases, and particularly to Strangers, the Churlishest People alive.

As to Vices, who can dispute our Intemperance, while an Honest Drunken Fellow is a Character in a Man's Praise? All our Reformations are Banter, and will be so, till our Magistrates and Gentry Reform themselves by way of Exam-

ple; then, and not till then, they may be expected to punish others without blushing.

As to our Ingratitude, I desire to be understood of that particular People, who pretending to be Protestants, have all along endeavour'd to reduce the Liberties and Religion of this Nation into the Hands of King James and his Popish Powers: Together with such who enjoy the Peace and Protection of the present Government, and yet abuse and affront the King who procur'd it, and openly profess their Uneasiness under him: These, by whatsoever Names or Titles they are dignified or distinguish'd, are the People aim'd at: Nor do I disown, but that it is so much the Temper of an Englishman to abuse his Benefactor, that I could be glad to see it rectified.

They who think I have been guilty of any Error, in exposing the Crimes of my own Countrymen to themselves, may among many honest Instances of the like nature, find the same thing in Mr. Cowly, in his Imitation of the second Olympick Ode of Pindar: His Words are these;

But in this Thankless World the Givers
Are envi'd even by th' Receivers:
'Tis now the Cheap and Frugal Fashion,
Rather to hide than pay an Obligation.
Nay, 'tis much worse than so;
It now an Artifice doth grow,
Wrongs and Outrages to do,
Lest Men should think we Owe.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Speak, *Satyr*, for there's none can tell like thee,
Whether 'tis Folly, Pride, or Knavery,
That makes this discontented Land appear
Less happy now in Times of Peace, than War :
Why Civil Feuds disturb the Nation more
Than all our Bloody Wars have done before.

Fools out of Favour grudge at Knaves in Place;
And Men are always honest in Disgrace:
The Court-Preferments make Men Knaves in course :
But they which wou'd be in them wou'd be worse.

'Tis not at Foreigners that we repine,
You'd Foreigners their Perquisites resign :
The Grand Contentions plainly to be seen,
To get some Men put out, and some put in.
For this our S——rs make long Harangues,
And florid M——rs whet their polish'd Tongues.

Statesmen are always sick of one Disease ;
And a good Pension gives them present Ease.

That's the Specifick makes them all content
With any King, and any Government.

Good Patriots at Court-Abuses rail,

And all the Nation's Grievances bewail :

But when the Sovereign Balsam's once appli'd,
The Zealot never fails to change his Side.

And when he must the Golden Key resign,
The Railing Spirit comes about again.

Who shall this Bubbl'd Nation disabuse ;
 While they their own Felicities refuse ?
 Who at the Wars have made such mighty Pother,
 And now are falling out with one another :
 With needless Fears the Jealous Nation fill,
 And always have been sav'd against their Will :
 Who Fifty Millions Sterling have disburs'd,
 To be with Peace and too much Plenty curs'd.
 Who their Old Monarch eagerly undo,
 And yet uneasily obey the New.
 Search, *Satyr*, search, a deep Incision make ;
 The Poyson's strong, the Antidote's too weak.
 'Tis pointed Truth must manage this Dispute,
 And down-right English *Englishmen* confute.
 Whet thy just Anger at the Nation's Pride ;
 And with keen Phrase repel the vicious Tide.
 To *Englishmen* their own beginning show,
 And ask them why they slight their Neighbours so.
 Go back to Elder Times, and Ages past,
 And Nations into long Oblivion cast ;
 To Old *Britannia's* Youthful Days retire,
 And there for *True-Born Englishmen* enquire.
Britannia freely will disown the Name,
 And hardly knows her self from whence they came :
 Wonders that They of all Men should pretend
 To Birth and Blood, and for a Name contend.
 Go back to Causes where our Follies dwell,
 And fetch the dark Original from Hell :
 Speak, *Satyr*, for there's none like thee can tell.

The True-Born
English-Man.

PART I.

WHere-ever God erects a House of Prayer,
The Devil always builds a Chapel there :
And 'twill be found upon Examination,
The latter has the largest Congregation :
For ever since he first debauch'd the Mind,
He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind.
With Uniformity of Service, he
Reigns with a general Aristocracy.
No Nonconforming Sects disturb his Reign,
For of his Yoak there's very few complain.
He knows the Genius and the Inclination,
And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation.
He needs no Standing-Army Government ;
He always rules us by our own Consent :
His Laws are easy, and his gentle Sway
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
The List of his Vicegerents and Commanders,
Outdoes your *Cæsars*, or your *Alexanders*.
They never fail of his infernal Aid,
And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.

Through all the World they spread his vast Command,
And Death's Eternal Empire's maintain'd.

They rule so politickly and so well,
As if they were L—— J—— of Hell.

Duly divided to debauch Mankind,
And plant Infernal Dictates in his Mind.

Pride, the first Peer, and President of Hell,
To his share *Spain*, the largest Province, fell.

The subtle Prince thought fittest to bestow

On these the Golden Mines of *Mexico*;

With all the Silver Mountains of *Peru*;

Wealth which would in wise hands the World undo:

Because he knew their Genius was such;

Too Lazy and too Haughty to be Rich.

So proud a People, so above their Fate,

That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State.

Lavish of Money, to be counted Brave,

And proudly starve, because they scorn to save.

Never was Nation in the World before,

So very Rich, and yet so very Poor.

Lust chose the Torrid Zone of *Italy*,

Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy:

Where swelling Veins o'erflow with livid Streams,

With Heat impregnate from *Vesuvian* Flames:

Whose flowing Sulphur forms Infernal Lakes,

And human Body of the Soil partakes.

There Nature ever burns with hot Desires,

Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean Fires:

Here undisturb'd in Floods of scalding Lust,

Th' Infernal King reigns with Infernal Gust.

Drunk'ness, the Darling Favourite of Hell,

Chose *Germany* to rule; and rules so well,

No Subjects more obsequiously obey,

None please so well, or are so pleas'd as they.

The cunning Artist manages so well,

He lets them Bow to Heav'n, and Drink to Hell.

If but to Wine and him they Homage pay,
 He cares not to what Deity they pray,
 What God they worship most, or in what way.
 Whether by *Luther*, *Calvin*, or by *Rome*,
 They sail for Heav'n, by Wine he steers them home.

Ungovern'd Passion settled first in *France*,
 Where Mankind lives in haste, and thrives by Chance.
 A Dancing Nation, Fickle and Untrue :
 Have oft undone themselves, and others too :
 Prompt the Infernal Dictates to obey,
 And in Hell's Favour none more great than they :

The Pagan World he blindly leads away,
 And Personally rules with Arbitrary Sway :
 The Mask thrown off, Plain Devil his Title stands ;
 And what elsewhere he Tempts, he there Commands.
 There with full Gust th' Ambition of his Mind
 Governs, as he of old in Heav'n design'd.
 Worshipp'd as God, his *Painim* Altars smoke,
 Embru'd with Blood of those that him Invoke.

The rest by Deputies he rules as well.
 And plants the distant Colonies of Hell.
 By them his secret Power he maintains,
 And binds the World in his Infernal Chains.

By Zeal the *Irish*; and the *Rash* by Folly :
 Fury the *Dane* : The *Swede* by Melancholly :
 By stupid Ignorance, the *Muscovite* :
 The *Chinese* by a Child of Hell, call'd Wit :
 Wealth makes the *Persian* too Effeminate :
 And Poverty the *Tartars* Desperate :
 The *Turks* and *Moors* by *Mab'met* he subdues :
 And God has giv'n him leave to rule the *Jews* :
 Rage rules the *Portuguese*; and Fraud the *Scotch* :
 Revenge the *Pole*; and Avarice the *Dutch*.

Satyr be kind and draw a silent Veil,
 Thy Native *England's* Vices to conceal :
 Or if that Task's impossible to do,
 At least be just, and show her Vertues too ;
 Too great the first, Alas ! the last too Few.

England

England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay ;
 Happy, had she remain'd so to this Day,
 And not to ev'ry Nation been a Prey.
 Her Open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,
 The Merchants Glory these, and those the Swains,
 To ev'ry Barbarous Nation have betray'd her,
 Who conquer her as oft as they Invade her.
 So Beauty guarded but by Innocence,
 That ruins her which should be her Defence:

Ingratitude, a Devil of Black Renown,
 Possess'd her very early for his own.
 An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfish Spirit,
 Who Satan's worst Perfections does inherit :
 Second to him in Malice and in Force,
 All Devil without, and all within him Worse.

He made her First-born Race to be so rude,
 And suffer'd her to be so oft subdu'd :
 By sev'ral Crouds of Wandring Thieves o'er-run,
 Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.
 While ev'ry Nation that her Pow'rs reduc'd,
 Their Languages and Manners introduc'd,
 From whole mix'd Relicks our compounded Breed,
 By Spurious Generation does succeed ;
 Making a Race uncertain and unev'n,
 Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heav'n.

The *Romans* first with *Julius Cæsar* came,
 Including all the Nations of that Name,
Gauls, *Greeks*, and *Lombards*; and by Computation,
 Auxiliaries or Slaves of ev'ry Nation.
 With *Hengist*, *Saxons*; *Danes* with *Sueno* came,
 In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame.
Scots, *Picts*, and *Irish* from th' *Hibernian Shore*:
 And Conqu'ring *William* brought the *Normans* o'er.

All these their Barb'rous Offspring left behind,
 The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind ;
 Blended with *Britains* who before were here,
 Of whom the *Welsh* ha' blest the Character.

From this Amphibious Ill-born Mob began
 That vain ill-natur'd thing, an *Englishman*.
 The Customs, Surnames, Languages, and Manners;
 Of all these Nations are their own Explainers:
 Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong,
 They ha' left a *Siboleth* upon our Tongue;
 By which with easy search you may distinguish
 Your *Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman* English.

The great Invading * *Norman* let us know
 What Conquerors in After-Times might do.
 To ev'ry † *Musqueteer* he brought to Town,
 He gave the Lands which never were his own.
 When first the *English* Crown he did obtain,
 He did not send his *Dutchmen* home again.
 No Reassumptions in his Reign were known,
 D'*avenant* might there ha' let his Book alone.
 No Parliament his Army cou'd disband;
 He rais'd no Money, for he paid in Land.
 He gave his Legions their Eternal Station,
 And made them all Freeholders of the Nation.
 He canton'd out the Country to his Men,
 And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen.
 The Rascals thus enrich'd, he call'd them *Lords*,
 To please their Upstart Pride with new-made Words;
 And *Doomsday-Book* his Tyranny records.

And here begins the Ancient Pedigree
 That so exalts our Poor Nobility:
 'Tis that from some *French* Trooper they derive,
 Who with the *Norman* Bastard did arrive:
 The Trophies of the Families appear;
 Some show the Sword, the Bow, and some the Spear,
 Which their Great Ancestor, forsooth, did wear.
 These in the Heralds Register remain,
 Their Noble mean Extraction to explain.
 Yet who the Hero was, no Man can tell,
 Whether a Drummer or a Colonel:

* William the Conqueror.

† Or Archer.

The silent Record blushes to reveal
Their Undescended Dark Original.

But grant the best, How came the Change to pass;
A *True-Born Englishman* of *Norman* Race?

A *Turkish* Horse can show more History,
To prove his Well-descended Family.

Conquest, as by the * *Moderns* 'tis express,
May give a Title to the Lands possess:

But that the longest Sword shou'd be so Civil,

To make a *Frenchman English*, that's the Devil.

These are the Heroes that despise the *Dutch*,
And rail at new-come Foreigners so much;

Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd
From the most Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd;

A horrid Croud of Rambling Thieves and Drones;
Who ranack'd Kingdoms, and dispeopl'd Towns.

The *Pict* and Painted *Britain*, Treach'rous *Scot*,
By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought.

Norwegian Pirates, *Buccaneering Danes*,
Whose Red-hair'd Offspring ev'ry where remains.

Who join'd with *Norman-French*, compound the Breed
From whence your *True-Born Englishmen* proceed.

And lest by Length of Time it be pretended,
The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended;

Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding Care:

We have been *Europe's* Sink, the Jakes where she
Voids all her Offal Out-cast Progeny.

From our Fifth *Henry's* time, the Strolling Bands
Of banish'd Fugitives from Neighb'ring Lands,

Have here a certain Sanctuary found:

The Eternal Refuge of the Vagabond.

Wherein but half a common Age of Time,

Borr'wing new Blood and Manners from the Clime,

Proudly they learn all Mankind to contemn,

And all their Race are *True-Born Englishmen*.

Dutch, Walloons, Flemmings, Irishmen, and Scots,
Audois and Valtolins, and Hugonots,
 In good Queen *Bess's* Charitable Reign,
 Suppli'd us with Three hundred thousand Men.
 Religion, God we thank thee, sent them hither,
 Priests, Protestants, the Devil and all together:
 Of all Professions, and of ev'ry Trade,
 All that were persecuted or afraid;
 Whether for Debt or other Crimes they fled,
David at *Hackelab* was still their Head.

The Offspring of this Miscellaneous Croud,
 Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd,
 But they grew *Englishmen*, and rais'd their Votes
 At Foreign Shoals of Interloping *Scots*.
 The * Royal Branch from *Pict-land* did succeed,
 With Troops of *Scots* and Scabs from *North-by-Tweed*.
 The Seven first Years of his Pacifick Reign,
 Made him and half his Nation *Englishmen*.
Scots from the Northern Frozen Banks of *Tay*,
 With Packs and Plods came *Whigging* all away:
 Thick as the Locusts which in *Egypt* swarm'd,
 With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd;
 With Native Truth, Diseases, and No Money,
 Plunder'd our *Canaan* of the Milk and Honey.
 Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
 And all their Race are *True-Born Englishmen*.

The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,
 Which always use to make the Nation thrive,
 Made way for all that strolling Congregation,
 Which throng'd in Pious † *Ch*——'s Restoration:
 The Royal Refugee our Breed restores,
 With Foreign Courtiers, and with Foreign Whores;
 And carefully repeopled us again,
 Throughout his Lazy, Long, Lascivious Reign,
 With such a blest and True-born *Englsh* Fry,
 As much Illustrates our Nobility.

* K. 7. I.

† K. C. II.

A Gratitude which will so black appear,
 As future Ages must abhor to hear:
 When they look back on all that Crimson Flood,
 Which stream'd in *Lindsey's*, and *Caernarvon's* Blood:
 Bold *Stafford*, *Cambridge*, *Capel*, *Lucas*, *Lisle*,
 Who crown'd in Death his Father's Fun'ral Pile.
 The Loss of whom, in order to supply
 With True-Born *English* N——ry,
 Six Bastard Dukes survive his Luscious Reign,
 The Labours of *Italian* C——n,
French P——b, *Tabby* S——t, and *Cambrian*.
 Besides the Num'rous Bright and Virgin Throng,
 Whose Female Glories shade them from my Song.

This Offspring, if one Age they multiply,
 May half the House with *English* Peers supply:
 There with true *English* Pride they may contemn
 S——g and P——d, new-made Noblemen.

French Cooks, *Scotch* Pedlars, and *Italian* Whores,
 Were all made L——ds, or L——ds Progenitors.
 Beggars and Bastards by his new Creation,
 Much multipli'd the P——ge of the Nation;
 Who will be all, e'er one short Age runs o'er,
 As True-Born L——ds as those we had before.

Then to recruit the Commons he prepares,
 And heal the latent Breaches of the Wars:
 'The pious Purpose better to advance,
 H' invites the banish'd Protestants of *France*:
 Hither for God's sake and their own they fled,
 Some for Religion came, and some for Bread:
 Two hundred thousand Pair of Wooden Shoes,
 Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to lose;
 To Heav'n's great Praise did for Religion fly,
 To make us starve our Poor in Charity.
 In ev'ry Port they plant their fruitful Train,
 To get a Race of *True-Born Englishmen*:
 Whose Children will, when riper Years they see,
 Be as Ill-natur'd, and as Proud as we:

Call themselves *English*, Foreigners despise,
Be Surly like us all, and just as Wise.

Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds began,
That Het'ogeneous Thing, *An Englishman* :
In eager Rapes, and furious Lust begot,
Betwixt a Painted *Britton* and a *Scot* :

Whose gend'ring Offspring quickly learnt to bow,
And yoke their Heifers to the *Roman* Plough :

From whence a Mongrel half-bred Race there came,
With neither Name nor Nation, Speech or Fame.

In whose hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran,
Infus'd betwixt a *Saxon* and a *Dane*.

While their Rank Daughters, to their Parents just,
Receiv'd all Nations with Promiscuous Lust.

This Nauseous Brood directly did contain
The well-extracted Blood of *Englishmen*.

Which Medly canton'd in a Heptarchy,
A Rhapsody of Nations to supply,

Among themselves maintain'd eternal Wars,
And still the Ladies lov'd the Conquerors.

The Western Angles all the rest subdu'd ;
A bloody Nation, barbarous and rude :

Who by the Tenure of the Sword possess
One part of *Britain*, and subdu'd the rest.

And as great things denominate the small,
The Conqu'ring Part gave Title to the Whole.

The *Scot*, *Pict*, *Britain*, *Roman*, *Dane* submit,
And with the *English-Saxon* all unite :

And these the Mixture have so close pursu'd,
The very Name and Memory's subdu'd :

No *Roman* now, no *Britain* does remain ;
Scales strove to separate, but strove in vain :

The silent Nations undistinguish'd fall,
And *Englishman*'s the common Name for all.

He jumbld them together, God knows how ;
That e'er they were, they're *True-Born English* now.

The Wonder which remains is at our Pride,
To value that which all wise Men deride.

For *Englishmen* to boast of Generation;
 Cancels their Knowledge, and lampoons the Nation.
 A *True-Born Englishman's* a Contradiction,
 In Speech an Irony, in Fact a Fiction.
 A Banter made to be a Test of Fools,
 Which those that use it justly ridicules.
 A Metaphor invented to express
 A Man *a-kin* to all the Universe.

For as the *Scots*, as Learned Men ha' said,
 Throughout the World their Wandring Seed ha' spread;
 So open-handed *England*, 'tis believ'd,
 Has all the Gleanings of the World receiv'd.

Some think of *England* 'twas our Saviour meant,
 The Gospel should to all the World be sent :
 Since when the blessed Sound did hither reach,
 They to all Nations might be said to Preach.

'Tis well that Virtue gives Nobility,
 Else God knows where we had our Gentry ;
 Since scarce one Family is left alive,
 Which does not from some Foreigner derive.
 Of Sixty thousand *English* Gentlemen,
 Whose Names and Arms in Registers remain,
 We challenge all our Heralds to declare
 Ten Families which *English-Saxons* are.

France justly boasts the Ancient Noble Line
 Of *Bourbon*, *Moumorency*, and *Lorrain*.
 The *Germans* too their House of *Austria* show,
 And *Holland* their Invincible *Nassau*.
 Lines which in Heraldry were Ancient grown,
 Before the Name of *Englishman* was known.
 Even *Scotland* too her Elder Glory shows,
 Her *Gourdots*, *Hamiltons*, and her *Monroes* ;
Dowglas, *Mackays*, and *Grahams*, Names well known,
 Long before Ancient *England* knew her own.

But *England*, Modern to the last degree,
 Borrows or makes her own Nobility,
 And yet she boldly boasts of Pedigree :

Repines that Foreigners are put upon her;
And talks of her Antiquity and Honour:

Her S——ls, S——ls, C——ls, De——M——rs,

M——ns and M——ues, D——s, and V——rs,

Not one have *English* Names, yet all are *English* Peers.

Your H——ns, P——llons, and L——liers,

Pass now for True-Born *English* Knights and Squires,

And make good Senate-Members, or Lord-Mayors.

Wealth, howsoever got, in *England* makes

Lords of Mechanics, Gentlemen of Rakes

Antiquity and Birth are needless here;

'Tis Impudence and Money makes a P——r.

Innumerable City-Knights we know,

From *Bluecoat Hospitals* and *Bridewell* flow:

Draymen and Porters fill the City Chair,

And Footboys Magisterial Purple wear.

Fate has but very small Distinction set

Between the Counter and the Coroner.

Tarpaulin L——ds, Pages of high Renown,

Rise up by Poor Mens Valour, not their own.

Great Families of Yesterday we show,

And Lords, whose Parents were the Lord knows who.

B

PART

The True Born
English-Man.

PART II.

THE Breed's describ'd: Now, *Satyr*, if you can,
Their Temper show, for Manners make the Man;
Fierce as the *Britain*, as the *Roman* Brave;
And less inclin'd to Conquer than to Save:
Eager to fight, and lavish of their Blood;
And equally of Fear and Forecast void.
The *Pict* has made 'em Sowre, the *Dane* Morose;
False from the *Scot*, and from the *Norman* worse.
What Honesty they have, the *Norman* gave them,
And That, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
The Climate makes them Terrible and Bold;
And *English* Beef their Courage does uphold:
No Danger can their Daring Spirit pall,
Always provided that their Belly's full.

In close Intrigues their Faculty's but weak,
For gen'rally whate'er they know, they speak:
And often their own Councils undermine
By their Infirmary, and not Design.
From whence the Learned say it does proceed,
'That *English* Treasons never can succeed:

For they're so open-hearted, you may know
Their own most secret Thoughts, and others too.

The Lab'ring Poor, in spite of Double Pay,
Are Sawcy, Mutinous, and Beggary :
So lavish of their Money and their Time,
That want of Forecast is the Nation's Crime.

Good Drunken Company is their Delight ;
And what they get by Day, they spend by Night.

Dull Thinking seldom does their Heads engage,
But Drink their Youth away, and hurry on Old Age.

Empty of all good Husbandry and Sense ;
And void of Manners most, when void of Pence.

Their strong Aversion to Behaviour's such,
They always talk too little or too much.

So dull, they never take the pains to think ;
And seldom are good-natur'd, but in Drink.

In *English* Ale their dear Enjoyment lies,
For which they'll starve themselves and Families.

An *Englishman* will fairly drink as much
As will maintain Two Families of *Dutch* :

Subjecting all their Labours to the Pots ;
The greatest Artists are the greatest Sots.

The Country Poor do by Example live ;
The Gentry lead them, and the Clergy drive !

What may we not from such Examples hope ?
The Landlord is their God, the Priest their Pope.

A Drunken Clergy, and a Swearing Bench,
Has giv'n the Reformation such a Drench,

As wise Men think there is some cause to doubt,
Will purge Good Manners and Religion out.

Nor do the Poor alone their Liquor prize,
The Sages join in this great Sacrifice.

The Learned Men who study *Aristotle*,
Correct him with an Explanation Bottle ;

Praise *Epicurus* rather than *Lyfander*,
And * *Aristippus* more than *Alexander*.

* The Drunkards Name for Canary.

The Doctors too their *Galen* here resign,
 And gen'rally prescribe Specifick Wine.
 The Graduates Study's grown an easier Task,
 While for the Urinal they toss the Flask.

The Surgeons Art grows plainer ev'ry Hour,
 And Wine's the Balm which into Wounds they pour.

Poets long since *Parnassus* have forsaken,
 And say the Ancient Bards were all mistaken,
Apollo's lately abdicate and fled,
 And good King *Bacchus* governs in his stead;
 He does the Chaos of the Head refine,
 And Atom-Thoughts jump into Words by Wine:
 The Inspiration's of a finer Nature;

As Wine must needs excel *Parnassus* Water;

Statesmen their weighty Politicks refine,
 As Soldiers raise their Courages by Wine.

Cecilia gives her Choristers their Choice,
 And lets them all drink Wine to clear the Voice.

Some think the Clergy first found out the way,
 And Wine's the only Spirit by which they pray.

But others less prophane than so, agree,

It clears the Lungs, and helps the Memory:

And therefore all of them Divinely think,

Instead of Study, 'tis as well to drink.

And here I wou'd be very glad to know,

Whether our *Asgilites* may drink or no.

Th' Enlghtning Fumes of Wine would certainly

Assist them much when they begin to fly:

Or if a Fiery Chariot shou'd appear,

Inflam'd by Wine, they'd ha' the less to fear.

Even the Gods themselves, as Mortals say,

Were they on Earth, wou'd be as drunk as they:

Nectar would be no more Celestial Drink,

They'd all take Wine, to teach them how to Think.

But *English* Drunkards, Gods and Men out-do,

Drink their Estates away, and Senses too.

Celon's in Debt, and if his Friends should fail

To help him out, must dye at last in Gaol:

His Wealthy Uncle sent a Hundred Nobles,
 To pay his Trifles off, and rid him of his Troubles :
 But *Colon*, like a *True-Born Englishman*,
 Drank all the Money out in bright Champaign ;
 And *Colon* does in Custody remain. }
 Drunk'ness has been the Darling of the Realm,
 Ever since a Drunken Pilot had the Helm.

In their Religion they are so unev'n,
 That each Man goes his own By-way to Heav'n.
 Tenacious of Mistakes to that degree,
 That ev'ry Man pursues it sep'rately, }
 And fancies none can find the Way but he :
 So shy of one another they are grown,
 As if they strove to get to Heav'n alone.
 Rigid and Zealous, Positive and Grave,
 And ev'ry Grace, but Charity, they have :
 This makes them so Ill-natur'd and Uncivil,
 That all Men think an *Englishman* the Devil.

Surly to Strangers, Froward to their Friend ;
 Submit to Love with a reluctant Mind ; }
 Resolv'd to be ungrateful and unkind.
 If by Necessity reduc'd to ask,
 The Giver has the difficultest Task :
 For what's bestow'd they awkwardly receive,
 And always Take less freely than they Give.
 The Obligation is their highest Grief ;
 And never love, where they accept Relief.
 So sullen in their Sorrows, that 'tis known,
 They'll rather dye than their Afflictions own :
 And if reliev'd, it is too often true,
 That they'll abuse their Benefactors too :
 For in Distress their Haughty Stomach's such,
 They hate to see themselves oblig'd too much.
 Seldom contented, often in the wrong ;
 Hard to be pleas'd at all, and never long.
 If your Mistakes their Ill Opinion gain,
 No Merit can their Favour reobtain :

And if they're not Vindictive in their Fury,
 'Tis their unconstant Temper does secure ye:
 Their Brain's so cool, their Passion seldom burns:
 For all's condens'd before the Flame returns:
 The Fermentation's of so weak a Matter,
 The Humid damps the Fume, and runs it all to Water.
 So tho' the Inclination may be strong,
 They're pleas'd by Fits, and never angry long.

Then if Good Nature shows some slender Proof,
 They never think they have Reward enough:
 But like our Modern Quakers of the Town,
 Expect your Manners, and return you none.

Friendship, th' abstracted Union of the Mind,
 Which all Men seek, but very few can find:
 Of all the Nations in the Universe,
 None talk on't more, or understand it less:
 For if it does the Property annoy,
 Their Property their Friendship will destroy.

As you discourse them, you shall hear them tell
 All things in which they think they do excel:
 No Panegyrick needs their Praise record;
 An *Englishman* ne'er wants his own good Word.
 His Long Discourses gen'rally appear
 Prologu'd with his own wondrous Character:
 But First to illustrate his own good Name,
 He never fails his Neighbour to defame:
 And yet he really designs no wrong;
 His Malice goes no further than his Tongue.
 But pleas'd to Tattle, he delights to Rail,
 To satisfy the Lech'ry of a Tale.

His own dear Praises close the ample Speech,
 Tells you how Wise he is; that is, how Rich:
 For Wealth is Wisdom; he that's Rich is wise;
 And all Men Learned Poverty despise.
 His Generosity comes next, and then
 Concludes that he's a *True-Born Englishman*;
 And they 'tis known, are Generous and Free,
 Forgetting, and Forgiving Injury:

Which may be true, thus rightly understood,
 Forgiving Ill Turns, and Forgetting Good.

Chearful in Labour when they've undertook it;
 But out of Humour, when they're out of Pocket.
 But if their Belly and their Pocket's full,
 They may be Phlegmatick, but never Dull:
 And if a Bottle does their Brains refine,
 It makes their Wit as sparkling as their Wine.

As for the general Vices which we find
 They're guilty of in common with Mankind,
 Satyr, forbear, and silently endure;
 We must conceal the Crimes we cannot cure.
 Nor shall my Verse the brighter Sex defame;
 For *English* Beauty will preserve her Name.
 Beyond dispute, Agreeable and Fair;
 And Modester than other Nations are:
 For where the Vice prevails, the great Temptation
 Is want of Money, more than Inclination.
 In general, this only is allow'd,
 They're something Noisy, and a little Proud.

An *Englishman* is gentlest in Command,
 Obedience is a Stranger in the Land:
 Hardly subjected to the Magistrate;
 For *Englishmen* do all Subjection hate.
 Humblest when Rich, but peevish when they're Poor;
 And think whate'er they have, they merit more.

The meanest *English* Plowman studies Law,
 And keeps thereby the Magistrates in Awe:
 Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
 And sometimes punish their Omissions too.

Their Liberty and Property's so dear,
 They scorn their Laws or Governours to fear:
 So bugbear'd with the Name of Slavery,
 They can't submit to their own Liberty.
 Restraint from Ill is Freedom to the Wise;
 But *Englishmen* do all Restraint despise.
 Slaves to the Liquor, Drudges to the Pots,
 The Mob are Statesmen, and their Statesman Sots.

Their Governours they count such dangerous things,
 That 'tis their Custom to affront their Kings:
 So jealous of the Power their Kings possess'd,
 They suffer neither Power nor Kings to rest.
 The Bad with Force they eagerly subdue;
 The Good with constant Clamours they pursue:
 And did King *Jesus* reign they'd murmur too.
 A discontented Nation, and by far
 Harder to rule in Times of Peace than War:
 Easily set together by the Ears,
 And full of causeless Jealousies and Fears:
 Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,
 And never are contented when they're well.
 No Government cou'd ever please them long,
 Cou'd tie their Hands, or rectify their Tongue.
 In this to Ancient *Israel* well compar'd,
 Eternal Murmurs are among them heard.

It was but lately that they were oppress'd,
 Their Rights invaded, and their Laws suppress'd:
 When nicely tender of their Liberty,
 Lord! what a Noise they made of Slavery.
 In daily Tumults show'd their Discontent;
 Lampoon'd their King, and mock'd his Government.
 And if in Arms they did not first appear,
 'Twas want of Force, and not for want of Fear.
 In humbler Tone than *English* us'd to do,
 At Foreign Hands for Foreign Aid they sue.

William the Great Successor of *Nassau*,
 Their Prayers heard, and their Oppressions saw:
 He saw and sav'd them: God and Him they prais'd;
 To This their Thanks, to That their Trophies rais'd.
 But glutt'd with their own Felicities,
 They soon their New Deliverer despise;
 Say all their Prayers back, their Joy disown,
 Unsing their Thanks, and pull their Trophies down:
 Their Harps of Praise are on the Willows hung;
 For *Englishmen* are never contented long.

The Rev'rend Clergy too ! and who'd ha' thought,
 That they who had such Non-Resistance taught,
 Should e'er to Arms against their Prince be brought ?
 Who up to Heaven did Regal Pow'r advance ;
 Subjecting *English* Laws to Modes of *France*.
 Twisting Religion so with Loyalty,
 As one cou'd never live, and t'other dye.
 And yet no sooner did their Prince design
 Their Glebes and Perquisites to undermine,
 But all their Passive Doctrines laid aside ;
 The Clergy their own Principles deny'd :
 Unpreach'd their Non-resisting Cant, and pray'd
 To Heav'n for Help, and to the *Dutch* for Aid.
 The Church chym'd all her Doctrines back again,
 And Pulpit-Champions did the Cause maintain ;
 Flew in the Face of all their former Zeal,
 And Non-Resistance did at once repeal.

The *Rabbies* say it would be too prolix,
 To tie Religion up to Politicks :
 The Church's Safety is *Suprema Lex*.
 And so by a new Figure of their own,
 Their former Doctrines all at once disown.
 As Laws *Post Facto* in the Parliament,
 In urgent Cases have obtain'd Assent ;
 But are as dangerous Presidents laid by ;
 Made Lawful only by Necessity.

The Rev'rend Fathers then in Arms appear,
 And Men of God became the Men of War.
 The Nation, fir'd by them, to Arms apply ;
 Assault their Antichristian Monarchy ;
 To their due Channel all our Laws restore,
 And made things what they shou'd ha' been before.
 But when they came to fill the Vacant Throne,
 And the Pale Priests look'd back on what they'd done ;
 How *English* Liberty began to thrive,
 And Church of *England* Loyalty out-live :
 How all their persecuting Days were done,
 And their Deliv'rer plac'd upon the Throne ;

The Priests, as Priests are wont to do, turn'd Tail ;
 They're *Englishmen*, and Nature will prevail.
 Now they deplore the Ruins they ha' made,
 And murmur for the Master they betray'd.
 Excuse those Crimes they cou'd not make him mend ;
 And suffer for the Cause they can't defend.
 Pretend they'd not ha' carry'd things so high ;
 And Proto-Martyrs make for Popery.
 Had the Prince done as they design'd the thing,
 Ha' set the Clergy up to rule the King ;
 Taken a Donative for coming hither,
 And so ha' left their King and them together,
 We had, say they, been now a happy Nation.
 No doubt we had seen a Blessed Reformation :
 For Wise Men say 't's as dangerous a thing,
 A Ruling Priest-hood, as a Priest-rid King.
 And of all Plagues with which Mankind are curst,
 Ecclesiastick Tyranny's the worst.

If all our former Grievances were feign'd,
 King *James* has been abus'd, and we trepann'd ;
 Bugbear'd with Popery and Power Despotick,
 Tyrannick Government, and Leagues Exotick :
 The Revolution's a Phanatick Plot,
 W—— a Tyrant, S—— a Sot :

A Factious Army and a Poyson'd Nation,
 Unjustly forc'd King *James*'s Abdication.

But if he did the Subjects Rights invade,
 Then he was punish'd only, not betray'd ;
 And punishing of Kings is no such Crime,
 But *Englishmen* ha' done it many a Time.

When Kings the Sword of Justice first lay down,
 They are no Kings, though they possess the Crown.
 Titles are Shadows, Crowns are empty things,
 The Good of Subjects is the End of Kings ;
 To guide in War, and to protect in Peace ;
 Where Tyrants once commence, the Kings do cease :
 For Arbitrary Power's so strange a thing,
 It makes the Tyrant, and unmakes the King.

If Kings by Foreign Priests and Armies reign,
And Lawless Power against their Oaths maintain,
Then Subjects must ha' reason to complain.

If Oaths must bind us when our Kings do ill;
To call in Foreign Aid is to rebel.

By force to circumscribe our Lawful Prince,
Is wilful Treason in the largest Sense :

And they who once rebel, most certainly
Their God, and King, and former Oaths defy.

If we allow no Male-Administration
Could cancel the Allegiance of the Nation;

Let all our Learned Sons of *Levi* try,
This Eccles'astick Riddle to unty :

How they could make a Step to call the Prince,
And yet pretend to Oaths and Innocence.

By th' first Address they made beyond the Seas,
They're perjur'd in the most intense Degrees;

And without Scruple for the time to come,
May swear to all the Kings in *Christendom*.

And truly did our Kings consider all,
They'd never let the Clergy swear at all;

Their Politick' Allegiance they'd refuse;
For Whores and Priests will never want excuse.

But if the Mutual Contract was dissolv'd,
The Doubtss explain'd, the Difficulty solv'd :

That Kings, when they descend to Tyranny,
Dissolve the Bond, and leave the Subject free.

The Government's ungirt when Justice dies,
And Constitutions are Non-Entities.

The Nations all a Mob, there's no such thing
As Lords or Commons, Parliament or King.

A great promiscuous Croud the Hydra lies,
Till Laws revive, and mutual Contract ties:

A Chaos free to chuse for their own share,
What Case of Government they please to wear:

To a King they do the Reins commit,
All Men are bound in Conscience to submit:

But then that King must by his Oath assent
To *Postulata's* of the Government;
Which if he breaks, he cuts off the Entail,
And Power retreats to its Original.

This Doctrine has the Sanction of Assent,
From Nature's Universal Parliament.
The Voice of Nations, and the Course of Things,
Allow that Laws superiour are to Kings.
None but Delinquents would have Justice cease,
Knaves rail at Laws as Soldiers rail at Peace:
For Justice is the End of Government,
As Reason is the Test of Argument.

No Man was ever yet so void of Sense,
As to debate the Right of Self-Defence;
A Principle so grafted in the Mind,
With Nature born, and does like Nature bind:
Twisted with Reason, and with Nature too;
As neither one nor t'other can undo.

Nor can this Right be less when National;
Reason which governs one, should govern all.
Whate'er the Dialect of Courts may tell,
He that his Right demands, can ne'er rebel.
Which Right, if 'tis by Governours deny'd,
May be procur'd by Force, or Foreign Aid,
For Tyranny's a Nation's Term for Grief;
As Folks cry *Fire*, to hasten in Relief.
And when the hated Word is heard about,
All Men shou'd come to help the People out.

Thus *England* groan'd, *Britannia's* Voice was heard;
And Great *Nassau* to rescue her appear'd;
Call'd by the Universal Voice of Fate;
God and the Peoples Legal Magistrate.
Ye Heav'ns regard! Almighty *Jove* look down,
And view thy Injur'd Monarch on the Throne.
On their Ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,
Who sought his Aid, and then his part forsake.
Witness, ye Powers! it was our Call alone,
Which now our Pride makes us ashamed to own.

Britannia

Britannia's Troubles fetch'd him from afar,
 To court the dreadful Casualties of War :
 But where Requital never can be made,
 Acknowledgment's a Tribute seldom paid.

He dwelt in Bright *Maria's* Circling Arms,
 Defended by the Magick of her Charms,
 From Foreign Fears, and from Domestick Harms.

Ambition found no Fuel for her Fire,
 He had what God cou'd give, or Man desire.

Till Pity rous'd him from his soft Repose,

His Life to unseen Hazards to expose :

Till Pity mov'd him in our Cause t' appear ;

Pity! that Word which now we hate to hear.

But *English* Gratitude is always such,

To hate the Hand which does oblige too much.

Britannia's Cries gave Birth to his Intent,

And hardly gain'd his unforeseen Assent :

His boding Thoughts foretold him he should find

The People Fickle, Selfish and Unkind.

Which Thought did to his Royal Heart appear

More dreadful than the Dangers of the War :

For nothing grates a generous Mind so soon,

As base Returns for hearty Service done.

Satyr, be silent, awfully prepare

Britannia's Song, and *William's* Praise to hear.

Stand by, and let her chearfully rehearse

Her Grateful Vows in her Immortal Verse.

Loud Fame's Eternal Trumpet let her sound ;

Listen ye distant Poles, and endless Round.

May the strong Blast the welcome News convey

As far as Sound can reach, or Spirit fly.

To Neighb'ring Worlds, if such there be, relate

Our Hero's Fame, for theirs to imitate.

To distant Worlds of Spirits let her rehearse :

For Spirits without the helps of Voice converse.

May Angels hear the gladsome News on high,

Mix'd with their everlasting Symphony.

And

And Hell it self stand in Suspence to know
Whether it be the Fatal Blast, or no.

B R I T A N N I A.

The Fame of Virtue 'tis for which I sound;
And Heroes with Immortal Triumphs crown'd.
Fame built on solid Virtue swifter flies,
Than Morning-Light can spread my *Eastern Skies*.
'The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound,
And loud repeating Thunders force it round:
Eccboes return from Caverns of the Deep:
Old Chaos dreams on't in Eternal Sleep.
Time hands it forward to its latest Urn,
From whence it never, never shall return,
Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long;
'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and spoke by ev'ry Tongue.

My Hero with the Sails of Honour furl'd,
Rises like the great Genius of the World.
By Fate and Fame wisely prepar'd to be
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory.
He spreads the Wings of Virtue on the Throne,
And ev'ry Wind of Glory fans them on.
Immortal Trophies dwell upon his Brow,
Fresh as the Garlands he has won but now.

By different Steps the high Ascent he gains,
And differently that high Ascent maintains.
Princes for Pride and Lust of Rule make War,
And struggle for the Name of Conqueror.
Some fight for Fame, and some for Victory:
He Fights to Save, and Conquers to set Free.

Then seek no Phrase his Titles to conceal,
And hide with Words what Actions must reveal.
No Parallel from *Hebrew Stories* take,
Of God-like Kings my Similies to make:
No borrow'd Names conceal my living Theam;
But Names and Things directly I proclaim.

His honest Merit does his Glory raise;
Whom that exalts, let no Man fear to praise,
Of such a Subject no Man need be shy;
Virtue's above the Reach of Flattery.

He needs no Character, but his own Fame,
Nor any flattering Titles, but his Name.

William's the Name that's spoke by ev'ry Tongue:
William's the darling Subject of my Song.

Listen ye Virgins to the Charming Sound,
And in Eternal Dances hand it round:

Your early Offerings to this Altar bring;
Make him at once a Lover and a King.

May he submit to none but to your Arms;
Nor ever be subdu'd, but by your Charms.

May your soft Thoughts for him be all sublime;
And ev'ry tender Vow be made for him.

May he be first in ev'ry Morning-Thought,
And Heav'n ne'er hear a Pray'r where he's left out.

May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry boding Dream,
Be Fortunate by mentioning his Name.

May this one Charm Infernal Powers affright,
And guard you from the Terrors of the Night.

May every chearful Glass as it goes down
To *William's* Health, be Cordials to your own.

Let ev'ry Song be Chorust with his Name,
And Musick pay her Tribute to his Fame.

Let ev'ry Poet tune his Artful Verse,
And in Immortal Straips his Deeds rehearse.

And may *Apollo* never more inspire
The Disobedient Bard with his Seraphick Fire.

May all my Sons their grateful Homage pay;
His Praises sing, and for his Safety pray.

Satyr, return to our Unthankful Isle,
Cur'd by Heaven's Regard, and *William's* Toil.

To both Ungrateful, and to both Untrue;
Rebels to God, and to Good Nature too.

If e'er this Nation be distress'd again,
To whomsoe'er they cry, they'll cry in vain.

To Heav'n they cannot have the Face to look;
 Or if they should, it would but Heav'n provoke.
 To hope for Help from Man would be too much;
 Mankind would always tell 'em of the *Dutch*:
 How they came here our Freedoms to maintain,
 Were Paid, and Curs'd, and Hurry'd home again.
 How by their Aid we first dissolv'd our Fears,
 And then our Helpers damn'd for Foreigners.
 'Tis not our *English* Temper to do better;
 For *Englishmen* think ev'ry Man their Debtor.

'Tis worth observing, that we ne'er complain'd
 Of Foreigners, nor of the Wealth they gain'd,
 Till all their Services were at an end.
 Wise Men affirm it is the *English* way,
 Never to Grumble till they come to pay;
 And then they always think their Temper such,
 The Work too little, and the Pay too much.

As frightened Patients, when they want a Cure,
 Bid any Price, and any Pain endure:
 But when the Doctor's Remedies appear,
 The Cure's too Easie, and the Price too Dear.

Great *Portland* ne'er was banter'd when he strove
 For Us his Master's kindest Thoughts to move.
 We ne'er lampoon'd his Conduct, when employ'd
 King *James's* Secret Councils to divide:
 Then we carest'd him as the only Man,
 Which could the doubtful Oracle explain:
 The only *Hushai* able to repel
 The dark Designs of our *Achitophel*.
 Compar'd his Master's Courage to his Sense;
 The Ablest Statesman, and the Bravest Prince.
 On his wise Conduct we depended much,
 And lik'd him ne'er the worse for being *Dutch*.
 Nor was he valu'd more than he deserv'd;
 Freely he ventur'd, faithfully he serv'd.
 In all King *William's* Dangers he has shar'd;
 In *England's* Quarrels always he appear'd:

The Revolution first, and then the *Boyne* ;
 In both his Counsels and his Conduct shine.
 His Martial Valour *Flanders* will confess ;
 And *France* Regrets his Managing the Peace.
 Faithful to *England's* Interest and her King :
 The greatest Reason of our murmuring.
 Ten Years in *English* Service he appear'd,
 And gain'd his Master's and the World's Regard :
 But 'tis not *England's* Custom to Reward. }
 The Wars are over, *England* needs him not ;
 Now he's a *Dutchman*, and the Lord knows what.
Schonbergh, the Ablest Soldier of his Age,
 With Great *Nassau* did in our Cause engage :
 Both join'd for *England's* Rescue and Defence,
 The Greatest Captain, and the Greatest Prince.
 With what Applause his Stories did we tell ?
 Stories which *Europe's* Volumes largely swell.
 We counted him an Army in our Aid :
 Where he commanded, no Man was afraid.
 His Actions with a constant Conquest shine,
 From *Villa-Vitiosa* to the *Rhine*.
France, *Flanders*, *Germany*, his Fame confess ;
 And all the World was fond of him, but *Us*.
 Our Turn first serv'd, we grudg'd him the Command.
 Witness the Grateful Temper of the Land.
 We blame the K—— that he relies too much
 On Strangers, *Germans*, *Hugonots*, and *Dutch* ;
 And seldom does his great Affairs of State,
 To *English* Counsellors communicate.
 The Fact might very well be answer'd thus ;
 He has so often been betray'd by us,
 He must have been a Madman to rely
 On *English* G——ns Fidelity.
 For laying other Arguments aside,
 His thought might mortifie our *English* Pride,
 That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,
 And none but *Englishmen* have e'er betray'd him.

They have our Ships and Merchants bought and sold,
 And barter'd *English* Blood for Foreign Gold.
 First to the *French* they sold our *Turkey-Fleet*,
 And Injur'd *Talmarsh* next at *Camaret*.
 The King himself is shelter'd from their Snares,
 Not by his Merit, but the Crown he wears.
 Experience tells us 'tis the *English* way,
 Their Benefactors always to betray.

And lest Examples shou'd be too remote,
 A Modern Magistrate of Famous Note,
 Shall give you his own History by Rote.
 I'll make it out, deny it he that can,
 His Worship is a True-born *Englishman*,
 In all the Latitude that empty Word
 By Modern Acceptation's understood.
 The Parish-Books his Great Descent record,
 And now he hopes e'er long to be a Lord.
 And truly as things go, it wou'd be pity
 But such as he shou'd represent the City:
 While Robb'ry for Burnt-Offering he brings,
 And gives to God what he has stole from Kings:
 Great Monuments of Charity he raises,
 And good St. *Magnus* whistles out his Praises.
 To City-Goals he grants a Jubilee,
 And hires Huzza's from his own Mobilee.

Lately he wore the Golden Chain and Gown,
 With which Equipp'd he thus harangu'd the Town.

His Fine Speech, &c.

WITH Clouted Iron Shooes and Sheep-skin Breeches
 More Rags than Manners, and more Dirt than Riches
 From driving Cows and Calves to *Layton-Market*,
 While of my Greatness there appear'd no Spark yet,
 Behold I come. to let you see the Pride
 With which Exalted Beggars always ride.

Born to the Needful Labours of the Plow,
 The Cart-Whip grac'd me as the Chain does now.
 Nature and Fate in doubt what course to take,
 Whether I shou'd a Lord or Plough Boy make;
 Kindly at last resolv'd they wou'd promote me,
 And first a Knave, and then a Knight they vote me.
 What Fate appointed, Nature did prepare,
 And furnish'd me with an exceeding Care.
 To fit me for what they design'd to have me;
 And ev'ry Gift but Honesty they gave me.
 And thus Equipt, to this proud Town I came,
 In quest of Bread, and not in quest of Fame.
 Blind to my future Fate, an humble Boy,
 Free from the Guilt and Glory I enjoy.
 The Hopes which my Ambition entertain'd,
 Were in the Name of Foot-Boy all contain'd.
 The Greatest Heights from Small Beginnings rise;
 The Gods were Great on Earth, before they reach'd the Skies.
 B.—well, the Generous Temper of whose Mind,
 Was always to be bountiful inclin'd:
 Whether by his ill Fate or Fancy led,
 First took me up, and furnish'd me with Bread.
 The little Services he put me to,
 Seem'd Labours rather than were truly so.
 But always my Advancement he design'd;
 For 'twas his very Nature to be kind.
 Large was his Soul, his Temper ever free;
 The best of Masters and of Men to me.
 And I who was before decreed by Fate,
 To be made Infamous as well as Great,
 With an obsequious Diligence obey'd him,
 Till trusted with his All, and then betray'd him.
 All his past Kindnesses I trampled on,
 Quin'd his Fortunes to erect my own.
 To Vipers in the Bosom bred, begin
 To hiss at that Hand first which took them in.
 With eager Treach'ry I his Fall pursu'd,
 And my first Trophies were Ingratitude.

Ingratitude's the worst of Humane Guilt,
 The basest Action Mankind can commit;
 Which like the Sin against the Holy Ghost,
 Has least of Honour, and of Guilt the most,
 Distinguish'd from other Crimes by this,
 That 'tis a Crime which no Man will confess.
 That Sin alone, which shou'd not be forgiv'n
 On Earth, altho' perhaps it may in Heav'n.

Thus my first Benefactor I o'erthrew;
 And how shou'd be to a second true?
 The Publick Trust came next into my Care,
 And I to use them scurvily prepare:
 My Needy Sov'reign Lord I play'd upon,
 And lent him many a Thousand of his own;
 For which, great Int'rests I took care to charge,
 And so my Ill-got Wealth became so large.

My Predecessor *Judas* was a Fool,
 Fitter to ha' been whipt, and sent to School,
 Than sell a Saviour: Had I been at hand,
 His Master had not been so cheap trepann'd;
 I would ha' made the eager *Jews* ha' found,
 For Thirty Pieces, Thirty Thousand Pound.

My Cousin *Ziba*, of Immortal Fame,
 (*Ziba* and I shall never want a Name:)
 First-born of Treason, nobly did advance
 His Master's Fall, for his Inheritance.
 By whose keen Arts old *David* first began
 To break his Sacred Oath to *Jonathan*:
 The Good Old King, 'tis thought, was very loth
 To break his Word, and therefore br—ke his Oath.
Ziba's a Traytor of some Quality,
 Yet *Ziba* might ha' been inform'd by me:
 Had I been there, he ne'er had been content
 With half th' Estate, nor half the Government.

In our late Revolution 'twas thought strange,
 That I of all Mankind shou'd like the Change,
 But they who wonder'd at it, never knew,
 That in it I did my old Game pursue:

For had they heard of Twenty thousand Pound,
Which ne'er was lost, nor never yet was found.

Thus all things in their turn to Sale I bring,
God and my Master first, and then the King;
Till by successful Villainies made bold,
I thought to turn the Nation into Gold;
And so to Forg—ry my Hand I bent,
Not doubting I could gull the Government;
But there was ruff'd by the Parliament.
And if I scap'd th' Unhappy Tree to climb,
I was want of Law, and not for want of Crime.

But my * *Old Friend*, who printed in my Face
A needful Competence of *English* Brass,
Having more Business yet for me to do,
And loth to lose his trusty Servant so,
Manag'd the Matter with such Art and Skill,
As sav'd his Hero, and threw out the B—l.

And now I'm grac'd with unexpected Honours,
For which I'll certainly abuse the Donors:

Knighthood, and made a Tribune of the People,
Whose Laws and Properties I'm like to keep well:

The *Custos Rotulorum* of the City,
And Captain of the Guards of their *Banditti*.

Surrounded by my Catchpoles, I declare
Against the Nedy Debtor open War.

I hang poor Thieves for stealing of your Pelf,
And suffer none to rob you, but my self.

The King commanded me to help Reform ye,
And how I'll do't, Miss *M——n* shall inform ye.

I keep the best Seraglio in the Nation,
And hope in time to bring it into Fashion.

No Brimstone Whore need fear the Lash from me,
That part I'll leave to Brother *Jeffery*.

Our Gallants need not go abroad to *Rome*,
I'll keep a Whoring Jubilee at Home.

Whoring's the Darling of my Inclination;
 A'n't I a Magistrate for Reformation?
 For this my Praise is sung by ev'ry Bard,
 For which *Bridewell* wou'd be a just Reward.
 In Print my Panegyricks fill the Street,
 And hir'd Gaol-Birds their Huzza's repeat.
 Some Charities contriv'd to make a show,
 Have taught the Needy Rabble to do so:
 Whose empty Noise is a Mechanick Fame,
 Since for Sir *Belzebub* they'd do the same.

T H E CONCLUSION.

THEN let us boast of Ancestors no more,
 Or Deeds of Heroes done in Days of Yore,
 In latent Records of the Ages past,
 Behind the Rear of Time, in long Oblivion plac'd.
 For if our Virtues must in Lines descend,
 The Merit with the Families would end;
 And Intermixtures would most fatal grow;
 For Vice would be Hereditary too;
 The tainted Blood wou'd of Necessity,
 Involuntary Wickedness convey.

Vice, like Ill Nature, for an Age or two,
 May seem a Generation to pursue:
 But Virtue seldom does regard the Breed;
 Fools do the Wise, and Wise Men Fools succeed.

What is't to us, what Ancestors we had?
 If Good, what better? or what worse, if Bad?

Examples are for Imitation set,
 Let all Men follow Virtue with Regret.

Cou'd but our Ancestors retrieve their Fate,
 And see their Offspring thus degenerate ;
 Now we contend for Birth and Names unknown,
 And build on their past Actions, not our own ;
 They'd cancel Records, and their Tombs deface,
 And openly disown the vile degenerate Race :
 For Fame of Families is all a Cheat,
 'Tis Personal Virtue only makes us great.

F I N I S.

*A Catalogue of Poems, &c. Printed and Sold by H. Hill
in Black-Fryars, near the Water-side; where sever
more may be had that are not here Inserted.*

A Congratulatory Poem on
Prince George of Denmark,
&c. on the Success at Sea.
Marlborough Still Conquers.
The Flight of the Pretender.
Honesty in Distress, a Tragedy.
The Kit-Cats a Poem, &c.
Wine, a Poem, &c.
Cyder, a Poem, in 2 Books, with
the Splendid Shilling, &c.
The Pleasures of a Single Life, &c.
Faction Display'd.
Moderation Display'd.
The Duel of the Stags, &c.
Coopers-Hill, by Sir J. Denham.
An Essay on Poetry, by the Earl of
Murlgrave.
Absalom and Achitophel.
The Plague of *Athens.*
A Satyr against Man and Woman.
The Forgiving Husband.
Instructions to *Vanderbank.*
The Temple of Death.
An Essay on Translated Verse, by
the Earl of *Roscomon.*
Horace: Or the Art of Poetry.
The History of Insipids.
The Swan-Trip-Club.
Lucretius on Death, &c.
The Medal against Sedition.
Bellizarius a great Commander.
Daphnis, or a Pastoral Elegy, &c.
A Poem on the Countess of *Abing-*
don.
Nundinæ Sturbrigiencies.
Tunbrigialia.
An Ode on the Incarnation, &c.
Hoglandiæ Descriptio.
Milton's Sublimity on Cyder.
Bosworth-field, a Poem, by Sir
John Beaumont Bar.

Milton's Sublimity asserted, in a
swer to Cyder, a Poem.
Canary Birds Naturaliz'd.
Baucis and Philemon, &c.
Circus, a Satyr: Or the Ring
Hide Park.
St. James's Park, a Satyr.
The Spleen, a Pindarique Ode, &
Philips's Pastorals.
A Letter from *Italy*, to my L^d
Halifax, with other Poems.
Blenheim, a Poem, by *Phillips*.
Mac-Flecknoe, by J. Dryden; &
Spencer's Ghost, by J. Oldham.
The Female Reign, an Ode,
Sam. Cobb.
The Upstart, a Satyr.
A Poem on the Taking *St. Mar*
Windfor Castle, a Poem.
The Servitor, a Poem.
The Pulpit War.
The Campaign, a Poem, by
Addison.
The Counter-Scuffle, a Poem.
Don Francisco Sutorioso.
Consolation to *Mira* mourning.
A Panegyrick on *Oliver Crom*
with three Poems on his Death.
A Poem in Defence of the Church
of *England.*
The Apparition, a Poem.
The Hind and Panther Transferr'd
to the Story of the Countess
Mouse and City Mouse.
Dr. Gath's Dispensary.
The Memoirs on the Right
lamous *John Hall*, the late Farmer
and Notorious Robber, &c.
Mr Shaftoe's Narrative giving
Account of the Birth of the
tended Prince of *Wales*, &c.

2
A N

ELEGY

ON THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

True-Born-*English*-Man.

WITH AN

ESSAY

On the Late

STORM.

By the AUTHOR of the
HYMN to the PILLORY.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year 1708.

The PREFACE.

TH^O these Sheets have been Wrote several Months, and in a time that seem'd to make them something more suitable than now: Yet the Occasion renewing it self every day, who can refrain from speaking?

Had the scribbling World been pleas'd to leave me where they found me, I had left them and Newgate both together; and as I am metaphorically Dead, had been effectually so, as to Satyrs and Pamphlets.

'Tis really something hard, that after all the Mortification they think they have put upon a poor abdicated Author, in their scurrilous Street Ribaldry, and Bear Garden Usage, some in Prose, and some in those terrible Lines they call Verse, they cannot yet be quiet, but whenever any thing comes out that does not please them, I come in for a share in the Answer, whatever I did in the Question, every thing they think an Author deserves to be abus'd for, must be mine.

Several plentiful Showers of Railery I have quietly submitted to, and thought I had a Talent of Patience as large as might serve me in common with my Neighbours, but there is a time when a Man can bear no longer, and if the Man is in a little Passion, he thinks he ought to be born with.

I tried Retirement, and banish'd my self from the Town: I thought as the Boys us'd to say, 'twas but fair they should let me alone, while I did not meddle with them.

But neither a Country Recess, any more than a Stone Doublet, can secure a Man from the Clamour of the Pen.

In the following Sheets I endeavour to state the Case in order to Truce; for shame, Gentlemen, let him alone; why the Man's Dead: 'tis a Cowardly Trick to beat a Man when he's down, but to fight a Dead Man is the Devil.

And with Submission, Gentlemen, the Allegory is just: for if being tied under Sureties and Penalties not to write, at least not to write what some People may not like, be not equivalent to being Dead, as to the Pen, I know not what is.

But how do these People treat Mankind, that they pretend to Indiscreetly punish a Man for every thing they please, as if they had Power to Read his Conscience in Letters, and swear to a Stile as they would to his Face?

'Tis easie to prove the Authors of Books, and no Man can be concerned in such Cases; but for a Man to be charged with other Mens Faults, who has too many of his own, is a method newly practis'd, and more upon me than any Body; and yet the Grief of this Usage does not stick so upon me, but that I may tell my Antagonists, if any think themselves deserving that Name, that they are very welcome to go on their own way, and use me as they please, I shall always be ready to reply, or by my silence let them see I do not think it worth my while.

An ELEGY on the Author of the True-Born English-Man.

SATYR sing *Lachrime*, thou'rt dead in Law,

Thy fatal Hour draws on,

The Lines of thine own *Exit* draw,

And tell how thou'rt undone.

Send for the Priest, and ask Advice,

Reflect upon thy Time mispent;

When Wit upon its Death-Bed lies,

'Tis high time to repent.

What canst thou say old *Pluto* to appease?

Thy Hymns in that dark World will never please;

Silence, eternal Silence is thy Lot,

And all thy Rhymes and all thy Hymns forgot;

Bury'd in dark Oblivion, there thou'lt lie

For seven long Years, a *Wit's Eternity*.

Little thou thought'st in Verses past,

Those Songs of thine would be thy last:

'Tis hard thy vigorous Muse should lie,

And all her Strength of Thought, condemn'd to dye:

'Tis hard to have her perish in her Prime,

And most Men think she dy'd before her time.

With Patience, Satyr, to thy Fate submit,

And show thy Courage can out-do thy Wit;

With Calmness meet the Sentence of thy Death,

And yield with Temper thy Poetick Breath.

That tho' to Silence they condemn thy Rhymes,

Even that Silence shall condemn the Times.

The World shall blush when e'er they Read,

And thou be still a Satyr, tho' thou'rt Dead.

When Malefactors come to dye,

They claim uncommon Liberty:

Freedom of Speech gives no distaste,

They let them talk at large, because they talk their last;

'Tis hard thy dying Words should give Offence,

And neither please in Language nor in Sense;

He that must never open more,

Dearly atones for what he said before.

Departed Satyr! let thy Ghost appear,
 To keep the vicious Town in fear;
 Verses shall from thy injur'd Ashes rise,
 And Satyrs always pointed at their Vice;
 No Man shall sin in peace,
 And Virtue only shall thy Shade appease,
 But since, dear Satyr, 'tis thy Lot
 Thus to dye upon the spot,
 In softest Notes sing thine own Elegy,
 Be silent Dead, but never silent dye.

The ELEGY.

Circled in *Newgate's* cold Embrace,
 And reconcil'd to Death by such a place,
 I from the horrid Mansion fled,
 And, *as concerning Poetry*, am dead:
 To seven long Years of silence I berake,
 Perhaps by then I may forget to speak:
 And thus I dy'd, and yield Satyrick Breath,
 For to be Dumb, *in Poetry is Death*.
 If you demand a Reason of my Fate,
 Whether it came too soon, or came too late;
 Whether Wise Heaven did this permit,
 For want of Manners, or else for want of Wit;
 Whether I said too little or too much,
 Or loaded any with too just Reproach,
 If you would know the latent Cause,
 Go search the hidden Secret in the Laws.
 Let not my Verse my Verses Crimes debate,
 Go ask the powerful Engines of the State.
 Besides he must be void of Sense,
 Who dare stand up in my Defence:
 Behold that Power, which Men call Law,
 Can keep even Innocence in awe.
 Let it suffice this Elegy to read,
 And tho' you see the Man,
 All his Poerick Fancy's dead,
 Nothing but Carcass can remain;
 The Shadow of the Poet may appear,
 No Substance can be there:
 A walking *Spectrum*, with his Fancy fled,
 And he that rais'd the Devil, the Devil has laid.
 Yet I have Reason to complain,
 I can not quiet in my Grave remain;
 The World's disturb'd about my Memory,
 They'll neither let me live, nor let me dye,
 If an ill-natur'd Muse
 Attempts the Nation to abuse,

If some unhappy Truths they tell,
 Which might have been conceal'd as well,
My Ghost's arraign'd, and I am said
 Ready to be Risen from the Dead.
 The Mob of wretched Writers stand
 With Storms of Wit in every Hand,
 They bait my Mem'ry in the Street,
 And charge *me* with the Credit of their Wit;
 I bear the scandal of their Crimes,
 My Name's the Hackney Title of the Times;
 Some new Wit in *Satyr* lies conceal'd,
 And lately in Lampoon reveal'd,
My silent Ashes are disturb'd to know
 Whether it's dated from below;

Whether it's *mine* or no.

Some in Pasquinades affront the State,
 And tempt their yet unpity'd Fate,
 Unwilling to be cautious till too late,
 The subtil Mimicks to this Shadow fly,
 Conceal their Guilt, and say 'tu I:
 No Man can Satyrize a Man of Fame,
 At daily Curses rise against *my Name*.

Epithymn, Song, Lampoon, Ballad, and Pasquinade,
 My recent Memory invade;

My Muse must be the Whore of Poetry,

And all *Apollo's* Bastards laid to me.

If any Poet has but writ,

With an Exuberance of spight,

As he the mighty Vices of the Age,

And mighty Men too, brought upon the Stage;

As who can with his Pen forbear

To dress the S—s M—n in the Robes they're fond to wear?

They search the deep Recesses of *my Grave*,

Then to hear the sleeping Genius rave:

Such is the Folly of their hate,

That Death cannot their Jealousies abate;

Such is the Force of Guilt, they see

With Reason to expect Reproach from me,

Their Fancy harbours the Mistake,

And dream in Death, and send my Ghost to speak.

Yet undisturb'd I safely sleep,

And calm as Death my Silence keep;

Though at all the Anger of Mankind,

No loth to bear the T——, my Pen confin'd:

I smile at Human Policy,

And always stop that Mouth, whose words they can't deny:

Yet

Yet let them not their Crimes conceal,
 New Satyrs will their Crimes reveal;
 More Poets from my Monument shall rise,
 Who shall like me their Power despise.
 Who shall condemn a vicious Court,
 And make the Nation's Knaves the Nation's sport,
 Naked as Nature's first Original
 Vice shall before the Bar of Truth appear,
 Keen Satyrs shall to Judgment call,
 And Power shall not protect them there;
 Satyr shall mighty Crimes rehearse,
 No Rogue's above the Quality of Verse.
 Satyr shall keep those Knaves in awe,
 Who are too cunning for the Law;
 And shall at least expose the Cheat
 Of those that think themselves too great.
 Fleets shall not spend a Seventeen Months advance,
 To take the Air upon the Coast of *France*;
 No sham Descents shall e'er be made,
 The Money spent, and Majesty betray'd,
 But lasting Verse shall make the matter clear,
 And what the Nation feels, the World shall hear.
 Nor will there e'er be wanting to this Age,
 Poets to spread their Errors on the Stage;
Oppression makes a Poet; Spleen Endites,
 And makes Men write by force, as *G——* fights.
 Was e'er such broken Voyages made?
 Was ever War so much a Trade?
 If Fleets to *Italy* shall go,
 And hardly tell the Foe
 Whether they have been there or no:
 Come back to let us know the Mony's spent,
 And hardly knew for what they went;
 The Nation ne'er can want a Poet long,
 To turn such juggling into Song.
 When Traytors creep into th' Affairs of State,
 Poets will always prophesie their Fate;
 When Villains serve the Queen by halves,
 And fleece the Nation to enrich themselves;
 Her Majesty may strive in vain,
 Make Peace with *Portugal*, and War with *Spain*.
 Fit Armies out, send Fleets to Sea,
 The Mony's all but thrown away:
 Unless the Heroes who command
 Would learn to do as well as understand.
 When the new Leagues with *Portugal* appear,
 All honest Men rejoyce;

at had they been secur'd before the War,
 'T had been at half the price:
 Had not the Nation been betray'd,
Spain had long ago embrac'd *Madrid*;
 the *Bourbon* Lawrels had abandon'd *Spain*,
 And *Anjou's* Triumphs been in vain.
 Were I alive again, and could but hear
 the hopes we have of this *Algarvian War*,
 My Satyr could no more forbear
 to pay the due to *William's Character*;
 the early Measures of this War he laid,
 But 'twas his Fate to be betray'd;
 he form'd the League the Queen has now retriev'd,
 And had he been believ'd,
 the Queen had not been now embroil'd with *Spain*,
 and forc'd to purchase *Portugal* again.
Spain had long since an *Austrian* Monarch known:
 and rightful Princes had possess their own.
 If some bold Satyr does not soon revive,
 to let them know that Poetry's alive;
 we must always be embrac'd by Knaves,
 and all the Nation's Work be done by halves;
 every Year endeavouring to be poor,
 always mending what we marr'd before;
 we're always something to retrieve,
 and always doing something to deceive;
 Vast Navies fitted out to Fight
 A Foe that's always out of fight;
 and yet the *French* in flying Squadrons Reign,
 Sult our Trade, and Bully all the Main,
 and bravely dare our Ships to fight in vain:
 If our Sea Captains when they run away,
 Shall only forfeit three Months Pay;
 If no new Genius rises up to show,
 And let the injur'd Nation know
 By whom they're thus betray'd, and how;
 Fear, in spight of all that has been said,
 Shall be forc'd to speak, altho' I'm Dead,
 Mean while let Mercenary Poets strive
 to make their Malice my Decease out-live.
 Let them reproach my Memory,
 and write; for now they're sure of no Reply:
 Let them their True-Born *English* Temper show,
 when in distress are always treated so:
 Let them with wretched Satyrs glut the Town,
 expose my Morals, and forget their own;

Yet let them not their Crimes conceal,
 New Satyrs will their Crimes reveal;
 More Poets from my Monument shall rise,
 Who shall like me their Power despise.
 Who shall condemn a vicious Court,
 And make the Nation's Knaves the Nation's sport,
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 Would learn to do as well as understand.
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 All honest Men rejoyce;

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every Year endeavouring to be poor,
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we always something to retrieve,
and always doing something to deceive;

Vast Navies fitted out to Fight

A Foe that's always out of fight;

and yet the *French* in flying Squadrons Reign,

assault our Trade, and Bully all the Main,

and bravely dare our Ships to fight in vain:

If our Sea Captains when they run away,

Shall only forfeit three Months Pay;

If no new Genius rises up to show,

And let the injur'd Nation know

By whom they're thus betray'd, and how;

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To make their Malice my Decease out-live.

Let them reproach my Memory,

and write; for now they're sure of no Reply:

Let them their True-Born *English* Temper show,

Men in distress are always treated so:

Let them with wretched Satyrs glut the Town,

expose my Morals, and forget their own;

This shall my Quiet never discompose,
 Contempt's a Cure which present help bestows;
 Silence shall answer their Reproach;
 For Silence is a Debt to such.
 But if some Satyrs shall assault my Hearse,
 And raise my frighted Ghost with their more frightful Verse,
 Let such revengeful Wretches understand
 I'll answer, when they'll satisfie my Bond:
 If they my Pledges will defend,
 I'll from this Grave arise,
 I'll Reassume my Satyrs, and
 Leave off these Elegies;
 The World shall have their Errors plainly shown,
 I'll blast their Vices, and Reform my own.
 Of all the Men that ever dy'd before,
 Mine's the severest Case,
 The Grave till now was always taken for
 A place of Peace:
 But I, as if some secret Power I had,
 Give Bond to be at quiet when I'm dead;
 My Enemies are not content to kill,
 But take Security that I'll lie still:
 Jealous, it seems, my busie Head
 Should make me talk when I am dead.
 Here's all the Reason I can make them give,
 That tho' the Poet's dead, the Man's alive.
 To which, as gravely I have said,
 That tho' the Man's alive, the Poet's dead.
 He's bad indeed, who when he dies
 Has none to mourn his Obsequies;
 And of the Virtuous find me one,
 But some rejoices when he's gone;
 So I have Mourners who lament my Verse,
 And some Triumph upon the Satyr's Hearse:
 Some think I die without a Crime,
 Some like my Fate, and think 'twas time.
 But this Just Calculation I can make,
 And there I think I can't mistake,
 The Wise and Virtuous Sorrow's Tribute pay,
 And Vice alone keeps Holy-day;
 This does my Judgment satisfie,
 For so would every wise Man die:
 So let the Censure of my Works be past,
 So let me die, when I must die my last;
 Let wise Mens Sorrow be my Choice,
 And let the Knaves and Fools rejoice.

'Tis true there is some Reason in the case,
 Vice now has room to shew her Face;
 For now my walking Ghost is laid,
 The Grand Contagion may the Nation spread;
 Reproofs may cease,
 And all Men be as wicked as they please.
 Cities may Magistrates Elect,
 That may the Crimes they practice, there protect;
 That all their D——men may out-swear,
 And with exalted Drunk'ness Grace the Chair.
 No more departed Satyr can reproach,
 No more the Crimes or Persons touch.
 S——May blast the Root from whence he came,
 And load his Family with Pride and Shame.
 The high exalted wretch untouch'd may live,
 Ride in his Coach, and make his Father drive:
 And lest his Insolence shou'd ever fail,
 As laid his own Progenitor in Jail.
 Let future Poets blame the Law,
 That keeps less Villains more in awe;
 But suffers such a Wretch to brave the State,
 And sin above the reach of Magistrate:
 My Satyr, Silenc'd by the Times,
 Will cease to Check the most unnatural Crimes.
 Degenerate M—— may now disown
 His Mother's Sense, in hopes to show his own.
 But sure the Devil must be in the Chear,
 To tell him he could make it pass for Wit,
 And make him prove with such excessive pains,
 His want of Manners by his want of Brains.
 The young unnatural Fop has strove too long,
 With empty Head, and inconsistent Tongue.
 Nature to make amends for want of Sense,
 Has throng'd his Head with clear Impertinence.
 His Gay Out-side's a Satyr on the Fair,
 And let us know what's most obliging there.
 The Ladies who in Beaus delight,
 Make shift by Day, so they're but pleas'd at Night.
 The Charms which please a vicious Bed,
 Lie somewhere else than in the Head;
 And if the suited Blockheads parts will hit,
 They'll always bear with want of Wit.
 His own dear Jest he labours to enjoy,
 And studies how to live and die a Boy.
 Nature that left the unfinish'd Fop too soon,
 Has lent him Sense enough to be undone;

And now he keeps a mighty pother,
 And for Hereditary Wit indicts his Mother:
 Rails that he's of his Brains bereft,
 And yet pretends that she has little left.
Bedlam some Title to him had,
 But Fools, they say, are never Mad.
 Were not my *Satyr* lately dead,
 His juster Character should here be read;
 Mean time would but his Mother take advice,
 The vile unnatural Monster to despise:
 Nature the viperous Wretch would soon discard,
 And in his Vices show him his Reward.

G—— may his weighty Sense prepare,
 G——; An Elbow of the City Chair.
 He boasts himself the Churches chief support,
 I think the Church her self should thank him for't:
 Tho' most suppose his Notions were but wild,
 To fetch the *Jew* to Gospellize his Child.
 The *Hebrew* Rake from Synagogue dismiss,
 Came in to Circumcise the Feast,
 And made the God-Father, but spoil'd the Jest.
 Some say 'twas look'd upon as a Reproach,
 And interloping on the Church:
 But others say the *Jew* was rather
 A better Christian than the D—— Father,
 And all agree

The Babe well Taught may be the best of all the three.
 Let the uncircumcis'd alone,
 The *Israelite* and he are much at one;
 Both their Religions now they shew,
 The *Hebrew* Christian, and the Christian *Jew*,
 Some say my former *Satyrs* show,
 The Ebb of vicious Characters run low;
 But if they'll please to think agen,
 They'll find I never Tyth'd the Men,
 Nor never throng'd my Verse with one in Ten.
 Why else should S. and T. escape,
 This for his Parricide, that his Incestuous Rape,
 How came prodigious D—— to be un-nam'd,
 For Crimes unheard of lately fam'd.
 Of all the Beaus and Brutes that croud the Town,
 My modest *Satyr* chose but one,
 And he to all Men but himself unknown.
 I never touch'd great M——
 Whose Follies have not been a few;
 Nor told the World of half the Crimes,
 Which a fine House can harbour from the Times.

L—— and W—— in spight of me,
 Have been as Lewd as R—— and D——
 I spar'd them for their Modesty :
 Because their Vice was something new,
 And made one Whore between them serve the two.
 Old lying B—— ne'er met with my Reproof,
 Tho' he gave always room enough.
 My *Satyr* strove to whet her Pen
 Against the Crimes, and spar'd the Men :
 But now the Fashion of the Times,
 Makes Poets Damn the Men without the Crimes.
 If I have been too backward here,
 To make the Vices of the Times appear,
 If e'er I come to rise again,
 I'll make ye all amends, and name the Men.
 Young S——t shall not the House of God debauch,
 And meet with neither Censure nor Reproach,
 If e'er my *Satyr* should revive,
 They shall reform, or be asham'd to live.
 But now my sleeping *Satyr* quits the Stage,
 And leaves untouch'd the vicious Age.
 The eager Rakes may unprov'd sin on,
 There's time enough to be undone,
 No more my *Satyr* shall those Follies touch,
 No more the Crimes, no more the Men reproach.
 M—— may hug the *Shortest Way*,
 And for its Execution pray :
 Next to the Sacred Books he plac'd the Scheme,
 And lov'd the Practice better than the Theme.
 He always for his Sovereign pray'd,
 But 'twas to have her be a Tyrant made ;
 To have her dip her hands in Blood,
 And ruin all the Nation for their good.
 But when the Hair-brain'd Zealot found
 The Plot lay deeper under ground ;
 When he first felt the *Satyr* bite,
 And found 'twas writ t' expose, and not excite,
 He chang'd his Ecclesiastick Look,
 And damn'd the Author, tho' he lov'd the Book.
 My *Satyr* has the hardest Fate,
 Her Book's the Contradiction of the State,
 Riddle Ænigma double Speech,
 Dark Answers, doubtful Scriptures, which
 Puzzle the Poor, and pose the Rich :
 Are plain Explicite things to these,
 Who punish Authors, when the Subjects please.

Nothing but this can such dark Steps explain ;
 They like the Doctrine, but they hate the Man.
 Grave Authors now may write Essays,
 That with one Face look several ways,
 Of Peace at home, and War abroad,
 And damn the Subject which they wou'd applaud.
 Banter the Queen with Dedications,
 And call that Peace which will embroil three Nations.
 S — may new Harangues endire,
 To set Conformity in clearer Light :
 Learned Quotations bring by Rote,
 Wise as the Nations he thought fit to Quote,
 Whose Laws he knew, but had their Names forgot.
 'Twas his strong Fore-cast which foresaw,
 To damn Dissenting by a Law,
 Would make our fatal Quarrel cease,
 And bring the Nations all to Peace.
 Ye Sons of Vice advance your Wit,
 'Tis now your turn to reign ;
 Satyr's subdu'd, and must submir,
 And never like to raise again :
 My Fate will dictate to the rest,
 In me, they know how they shall be oppress :
 My Doom will learn 'em to be wise,
 And ne'er attempt Impossibilities.
 The Magistrate may now be lewd,
 The faucy Satyr shall no more intrude :
 A Vicious Clergy may the Church supply,
 Debauch the Gown, and give their Text the Lye ;
 Smother their Morals in the Vine,
 And prove the Bottle's Origine Divine.
 Religion may be in a Blanket toft,
 From Hand to Hand, 'till 'tis as good as lost ;
 'Till Fate restore some Justice to the Times,
 Satyr shall leave 'em to grow Old in Crimes.
 Atheists may, unmolested, now Blaspheme,
 Slight Human Power, and banter the Supreme :
 Almighty Drunkenness bear Imperial Sway,
 And Mankind be debauch'd th' *Shortest Way*.
 The Poor, alone, find in their Crimes their Fate,
 And mock the Duty of the Magistrate ;
 They suffer for the Crimes the Rich commit,
 For want of Money, not for want of Wit.
 Guilt may in splendor thro' the City ride,
 With all the Court of Elders by her side ;
 Those true Reformers need not fear,
 A silent Satyr can do nothing here.

Their sham of Reformation they may Print,
 With much of Canting Nonsense in't ;
 Cajole the People to believe they care
 What Lewder Scenes are drawn in *Smithfield* Fair,
 For having damn'd Prophaneness first,
 Then they proclaim the Fair, and bid them do their worst.

In grand Procession to the place they go,
Was ever God Almighty hanter'd so ?

Let 'em go on, absurdly act,
 First Vice condemn, then Vice protect;

My bury'd *Satyr* can no more reprove,
 Leave them to Justice from above ;
 Refer them to their Orders for the Fair,
 Prophaneness sinks beneath the City Chair ;
 But rais'd by Proclamation lives again,
 And every *Booth's* a Libel on the Men.

Yet let young Poets Reverence the Chair,
 For God's *Viceroy's* Deputy sits there :
 With Annual Pomp, and Majesty Enthron'd,
 But how does Vice conniv'd his Seat surround !
 What tho' no personal Crimes there could appear,
 To soil the Brightness of his Character :

His weak pursuit of Vice the Law defeats,
For Negatives are Crimes in Magistrates.
 Yet from my Ghost rake this Prophetick Curse,
 The next the City chuses shall be worse.

Let 'em expect those days to come.
 When Vice shall be embrac'd, and *Satyr* dumb.
 My Verse beneath this Tomb contented lies,
 Reproof's a Blessing none but Fools despise,
And they that hate it, never will be wise.

Ye Men of Might and muckle Power,
 Who Rule Mankind, and all Mankind devour ;
 If you would have my quiet Ghost remain,
 Lock'd in the Laws too mighty Chain,
 Obey the Nation's Interest and your own,
 Learn to protect, and not betray the Throne,

Witness ye Powers ! I promise now,
 For ever Sacred be the Vow !
 As long as Magistrates forbear,
 In Crimes they punish to appear.
 While Parsons cease to Drink and Whore,
 P——s to be Proud, Debauch'd, and Poor ;
 While Lawyers cease to talk Mankind to Death,
 And Murder Men with mercenary Breath.
 While C——rs Promises regard,
 And Princes Men of Faith reward.

My *Satyr* shall in quiet sleep,
 Her Sentenc'd silence keep;
 With-hold her Rage,
 No more disturb the Age;
 No more the mighty Vices of the mighty Men engage;
 When Soldiers hasten to dispatch the War,
 Their Country's Service to their Pay prefer;
 Cease to give thanks for Victory when they fly,
 And give Almighty Truth the Lye.
 As long as Navies, Fleets, and Men,
 Come shatter'd home, and hasten out again:
 While they protect our Trade, defend our Coast,
 And bravely fight, what e'er it cost.
 While Actions good or ill have due regard,
 The Coward Punishment, the Brave Reward,
 While all our Publicans are just,
 And faithfully discharge the People's Trust;
 Receivers due Accounts give in,
 And duly pay it out again.
 While needful Charges are defraid,
 The Navy Mann'd as well as paid.
 And no Commission Officers presume,
 To take the Nation's Pay and stay at home,
 When e'er these happy Articles appear,
 There'll be no business for a *Satyr* here,
 I may lie still without Security,
 There can be no occasion then for me;
 I shall have nothing left to say,
 For this would stop my Mouth *the Shortest Way*.
 I was in hopes with this Poetick Death,
 Slander would die, and let me take some Breath:
 But Envy never sleeps, Report begins
 To charge my Memory with my Neighbours sins,
 As if they had not known
I have too many of my own:
 They tell me how the Party did combine
 To bear my Charges, and to pay my Fine.
 Malice is always Retrograde to Sense,
 And judges things without their Consequence;
 Willing her mischievous Intent to show,
 She always goes too fast, or else too slow.
 They that this empty Notion rais'd,
 Not me, but all the Party *Satyriz'd*.
 Since all Men that know how to judge by Rules,
 Know that the Men they mean were never Fools,
 And their worst Enemies would never try,
 To brand them with the blame of Generosity,

But to remove this modern Doubt,
 I'll give five hundred Pound they'll make it out.

Thus like Old *Strephen's* Virtuous Mife,

Who, foolishly too coy,

Dy'd with the scandal of a Whore,

And never knew the Joy.

So I, by Whigs abandon'd, bear

The *Satyr's* unjust Lash,

Dye with the Scandal of their help,

But never saw their Cash.

No Man of Crime that suffer'd Death

Was ever us'd like me,

In Thefts and Treasons, Rapes and Blood,

All Men have leave to die.

No Sentence sure was half so hard as mine,

That could not die till I had paid my Fine.

Methinks to make me poor had been enough,

For when they had my Pelf,

Perhaps if they had given me Time

I might ha' hang'd my self :

But this, and I should think they needs must know it,

Is not *The Shortest Way* to kill a Poet.

In vain they spend their Time and Breath

To make me starve, and die a Poet's Death :

Butler's Garret I shall ne'er appear,

Neither his Merit nor his Fate I fear.

Heavens keep me but from Baller, Sword and Gun;

I'm not afraid of being undone;

I'm satisfy'd it never shall be said,

But he that gave me Brains, will give me Bread.

Some People ask if I was fairly slain ?

Tho' I think not, I shan't complain

Till I ha' slept my Time, and rise again.

But they that are concern'd at this

Are freely left to guess

Why I am doom'd to write no more,

If something wan't too true I wrote before.

Why should they thus deny

To let me write my Truer History ?

Why seven long Years of Silence now impose,

If I had nothing to disclose,

Nothing to make appear,

Nothing to say they cannot bear to hear.

But 'tis enough I lost my Life by Law,

And still by Rules am kept in Awe.

The Manner all Exact and Regular

Whate'er the Consequences are,

Never

Never demand if it were Just,
 For if the Forms are right, the Matter must.
 Law is a great Machine of State
 With Hooks and Screws to make it Operate;
 Which as they are wound up by Art,
 With ease perform the Fatal Part;
 Exactly answer to the Workman's Skill,
 This way 'twill work to save, or that to kill.
 Crime in this Management has no Concern,
 No Man can Right from Wrong discern.
 The Movement is so subtle, and so sure,
 And does such certain Fate procure.
 The Mathematicks are in vain,
 Defensive Study uselefs must remain.
 This Monster, whom it pleases will devour,
 For Law is but a Heathen Word for Power;
 A Metaphor, invented to confess
 The Methods by which Men Oppress;
 By which with Safety they destroy Mankind,
 While Justice stands before, and Fraud behind.
 Thousands of little Wheels, and unseen Parts
 Of perjur'd Promises, and wheedling Arts,
 This mighty Thing compose,
 And no Man half its crooked Turnings knows;
 The wild Meanders none can Trace,
 Nor no Man knows it by its Face.
 It learns to change with every Turn of Times,
 And rings the Tune 'tis set to, *like the Chimes*.
 'Tis by this Engine I thought fit to die,
 And so has many a wiser Man than I;
 And by their broken Promises betray'd,
 Satyr is thus upon its Death-Bed laid.
 If e'er I come to Life again,
 Coleman for that; I'll put no Faith in Man:
 I that did on fair Quarter yield,
 Laid down my Arms, and left the Field;
 Did from my own Defence withdraw,
 Thinking that Honesty was Law,
 Have lost my Rhiming Life by this Deceit;
 And I deserve it for my want of Wit.
 Had I remembred Days of Yore,
 When we complain'd of Arbitrary Power,
 When Lawyers were the Tools of State,
 And hurried Men to hasty Fate.
 When the great Engine was screw'd up too high,
 And Men were hang'd they knew not why;

Had I remember'd Scrogg's Fame,
 I'd known that Lawyers are in ev'ry Reign the same;
 I ne'er had ventur'd to believe
 In, whose Profession's to deceive.
Memento Mori here I stand
 With Silent Lips, but Speaking Hand;
 A walking Shadow of a Poet,
 Bound to hold my Tongue, and never show it:
 A Monument of Injury,
 A Sacrifice to Legal T——y.
 I reckon to Mankind to have a Care,
 And pointing, tell how I was lost, and where;
 I show the dangerous Shore,
 Where I have suffer'd Shipwrack just before.
 Among Poets there remains a Fool,
 That scorns to take this Notice for a Rule,
 But ventures the Fidelity
 Of those whose Trade and Custom 'tis to L——,
 Let Men no Piry to him show;
 Send him to *Bedlam*, not to *Newgate*, go.

The STORM. An ESSAY.

I'm told, for we have News among the Dead,
 Heaven lately spoke, but few knew what it said;
 The Voice, in loudest Tempests spoke,
 And Storms, which Nature's strong Foundation shook,
 It is *hither*, and I'd have you know
 I heard the Voice, and knew the Language too.
 Think it not strange I heard it here,
 The Place is so remote, but when *he speaks*, they hear.
 Besides, tho' I am dead in Fame,
 I never told you where I am.
 Tho' I have lost Poetick Breath,
 I'm not in perfect State of Death:
 From whence this *Popish Consequence* I draw,
 I'm in the *Limbus of the Law*.
 Where be where I will I heard the Storm,
 From every Blast it *eccho'd thus*, REFORM;
 At the mighty Shock, and saw the Night,
 When Guilt look'd pale, and own'd her Fright;
 And every time the Raging Element
 Shook London's lofty Towers, at every Rent
 The falling Timbers gave, they cry'd, REPENT.

I saw,

I saw, when all the stormy Crew,
 Newly commission'd from on high,
 Newly instructed what to do,
 In Lowring, Cloudy, Troops drew nigh:
 They hover'd o'er the guilty Land,
 As if they had been backward to obey;
 As if they wondred at the sad Command,
 And pity'd those those they shou'd destroy.
 But Heaven, that long had gentler Methods tried,
 And saw those gentler Methods all defied,
 Had now resolv'd to be obey'd,
 The Queen, an Emblem of the *soft, still, Voice,*
 Had told the Nation how to make their Choice;
 Told them the only way to Happiness
 Was by the Blessed Door of Peace.
 But the unhappy Genius of the Land,
 Deaf to the Blessing, as to the Command,
 Scorn to the high Caution; and contemn the News,
 And all the blessed Thoughts of Peace refuse.
 Since Storms are then the Nation's Choice,
Be Storms their Portion, said the Heavenly Voice:
 He said, and I could hear no more,
 So soon th' obedient Troops began to roar:
 So soon the blackning Clouds drew near,
 And fill'd with loudest Storms the trembling Air:
 I thought I felt the World's Foundation shake,
 And lookt when all the wondrous Frame would break.
 I trembl'd as the Winds grew high,
 And so did many a braver Man than I:
 For he whose Valour scorns his Sence,
 Has chang'd his Courage into Impudence.
 Man may to Man his Valour show,
 And 'tis his Vertue to do so.
 But if he's of his Maker not afraid,
 He's not courageous then, but mad.
 Soon as I heard the horrid Blast,
 And understood how long 'twould last,
 View'd all the Fury of the Element,
 Consider'd well by whom 'twas sent,
 And unto whom for Punishment:
 It brought my Hero to my Mind,
 William, the Glorious, Great, and Good, and Kind.
 Short Epithers to his Just Memory;
 The first he was to all the World, *the last to me.*
 The mighty Genius to my Thought appear'd,
 Just in the same Concern he us'd to show,
 When private Tempests us'd to blow,
 Storms which the Monarch more than Death or Battel fear'd.

Then Party Fury shook his Throne,
 And made their mighty Malice known,
I have heard the fighting Monarch say,
 The Publick Peace so near him lay,
 It took the Pleasure of his Crown away.
 It fill'd with Cares his Royal Breast;
 Then he has those Cares Prophetickly exprest,
 That when he should the Reins let go,
 Heaven would some Token of its Anger show,
 To let the thankless Nation see
 How they despis'd their own Felicity.
 This robb'd the Hero of his Rest,
 Sturb'd the Calm of his serener Breast.
 When to the Queen his Scepter he resign'd,
 With a resolv'd and steady Mind,
 No' he rejoic'd to lay the Trifle down,
 He pity'd Her to whom he left the Crown:
 Foreseeing long and vig'rous Wars,
 Foreseeing endless, private, Party Jarrs,
 Would always interrupt Her Rest,
 And fill with Anxious Cares Her Royal Breast.
 For Storms of Court Ambition rage as high
 Almost as Tempests in the Sky.
 Could I my hasty Doom retrieve,
 And once more in the Land of Poets live,
 I'd now the Men of Flags and Fortune greet,
 And write an Elegy upon the Fleet.
 First, those that on the Shore were idly found,
 Whom other Fate protects, while better Men were drown'd,
 They may thank God for being Knaves on Shore,
 But sure the Q— will never trust them more.
 They who rid out the Storm, and liv'd,
 Did not see whence it was deriv'd,
 Nor the Signs of Danger, or the mighty Hand,
 That could to cease, as well as blow, command.
 Let such unthinking Creatures have a Care,
 For some worse End prepare.
 Let them look out for some such Day,
 When what the Sea would not, *the Gallows may*.
 Those that in former Dangers shunn'd the Fight,
 Now met their Ends in this Disastrous Night,
 Have left this Caution, tho' too late,
 That all Events are known to Fate.
 Forwards avoid no Danger when they run,
 And Cowards scapes the Death it would not shun;
 'Tis Nonsense from our Fate to fly,
 Men must once have Heart enough to die.

Those Sons of Plunder are below my Pen,
 Because they are below the Names of Men;
 Who from the Shores presenting to their Eyes
 The Fatal *Goodwin*, where the Wreck of *Narves* lyes,
 A Thousand dying Saylor's talking to the Skies,
 From the sad Shores they saw the Wretches walk,
 By Signals of Distress they talk;
 There with one Tide of Life they're vex't,
 For all were sure to die the next.
 The Barbarous Shores with Men and Boats abound,
 The Men more Barbarous than the Shores are found;
 Off to the shatter'd Ships they go,
 And for the Floating Purchase Row.
 They spare no Hazard, or no Pain,
 But 'tis to save the Goods and not the Men.
 Within the sinking Suppliants Reach appear,
 As if they'd mock their dying Fear.
 Then for some Trifle all their Hopes supplant,
 With Cruelty would make a *Turk* relent.
 If I had any *Satyr* left to write,
 Cou'd I with suited Spleen Indite,
 My Verse should blast that Fatal Town,
 And Drowned Saylor's Widows pull it down;
 No Footsteps of it should appear,
 And Ships no more cast Anchor there.
 The Barbarous Hated Name of *Deal* shou'd die,
 Or be a Term of Infamy;
 And till that's done, the Town will stand
 A just Reproach to all the Land.
 The Ships come next to be my Theme,
 The Men's the Loss, I'm not concern'd for them;
 For had they perish'd e'er they went,
 Where to no Purpose they were sent,
 The Ships might ha' been built again,
 And we had sav'd the Money and the Men.
 There the Mighty Wrecks appear,
Hic Jacet, Useless things of War.
 Graves of Men, and Tools of State,
 There you lye too soon, there you lye too late.
 But O ye Mighty Ships of War!
 What in Winter did you there?
 Wild *November* should our Ships restore
 To *Chatham*, *Portsmouth*, and the *Nore*,
 So it was always heretofore,
 For Heaven it self is not unkind,
 If Winter Storms he'll sometimes send,
 Since 'tis suppos'd the Men of War
 Are all laid up, and left secure,

Nor did our Navy feel alone,
 The dreadful Desolation;
 It shook the *Walls of Flesh* as well as Stone,
 And ruff'd all the Nation.
 The Universal Fright
 Made Guilty *H*—— expect his Fatal Night;
 His harden'd Soul began to doubt,
 And Storms grew high within, as they grew high without.
 Flaming Meteors fill'd the Air,
 But *Asgil* mis'd his *Fiery Chariot* there;
 Recall'd his black blaspheming Breath,
 And trembling paid his Homage unto Death,
 Terror appear'd in every Face,
 Even *Vile Blackbourn* felt some Shocks of Grace;
 Began to feel the Hated Truth appear,
 Began to fear,
 After he had *Burlesqu'd* a God so long,
 He should at last be in the wrong.
 Some Power he plainly saw,
 (And seeing, felt a strange unusual Awe;) }
 Some secret Hand he plainly found,
 Was bringing some strange thing to pass,
 And he that neither God nor Devil own'd,
 Must needs be at a loss to guess.
 Fain he would not ha' guess'd the worst,
 But Guilt will always be with Terror curst.
 Hell shook, for Devils dread Almighty Power,
 At every Shock they fear'd the Fatal Hour,
 The Adamantine Pillars mov'd,
 And Satan's *Pandemonium* trembl'd too;
 The tottering *Seraphs* wildly rov'd,
 Doubtful what the Almighty meant to do;
 For in the darkest of the black Abode,
 There's not a Devil but believes a God.
 Old *Lucifer* has sometimes try'd
 To have himself be Deify'd;
 But Devil nor Men the Being of God deny'd,
 Till Men of late found out New Ways to sin,
 And turn'd the Devil out to let the Atheist in.
 But when the mighty Element began,
 And Storms the weighty Truth explain,
 Almighty Power upon the Whirlwind Rode,
 And every Blast proclaim'd aloud
 There is, there is, there is, a God. }
 Plague, Famine, Pestilence, and War,
 Are in their Causes seen,
 The true Originals appear
 Before the Effects begin:

But

But Storms and Tempests are above our Rules,

Here our Philosophers are Fools.

The *Stagyrite* himself could never show,

From whence, nor how they blow.

'Tis all Sublime, 'tis all a Mystery,

They see no manner how, nor Reason why;

All *Sovereign Being* is the amazing Theme,

'Tis all resolv'd to Power Supreme;

From this first Cause our Tempest came,

And let the Atheists spight of Sense Blaspheme,

They can no room for Banter find,

Till they produce another Father for the Wind.

Satyr, thy Sense of Sovereign Being declare,

He made the Mighty Prince o'th' Air,

And Devils recognize him by their Fear.

Ancient as Time, and Elder than the Light,

E'er the first Day, or antecedent Night,

E'er Matter into settl'd Form became,

And long before Existence had a Name;

Before th' Expanse of indigested Space,

While the vast *No where* fill'd the Room of Place.

Liv'd the First Cause The First Great *Where* and *Why*,

Existing *to and from* Eternity,

Of His Great Self, and of *Necessity*.

This I call God, that One great Word of Fear,

At whose great Sound,

When from his Mighty Breath 'tis ecchos'd round,

Nature pays Homage with a trembling bow,

And Conscious Men would faintly disallow;

The Secret Trepidation racks the Soul,

And while he says, no God, replies, thou Fool.

But call it *what we will*,

First Being it had, does Space and Substance fill,

Eternal Self-existing Power enjoy'd,

And whatsoe'er is so, *That same is God*.

If then it should fall out, as who can tell,

But that there is a Heaven and Hell,

Mankind had best consider well for fear

'T should be too late when their Mistakes appear;

Such may in vain Reform,

Unless they do't before another Storm.

They tell us *Scotland* scap'd the Blast;

No Nation else have been without a Taste:

All *Europe* sure have felt the Mighty Shock,

'T has been a Universal Stroke.

But Heaven has other Ways to plague the *Scots*,

As Poverty and Plots.

Her Majesty confirms it, what She said,
 I plainly heard it, tho' I'm dead.
 The dangerous Sound has rais'd me from my Sleep,
 I can no longer Silence keep,
 Here *Satyr's* thy Deliverance,
 A Plot in *Scotland*, Hatch'd in *France*,
 And Liberty the Old Pretence.
 Prelatick Power with Popish join,
 The Queen's just Government to undermine;
 This is enough to wake the Dead,
 The Call's too loud, it never shall be said
 The lazy *Satyr* slept too long,
 When all the Nations Danger claim'd his Song.
 Rise *Satyr* from thy Sleep of Legal Death,
 And reassume *Satyrick* Breath;
 What tho' to Seven Years Sleep thou art confin'd,
 Thou well may'st wake with such a Wind.
 Such Blasts as these can seldom blow,
 But they're both form'd above and heard below.
 Then wake and warn us now the Storms are past,
 Lest Heaven return with a severer Blast.
 Wake and inform Mankind
 Of Storms that still remain behind,
 If from this Grave thou lift thy Head,
 They'll surely mind one risen from the Dead.
 Tho' *Moses* and the Prophets can't prevail,
 A Speaking *Satyr* cannot fail.
 Tell 'em while secret Discontents appear,
 There'll ne'er be *Peace and Union* here.
 They that for Trifles so contend,
 Have something farther in their End,
 But let those hasty People know,
 The Storms above reprove the Storms below,
 And 'tis too often known,
 That Storms below do Storms above Forerun;
 They say this was a High-Church Storm,
 Sent out the Nation to Reform;
 But th' Emblem left the Moral in the Lurch,
 For't blew the Steeple down upon the Church.
 From whence we now inform the People,
 The Danger of the Church is from the Steeple.
 And we've had many a bitter stroke,
 From Pinacle and Weather-Cock;
 From whence the Learned do relate,
 That to secure the Church and State,
 The Time will come when all the Town
 To save the Church, will pull the Steeple down.

Two Tempests are blown over, now prepare
For Storm of Treason and Intestine War.

The High-Church Fury to the North extends,
In haste to ruine all their Friends.

Occasional Conforming led the Way,

And now Occasional Rebellion comes in Play,

To let the Wond'ring Nation know,

That High-Church Honesty's an Empty Show,

A Phantasm of Delusive Air,

That as Occasion serves can disappear,

And Loyalty's a senseless Phrase,

An Empty Nothing which our Interest sways,

And as that suffers this decays.

Who dare the Dangerous Secret tell,

That Church-men can Rebel.

Faction we thought was by the Whigs Engross'd,

And Forty One was banter'd till the Jest was lost.

Bothwel and Penland-Hills were fam'd,

And Gilly-Cranky hardly nam'd.

If Living Poets dare not speak,

We that are Dead must Silence break;

And boldly let them know the Time's at Hand,

When Ecclesiastick Tempests shake the Land.

Prelatick Treason from the Crown divides,

And now Rebellion changes sides.

Their Volumes with their Loyalty may swell,

But in their Turns too they Rebel;

Can Plot, Contrive, Assassinate,

And spight of Passive Laws disturb the State.

Let fair Pretences fill the Mouths of Men,

No fair Pretence shall blind my Pen;

They that *in such a Reign as this* Rebel

Must needs be in Confederacy with Hell.

Oppressions Tyranny and Pride,

May give some Reason to Divide;

But where the Laws with open Justice Rule,

He that Rebels *Must be both Knave and Fool.*

May Heaven the growing Mischief soon prevent,

And Traytors meet Reward in Punishment.

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FINIS

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H Y M N

TO THE

P I L L O R Y.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year 1708.



A
H Y M N
TO THE
P I L L O R Y.

TAIL *Hi'roglypbick State Machin,*
Contriv'd to punish Fancy in :
That are Men, in thee can feel no Pain,
And all thy *Insignificant's* Disdain.
Contempt, that false New Word for shame,
Is without Crime an empty Name,
A Shadow to Amuse Mankind,
Never frights the Wise or Well-fix'd Mind;
Vertue despises Human Scorn,
And Scandals Innocence adorn.

Exalted on thy *Stool of State,*
That Prospect do I see of Sov'reign Fate ;
How th' *Inscrutables* of Providence,
Differ from our contracted Sense ;
Hereby the Errors of the Town,
The Fools look out and Knaves look on.

Persons or Crimes find here the same respect,
 And Vice does Vertue oft Correct,
 The undistinguish'd Fury of the Street,
 Which Mob and Malice Mankind Greet :
 No Byass can the Rable draw,
 But *Dirt* throws *Dirt* without respect to Merit, or to Law.

Sometimes the *Air of Scandal* to maintain,
Villains look from thy Lofty Loops in Vain :
 But who can judge of Crimes by Punishment,
 Where Parties Rule, and L——s Subservient,
 Justice with Change of Interest Learns to bow,
 And what was Merit once, is Murther now :
 Actions receive their Tincture from the Times,
 And as they change are Vertues made or Crimes.
 Thou art the *State-Trap* of the Law,
 But neither can keep Knaves, nor Honest Men in Awe ;
 These are too hard'nd in Offence,
 And those upheld by Innocence.

How have thy opening Vacancys receiv'd,
 In every Age the Criminals of State ?
 And how has Mankind been deceiv'd,
 When they distinguish Crimes by Fate ?
 Tell us, *Great Engine*, how to understand,
 Or reconcile the Justice of the Land ;
 How *Bastwick*, *Pryn*, *Hunt*, *Hollingsby* and *Pye*,
 Men of unspotted Honesty ;
 Men that had Learning, Wit and Sense,
 And more than most Men have had since,
 Could equal Title to thee claim,
 With *Oats* and *Fuller*, Men of late Fame :
 Even the Learned *Selden* saw,
 A Prospect of thee, thro' the Law :
 He had thy Lofty Pinnacles in view,
 But so much Honour never was thy due :
 Had the Great *Selden* Triumph'd on thy Stage,
Selden the Honour of this Age ;

No Man wou'd ever shun thee more;
 Or grudge to stand where *Selden* stood before.

Thou art no shame to Truth and Honesty;
 For is the Character of such defac'd by thee,
 Who suffer by Oppressed Injury.
 Shame, like the Exhalations of the Sun,
 Falls back where first the motion was begun:
 And they who for no Crime shall on thy Brows appear,
 Fear less Reproach than they who plac'd 'em there.

But if Contempt is on thy Face entail'd,
 Disgrace it self shall be asham'd;
 Scandal shall blush that it has not prevail'd;
 To blast the Man it has defam'd.
 Let all that merit equal Punishment,
 And there with him, and we are all Content.

There would the Fam'd S ——— // stand
 With Trumpet of Sedition in his Hand,
 ounding the first *Crusado* in the Land.
 He from a Church of *England* Pulpit first
 All his Dissenting Brethren curst;
 Doom'd them to Satan for a Prey,
 And first found out *the shortest way*;
 With him the Wise Vice-Chancellor o'th' Press;
 Who tho' our Printers Licences defy,
 Willing to show his forwardness,
 Bless'd it with his Authority;
 He gave the Church's Sanction to the Work,
 Popes bless Colours for Troops which fight the *Turk*.
 Doctors in scandal these are grown,
 Red-hot Zeal and Furious Learning known:
 Professors in Reproach and highly fit,
Juno's Academy, *Billinggate*.
 Thou like a True-born *English* Tool,
 Hast from their Composition stole;
 And now art like to smart for being a Fool:

And as of *English Men*, 'twas always meant,
 They'r better to Improve than to Invent;
 Upon their Model thou hast made,
 A Monster makes the World afraid.
 With them let all the States-men stand,
 Who Guide us with unsteady hand:
 Who Armies, Fleet, and Men betray;
 And Ruin all *the shortest way*,
 Let all those Souldiers stand in fight,
 Who're Willing to be paid and not to fight.
 Agents, and Colonels, who false Musters bring,
 To Cheat your Country first, and then your King:
 Bring all your Coward Captains of the Fleet;
Lord! what a Crowd will there be when they meet?

They who let *Pointi* 'scape to *Brest*,
 With all the Gods of *Carthage* Blest.
 Those who betray'd our *Turkey Fleet*;
 Or Injur'd *Talmash* Sold at *Camaret*.
 Who mis'd the Squadron from *Thouloun*,
 And always came too late or else too soon;
 All these are Heroes whose great Actions Claim,
 Immortal Honour to their Dying Fame;
 And ought not to have been Denied,
 On thy great Counterscarp, to have their Valour try'd.

Why have not these upon thy swelling Stage,
 Tasted the keener Justice of the Age;
 If 'tis because their Crimes are too remote,
 Whom leaden-footed Justice has forgot?

Let's view the modern Scenes of Fame,
 If Men and Management are not the same;
 When Fleets go out with Money, and with Men,
 Just time enough to venture home again?
 Navyes prepar'd to guard th' insulted Coast,
 And Convoy's settl'd when Our Ships are lost.
 Some Heroes lately come from Sea,
 If they were paid their Due, should stand with thee;

Papers too should their Deeds relate,
 To prove the Justice of their Fate:
 Their Deeds of War at *Port Saint Mary's* done,
 And see the Trophy's by them, which they won:
 Let *Or——d's* Declaration there appear,
 He'd certainly be pleas'd to see 'em there.

Let some good Limner represent,
 The ravish'd Nuns, the plunder'd Town,
 The *English* Honour how mispent;
 The shameful coming back, and little done.

The *Vigo* Men should next appear,
 To Triumph on thy Theater;
 They, who on board the Great Galloons had been,
 Who rob'd the *Spaniards* first, and then the Queen:
 Set up their praises to their Valour due,
 How Eighty Sail, had beaten Twenty two,
 Two Troopers so, and one Dragoon,
 Conquer'd a *Spanish* Boy, a Pampalone.

Yet let them *Or——d's* Conduct own,
 Who beat them first on Shore, or little had been done:
 What unknown spoils from thence are come,
 How much was brought away, *How little borne*.
 All the Thieves should on thy Scaffold stand
 Who rob'd their Masters in Command:
 The Multitude would soon outdo,
 The City Crouds of Lord Mayors show.

Upon thy Penitential stools,
 Some People should be plac'd for Fools:
 As some for Instance who while they look on;
 See others plunder all, and they got none.

Next the Lieutenant General,
 To get the Devil, lost the De'll and all;
 And he some little badge should bear,
 Who ought in justice to have hang'd 'em there:
 This had his Honour more maintain'd,
 Than all the Spoils at *Vigo* gain'd.

Then Clap thy wooden Wings for joy,
 And greet the Men of Great Employ;
 The Authors of the Nations discontent,
 And Scandal of a Christian Government.
Jobbers, and *Brokers* of the City Stocks,
 With forty Thousand Tallies at their Backs;
 Who make our Banks and Companies obey,
 Or sink 'em all *the shortest way*.
 The Intrinsick Value of our Stocks,
 Is stated in our Calculating Books;
 Th' Imaginary Prizes rise and fall,
 As they Command who tofs the Ball;
 Let 'em upon thy lofty Turrets stand,
 With *Bear-skins* on the back, *Debentures* in the hand,
 And write in Capital upon the Post,
 That here they should remain,
 Till this *Enigma* they explain,
 How stocks should Fall, when Sales surmount the Coast,
 And rise again when Ships are lost.

Great Monster of the Law, Exalt thy Head;
 Appear no more in Masquerade,
 In Homely Phrase Express thy Discontent,
 And move it in th' Approaching Parliament:
 Tell 'em how Papers were instead of Coin,
 With Int'rest eight *per Cent.* and Discount Nine.
 Of *Irish* Transport Debt unpaid,
 Bills false Endors'd, and long Accounts unmade.
 And tell them all the Nation hopes to see,
 They'll send the Guilty down to thee:
 Rather than those who write their History.
 Then bring those Justices upon thy Bench,
 Who vilely break the Laws they should defend;
 And upon Equity Intrench,
 By Punishing the Crimes they will not Mend.
 Let every vicious Magistrate,
 Upon thy sumptuous Chariot of the State;

There let 'em all in Triumph ride,
 Their Purple and their Scarlet laid aside.

Let no such *Bride-well* Justices Protect,
 First debauch the Whores which they Correct:

Such who with Oaths and Drunk'ness sit,
 And Punish far less Crimes than they Commit:

These certainly deserve to stand,
 With Trophies of Authority in Each Hand.

Upon *thy Pulpit*, see the Drunken Priest,
 Who turns the Gospel to a daily Jest;

Let the Fraternity Degrade him there,

Lest they like him appear:

There let him, his *Memento Mori* Preach,
 And by Example, not by Doctrine, Teach.

Next bring the Lewder Clergy there,
 Who Preach those Sins down, which *they can't forbear*;

Those *Sons of God* who every day Go in,
 Both to *the Daughters* and *the Wives* of Men;

There Let 'em stand to be the Nation's Jest,
 And save the Reputation of the rest.

—// who for the Gospel left the Law,
 And deep within the Cleft of Darkness saw;

Let him be an Example made,
 Who durst the Parsons Province so Invade;

To his new Ecclesiastick Rules,
 We owe the Knowledge that we all are Fools:

Old *Charon* shall no more dark Souls convey,

A——// has found the shortest way:

Vain is your funeral Pomp and Bells,
 Your Grave-stones, Monuments and Knells;

Vain are the Trophies of the Grave,

A——// shall all that Foppery save;

And to the Clergy's great Reproach.

shall change the *Hearse* into a *Fiercy Coach*:

What Man the Learned Riddle can receive,

Which none can Answer, and yet none Believe;

Let him Recorded, on the List remain,
 Till he shall Heav'n by his own Rules obtain.
 If a Poor Author has Embrac'd thy Wood,
 Only because he has not understood,
 They Punish Mankind but by halves,
 Till they stand there,
 Who against their own Principles appear:
 And cannot understand themselves.
 Those *Nimshites*, who with furious Zeal drive on;
 And build up *Rome* to pull down *Babylon*;
 The real Author of *the shortest way*,
 Who for Destruction, not Conversion pray;
 There let those Sons of Strife remain,
 Till this Church Riddle they Explain;
 How at Dissenters they can raise a Storm,
 But would not have them all Conform;
 For there their certain Ruin would come in,
 And Moderation, which they hate, begin.
 Next bring some Lawyers to *thy Bar*,
 By *Inuendo* they might all stand there;
 There let them Expiate that Guilt,
 And pay for all that Blood their Tongues ha' spilt;
 These are the Mountebanks of State,
 Who by the *sight of Tongues* can Crimes create,
 And dress up Trifles in the *Rubes of Fate*.
 The *Mastives* of a Government,
 To worry and run down the Innocent;
 There Sat a Man of Mighty Fame,
 Whose Actions speak him plainer than his Name;
 In vain he struggl'd, he harangu'd in vain,
 To bring in *Whipping Sentences* again:
 And to debauch a Milder Government;
 With *Abdicated kinds of Punishment*.
 No wonder he should Law despise,
 Who *Jesus Christ* himself denies;
 His Actions only now direct,
 That we when he is made a Judge, expect:

Let *L*—— next to his Disgrace;
 With *Whitney's Horses* staring in his Face;
 There let his Cup of Pennance be kept full,
 Till he's less Noisy, Insolent and Dull.

When all these Heroes have past once thy Stage,
 And thou hast been the Satyr of the Age;
 Wait then a while for all those Sons of Fame,
 Whom present Pow'r has made too great a name:
 Fenc'd from thy hands, they keep our Verse in Awe;
 Too great for Satyr, and too great for Law.
 As they their Commands lay down,
 They all shall pay their Homage to thy Cloudy Throne:
 And till within thy reach they be,
 Exalt them in Effigie.

The Martyr of the by-past Reign,
 For whom new Oaths have been prepar'd in vain;
She——*k's* Disciple first by him trepan'd,
 He for a *K*——and they for *F*——s should stand.
 Tho' some affirm he ought to be Excus'd,
 Since to this Day he had refus'd;
 And this was all the Frailty of his Life;
 He Damn'd his Conscience, to oblige his Wife.
 But spare that Priest, whose tottering Conscience knew
 That if he took but one, he'd Perjure two:
 Bluntly resolv'd he wou'd not break 'em both,
 And Swore by *G*——d he'd never take the Oath;
 Hang him, he can't be fit for thee,
 For his unusual Honesty,

Thou *Speaking Trumpet* of Mens Fame,
 Enter in every Court thy Claim;
 Demand 'em all, for they are all thy own;
 Who swear to Three Kings, but are true to none:
 Turn-Coats of all sides are thy due,
 And he who once is false, is never true:

To Day can Swear, to Morrow can Abjure;
 For Treachery's a Crime no Man can Cure:
 Such without scruple, for the time to come,
 May Swear to all the Kings in Christendom;
 But he's a Mad Man will rely
 Upon their lost Fidelity.

They that in vast Employments rob the State,
 See them in *thy Embraces* meet their Fate;
 Let not the Millions they by Fraud obtain,
 Protect 'em from the Scandal, or the Pain:

They who from Mean Beginnings grow
 To vast Estates, but God knows how;
 Who carry untold Sums away,
 From little Places, with but little Pay:

Who Costly Palaces Erect,
 The Thieves that built them to protect;
 The Gardens, Grotto's, Fountains Walks, and Groves
 Where Vice Triumphs in Pride, and Lawless Loves:
 Where mighty Luxury and Drunk'ness Reign'd,
 Profusely Spend what they Prophanely Gain'd:
 Tell 'em there's *Mene Tekel's* on the Wall,
 Tell 'em the Nations Money paid for all:

Advance by double Front and show,
 And let us both the Crimes and Persons know:
 Place them aloft upon thy Throne,
 Who slight the Nation's Business for their own;
 Neglect their Posts, in spite of Double Pay,
 And run us all in Debt *the shortest way*.

Great Pageant, Change thy Dirty Scene,
 For on thy Steps some Ladies may be seen;
 When Beauty floops upon thy Stage to show
 She laughs at all the Humble Fools below.

Set *Sapho* there, whose Husband paid for Clothes
 Two Hundred Pound a Week in *Furbulo's*:
 There in her Silks and Scarlets let her shine,
Sb.'s Beauties all without, all Whore within.

Next let Gay *URANIA* Ride,
 Her Coach and Six attending by her side :
 Long has she waited, but in vain,
 The City Homage to obtain :
 The Sumptuous Harlot long'd to Insult the *Châtr*,
 And Triumph o'er our City Beauties there.
 Here let her Haughty Thoughts be Gratifi'd,
 In Triumph let her Ride ;
 Let *DIADORA* next appear,
 And all that want to know her, see her there.
 What tho' she's not a *True-Born English Who*——re ?
French Harlots have been here before ;
 Let not the Pomp nor Grandeur of her State
 Prevent the Justice of her Fate,
 But let her an Example now be made
 To Foreign *Wh*——s who spoil the *English* Trade,
 Claim 'em, thou *Herald of Reproach*,
 Who with uncommon Lewdness will Debauch ;
 Let C—— upon thy Borders spend his Life,
 Till he Recants the Bargain with his Wife :
 And till this Riddle both Explain,
 How neither can themselves Contain ;
 How Nature can on both sides run so high,
 As neither side can neither side supply :
 And so in Charity agree,
 He keeps two Brace of Whores, two Stallions she.

What need of *Satyr* to Reform the Town ?
 Or Laws to keep our Vices down ?
 Let 'em to Thee due Homage pay,
 This will Reform us all *the Shortest Way*.
 Let 'em to thee bring all the Knaves and Fools,
 Vertue will guide the rest by Rules ;
 They'll need no Treacherous Friends, no breach of Faith,
 No Hir'd Evidence with their Infecting Breath ;
 No Servants Masters to Betray,
 Or Knight o'th' Post, who Swear for Pay ;

No

No injur'd Author'l on thy Steps appear;
 Nor such as *wou'd be Rogues*, but such *as are*.
 The first Intent of Laws
 Was to Correct th' Effect, and check the Cause;
 And all the Ends of Punishment,
 Were only Future Mischiefs to prevent.

But Justice is Inverted when
 Those Engines of the Law,
 Instead of pinching Vicious Men,
 Keep Honest ones in awe;
 Thy Business is, as all Men know,
 To Punish Villains, not to make Men so.
 When ever then thou art prepar'd,
 To prompt that Vice thou should'st Reward,
 And by the Terrors of thy Grisly Face,
 Make Men turn Rogues to shun Disgrace;
 The End of thy Creation is destroy'd,
 Justice expires of Course, and Law's made void.

What are thy Terrors? that for fear of thee,
 Mankind should dare to sink their Honesty;
 He's Bold to Impudence, that dare turn Knave,
 The Scandal of thy Company to save:
 He that will Crimes he never knew confess,
 Does more than if he knew those Crimes transgress:
 And he that fears thee more than to be base,
 May want a Heart, but does not want a Face.

Thou like the Devil dost appear
 Blacker than really thou art by far:
 A wild Chimerick Notion of Reproach,
 Too little for a Crime, for none too much:
 Let none th' Indignity resent,
 For Crime is all the Shame of Punishment.
 Thou Bug-bear of the Law stand up and speak,
 Thy long Misconstru'd Silence break,

All us who 'tis upon thy Ridge stands there;
 So full of Fault, and yet so void of Fear;
 And from the Paper in his Hat,
 Let all Mankind be told for what:

Tell them it was because he was too bold,
 He told those Truths, which shou'd not ha' been told.
 Extol the Justice of the Land,
 Who Punish what they will not understand.
 Tell them he stands Exalted there,
 For speaking what we wou'd not hear;
 And yet he might ha' been secure,
 If he said less, or wou'd he ha' said more.
 Tell them that this is his Reward,
 And worse is yet for him prepar'd,
 Because his Foolish Vertue was so nice
 Not to sell his Friends, according to his Friends Advice;

And thus he's an Example made,
 To make Men of their Honesty afraid,
 That for the time to come they may,
 More willingly their Friends betray;
 Tell 'em the Men that plac'd him here,
 Are Friends unto the Times,
 But at a loss to find his Guile,
 They can't commit his Crimes.

F I N I S.

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FINIS.

*A Catalogue of Poems, &c. Printed and Sold by H. Hill
in Black-Fryars, near the Water-side; where several
more may be had that are not here Inserted.*

A Congratulatory Poem on
Prince George of Denmark,
&c. on the Success at Sea.
Ma. borough Still Conquers.
The Flight of the Pretender.
Honesty in Distress, a Tragedy.
The Kit-Cats a Poem, &c.
Wine, a Poem, &c.
Cyder, a Poem, in 2 Books, with
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Moderation Display'd.
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A Satyr against Man and Woman.
The Forgiving Husband.
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The Temple of Death.
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Bellizarius a great Commander.
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A Poem on the Countess of *Abing-*
don.
Nundinae Sturbrigiennes.
Tunbrigialia.
An Ode on the Incarnation, &c.
Hoglandia Descripio.
Milton's Sublimity on Cyder.
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Canary Birds Naturaliz'd.

Poems on the Death of the
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Baucis and *Philemon*, &c.
Circus, a Satyr: Or the Ring
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Philips's Pastorals.
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Windfor Castle, a Poem.
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Addison.
The Counter-Scuffle, a Poem.
Don Francisco Sutorioso.
Consolation to *Mira* mourning.
A Panegyrick on *Oliver Crom-*
with three Poems on his Death.
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of England.
The Apparition, a Poem.
The Hind and Panther Transferr'd
to the Story of the Court
Mouse and City Mouse.
Dr. Gath's Dispensary.
Memoirs on *John Hall*, the Fa-
Rohber, &c.
Mr Shaftoe's Narrative giving
Account of the Birth of the
tended Prince of Wales, &c.
The True-Born Englishman.
The Husband, a Poem.
The Commoner, a Poem.

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

—*Si Proprius fies
Te Capiet Magis*—

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*, near the
Water-side, For the Benefit of the Poor, 1708.

TO THE READER.



TIS not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem : Some think it needs no Excuse ; and others will receive none. The sign, I am sure, is honest : but he who draws his Pen for one Party, may expect to make Enemies of the other. For, Wit and Fool, are Consequences of Whig and Tory : And every man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary side. There's a Treasury of Merits in the Phanatick Church as well as in the Papist ; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Humanity and Poetry, for the Leud, the Faction, and the Blockheads : But the longest Chapter in Deutoromy, has not Curses enough for an Anti-Birmingham. My Comfort is, their manifest Prejudice to my Cause, will render their Judgment of less Authority against me. Yet if a Poem has a Genius, it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a sweetness in good Verse, which Tickles even while it Hurts : And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his will. The commendation of Adversaries, is the greatest Triumph of a Writer ; but it never comes unless Extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easie terms. If I happen to please the more Moderate sort I shall be sure of an honest Party ; and, in all probability, of the best Judges : for the least Censor, are commonly the least Corrupt. And, I confess, I have laid out for those, by relating the Satyr (where Justice would allow it) from cutting too sharp an Edge. They, who can Criticize so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinc'd, at their own Cost, that I can write Severely, with more ease, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at some mens Follies. when I could have declaim'd against their Vices, and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd the Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious Reader, I expect you should turn upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you Commonwealths-men, for Professing so plausible for the Government. You cannot be so Unconscionable, as to charge me for not Subscribing of my Name ; that would reflect too grossly upon your own Party, who never dare ; though they have the advantage of a Jury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may, possibly, be in my Writing : (though 'tis hard on an Author to judge against himself ;) But more probably 'tis in my Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both sides will condemn the Character of Absalom, as either too favourably, or

ardly drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge, and, to confess freely. I have endeavour'd to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Virtues : and, David himself, could not be more tender of the Young man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, since the most excellent natures are almost the most easie ; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory ; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than was for Adam, not to have resisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman : The Conclusion of the Story, I purposely forbore to prosecute : because, I could not obtain from my self, to shew Absalom Unfortunate. The Frame of it was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waste ; and, if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the Inventor, who am only the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Absalom to David. And, who knows but this may come to pass ? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the Story ; There seems, yet, to be room left for a supposition ; hereafter, there may be only be for Pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel ; but, am content to be accus'd of a good natur'd Error ; and to hope with Origen, that the evil himself may, at last, be sav'd. For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in Wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful : and his Vicegerent is only not so, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyr, is the amendment of Vices by correction. And who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease : for those, are only in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an Ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all ; If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, or a Temper'd State, as an Opiate would be in a Raging Fever.

THE KEY.

David, King Charles II. Absalom, D. Monmouth, Annabel, Dutchesse of Monmouth. Achitophel, Earl of Shaftsbury, Zimri, L. Gray. Balaam, Sidney. Caleb, Armstrong. Nadab, Ferguson. Shimei, Sheriff Bethel. Corah, Stephen College. Bethsheba, D. Portsmouth, or any other Concubine.

Abfalom and Achitophel.

IN pious Times, e'er Priest-craft did begin,
 Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin ;
 When Man on many, multiply'd his kind,
 E'er one to one was, cursedly, confin'd :
 When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd
 Promiscuous use of Concubine and Bride ;
 Then, *Israel's* Monarch, after Heavens own heart,
 His vigorous warmth did variously, impart.
 To Wives and Slaves : and, wide as his Command,
 Scatter'd his Makers Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear ;
 A Soil ungrateful to the Tiller's care :
 Not so the rest ; for several Mothers bore
 To God-like *David*, several Sons before.
 But, since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend,
 No true Succession cou'd their Seed attend.
 Of all the numerous Progeny was none
 So Beautiful, so Brave as *Abfalom*.
 Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust,
 His Father got him with a greater Gust ;
 Or that his conscious Destiny made way,
 By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
 Early in foreign Fields he won Renown,
 With Kings and States Ally'd to *Israel's* Crown :
 In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
 And seem'd as he were only born for Love.
 What e'er he did, was done with so much ease,
 In him alone, 'twas Natural to please :
 His motions all accompany'd with grace :
 And *Paradise* was open'd in his Face.
 With secret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
 His Youthful Image in his Son renew'd :
 To all his wishes nothing he deny'd ;
 And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
 What faults he had (for who from faults is free ?)
 His father cou'd not, or he wou'd not see.
 Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,
 Were constitu'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er :
 And *Annon's* Mother by a specious Name,
 Was call'd, a just Revenge for injur'd Fame.
 Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble Youth remain'd,
 While *David*, undisturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
 But Life can never be sincerely blest :
 Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.

the *Jews*, a Head-strong, Moody Murm'ring race;
 ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
 God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with ease,
 no King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd please;
 Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,
 that God-Smiths cou'd produce, or Priests devise :)
 these *Adam-wits*, too fortunately free,
 began to dream they wanted Liberty,
 and when no rule, no president was found,
 of men, by Laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
 they led their wild desires to Woods and Caves;
 and thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
 They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
 made foolish *Ishbosheth* the Crown forego;
 who banisht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
 and, with a General shout, proclaim'd him King;
 those very *Jews*, who, at their very best,
 their Humour more than Loyalty exprest,
 now, wondred why, so long, they had obey'd
 an Idol-Monarch which their hands had made :
 thought they might ruin him they cou'd create;
 or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
 But these were random bolts : No form'd Design,
 nor Interest made the Factionous Croud to joyn :
 the sober part of *Israel*, free from stain,
 well knew the value of a peaceful Reign;
 and, looking backward with a wise affright,
 saw seams of wounds, dishonest to the sight :
 in contemplation of whose ugly Scars,
 they curst the memory of Civil Wars.
 The moderate sort of Men, thus qualify'd,
 inclin'd the Ballance to the better side :
 and, *David's* mildness manag'd it so well,
 he had found no occasion to Rebell.
 But, when to Sin our byast Nature leans,
 the careful Devil is still at hand with means;
 and providently Pimps for ill desires;
 the Good Old Cause reviv'd, a Plot requires.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 to raise up Common-wealths, and ruin Kings.
 Th' Inhabitants of Old *Jerusalem*
 were *Jebusites* : the Town so call'd from them;
 and their's the Native right—
 when the chosen People grew more strong,
 the rightful Cause at length became the wrong :
 and every loss the men of *Jebus* bore,
 they still were tought God's Enemies the more.
 Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
 They submit they must to *David's* Government :

Impoverisht and depriv'd of all Command,
 Their Taxes doubled as they lost their Land ;
 And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
 Their Gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common Wood.
 This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame ;
 For Priests of all Religions are the same :
 Of whatso'er descent their Godhead be,
 Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
 In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
 As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
 The *Jewish Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
 In this conclude them honest men and wise :
 For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
 T'espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink.
 From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curse,
 Bad in it self, but represented worse.
 Rais'd in extreams, and in extreams decry'd ;
 With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.
 Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude ;
 But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude.
 Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with Lies,
 To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise.
 Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
 Believing nothing, or believing all.
 Th' *Egyptian Rites* the *Jebusites* embrac'd ;
 Where Gods were recommended by their Taste.
 Such sav'ry Deities must needs be good,
 As serv'd at once for Worship and for Food.
 By force they could not introduce these Gods ;
 For Ten to One, in former days was odds.
 So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificer's Trade,)
 Fools are more hard to conquer than perswade.
 Their busie Teachers mingled with the *Jews* ;
 And rak'd for Converts, even the Court and Stews,
 Which *Hebrew Priests* the more unkindly took,
 Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
 Some thought they God's Anointed meant to slay
 By Guns, invented since full many a day :
 Our Author swears it not ; but who can know
 How far the Devil and *Jebusites* may go ?
 This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence :
 For as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
 The standing Lakes soon floats into a Flood ;
 And ev'ry hostile Humour ; which before
 Slept quiet in its Channels, bubbles o're :
 So, several factions from this first Ferment,
 Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.

ome by their Friends, more by themselves thought wise,
 oppos'd the Pow'r, to which they could not rise.

ome had in Courts been great, and thrown from thence,
 like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence.

ome, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
 from pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne;

Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:

Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful men cou'd tye.

Of these the false *Achitophel* was first:

Name to all succeeding Ages curst.

For close Designs, and crooked Counsels fit;

agacious, Bold, and Turbulent of Wit:

Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place;

In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Disgrace.

fiery Soul, which working out its way,

retted the Pigmy-Body to decay;

And o're inform'd the Tenement of Clay.

A daring Pilot in Extremity;

leas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high

He sought the Storme: but for a Calm unfit,

Would steer too nigh the Sands, to boast his Wit.

Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd;

And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;

Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,

Refuse his Age the needful hours of Rest?

Unish a Body which he cou'd not please;

Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of ease?

And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,

To that unfeather'd, too-legg'd thing, a Son:

Not, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;

And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.

In Fr'endship false, implacable in Hate:

Resolv'd to Ruin or to Rule the State.

To compass this, the Triple Bond he broke;

The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook:

And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke.

Then seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,

Surp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.

To ease still it proves in Faction's Times,

With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:

How safe is Treason, and how sacred Ill,

Where none can sin against the Peoples Will?

Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known,

Since in another's guilt they find their own.

Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge;

The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.

In *Israel*'s Courts ne'er sat an *Abbethdin*

With more discerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;

Unbrib'd,

Unbrib'd, unfought, the Wretched to redress;
 Swift of Dispatch, and easie of Access.
 Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown,
 With Virtues only proper to the Gown;
 Or, had the rankness of the Soil been freed
 From Cockle, that oppress the Noble Seed :
David, for him his tuneful Harp had strung,
 And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;
 And Fortunes Ice prefers to Virtues Land :
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful Fame, and lazy Happiness;
 Disdain'd the golden Fruit to gather free,
 And lent the Croud his Arm to shake the Tree.
 Now, manifest of Crimes, contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold Defiance with his Prince :
 Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cause,
 Against the Crown ; and sculk'd behind the Laws.
 The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes ;
 Some Circumstances finds, but more he makes.
 By buzzing Emissaries, fills the ears
 Of listning Crouds, with Jealousies and Fears
 Of Arbitrary Counsels brought to light,
 And proves the King himself a *Jebozite*.
 Weak Arguments ! which yet he knew full well,
 Were strong with People easie to Rebel.
 For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
 Tread the same Track when she the Prime renews:
 And once in twenty years, their Scribes Record,
 By natural Instinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel still wants a Chief, and none
 Was found so fit as War-like *Abfalom* :
 Not, that he wish'd his Greatness to create,
 (For Politicians neither love nor hate :)
 But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
 Would keep him still depending on the Croud :
 That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
 Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.
 Him he attempts, with studied Arts to please,
 And sheds his Venom, in such words as these.
 Auspicious Prince, at whose Nativity
 Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky ;
 Thy longing Countries Darling and Desire ;
 Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire :
 Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand
 Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land :
 Whose dawning Day, in every distant Age,
 Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophet's rage :

the Peopl's Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
 the Young mens Vision, and the Old mens Dream !
 Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confesse ;
 and, never satisfi'd with seeing, blest :
 swift, unespoken Pumps, thy steps proclaim,
 and stammering Babes are taught to lisp thy Name.
 How long wilt thou the general Joy detain ;
 carve, and defraud the People of thy Reign ?
 content ingloriously to pass thy days
 like one of Virtue's Fools that feeds on Praise ;
 till thy fresh Glories, which now shine so bright,
 grow Stale and Tarnish with our dayly fight.
 Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit must be,
 or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
 Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
 some lucky Revolution of their Fate :
 whose Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
 For humane Good depends on humane Will,
 our Fortune rolls as from a smooth Descent,
 and, from the first Impression, takes the Bent :
 but, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind ;
 and leaves repenting Folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 and spreads her Locks before her as she flies.
 And thus Old *David*, from whose Loins you Spring,
 not dar'd, when Fortuæ call'd him, to be King,
 at *Gath* an Exile he might still remain ;
 and Heav'n's Anointing Oyl had been in vain.
 But his succesful Youth your hopes engage ;
 but shun th' example of Declining Age :
 behold him setting in his Western Skies,
 the shadows lengthning as the Vapours rise.
 He is not now, as when on *Jordan's* Sand
 the joyful People throng'd to see him Land,
 ov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand* :
 but, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
 comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light :
 stray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn :
 Our only blessing since his curst Return :)
 those heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
 blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of Wind.
 What strength can he to your Designs oppose,
 naked of Friends, and round beset with Foes ?
 What *Pharaoh's* doubtful Succour he should use,
 Foreign Aid wou'd more incense the *Jews* :
 proud *Egypt* wou'd disssembled Friendship bring ;
 to ment the War, but not support the King :

Nor wou'd the Royal Party e'er unite
 With *Pharaoh's* Arms, t'assist the *Jebusite*;
 Or if they shou'd, their Interest soon wou'd break,
 And, with such odious Aid, make *David* weak,
 All sorts of men, by my successful Arts,
 Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd Hearts
 From *David's* Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,
 Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
 If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
 Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
 What may not *Israel* hope, and what Applause
 Might such a General gain by such a Cause?
 Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
 Fair only to the sight, but solid Pow'r:
 And Nobler is a limited Command,
 Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
 Than a successive Title, Long and Dark,
 Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah's* Ark.

What cannot Praise effect in Mighty Minds,
 When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
 Desire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vicious Weed,
 Yet, sprung from High, is of Coelestial Seed:
 In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aspire,
 'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
 Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
 Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;
 Unwarily was led from Virtues ways;
 Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praise.
 Half loath, and half consenting to the Ill,
 (For Royal Blood within him struggled still)
 He thus reply'd.—And what Pretence have I
 To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
 My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right:
 The Faith's Defender, and Mankind's Delight:
 Good, Gracious, Just, Observant of the Laws;
 And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause.
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his Peaceful Reign?
 Who sues for Justice to his Throne in vain?
 What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
 Whom Just Revenge did to his Wrath expose?
 Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good;
 Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.
 If Mildness ill with Stubborn *Israel* Suit,
 His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
 What could he gain, his People to Betray,
 Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?
 Let haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a Reign,
 His Fruitful Nile, and Yoak a Servile Train.

David's Rule Jerusalem Displeas'd,

The Dog-star heats their Brains to this Disease,

Why then should I, encouraging the Bad,

Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Made?

Were he a Tyrant who, by Laurels Might,

Oppress'd the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jesuites*,

Well might I mourn; but Nature's holy Bands

Would curb my Spirits, and restrain my Hands:

The People might assert their Liberty;

But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.

His Favour leaves me nothing to require;

He vents my Wishes, and out-runs Desire;

What more can I expect while *David* Lives?

All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:

And that: But there he paus'd; then Sighing, said,

Justly destin'd for a Worthier Head.

For when my Father from his Toyls shall Rest,

And late Augment the Number of the Blest:

His Lawful Issue shall the Throne ascend;

For the *Collat'ral* Line where that shall end.

His Brother, though Oppress'd with Vulgar Spight,

Yet Dauntless and Secure of Native Right,

Of every Royal Virtue stands possess'd;

Still dear to all the Bravest, and the Best.

His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim,

His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.

His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will find;

For sure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.

Why should I then Repine at Heavens Decree;

Which gives me no pretence to Royalty?

Let oh that Fate, Propitiously Inclind,

Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind,

To my large Soul, not all her Treasure lent,

And then betray'd it to a mean Descent.

Find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,

And *David's* Part disdains my Mothers Mold,

Why am I scant'd by a Niggard Birth?

My Soul disclaims the Kindred of her Earth;

And, made for Empire, Whispers me within;

Desire of Greatness is a God-like Sin.

Him Staggering so when Hells dire Agent found,

While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her Ground,

He pours fresh Forces in, and thus Replies:

O Eternal God, Supremely Good and Wise,

Part not these Prodigious Gifts in vain;

That Wonders are Reserv'd to bless your Reign?

Against your will your Arguments have shown,

That Virtue's only given to guide a Throne.

Not that your Father's Mildness I contemn ;
 But manly Force becomes the Diadem.
 'Tis true he grants the People all they crave ;
 And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have :
 For lavish grants suppose a Monarch tame,
 And more his Goodness than his Wit proclaim.
 But when should People strive their Bonds to break,
 If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak ?
 Let him give on till he can give no more,
 The Thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor ;
 And every Shackle which he can receive,
 Shall cost a Limb of his Prerogative.
 To ply him with new Plots, shall be my care ;
 Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War ;
 Which when his Treasure can no more supply,
 He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy :
 His faithful Friends, our Jealousies and Fears,
 Call *Jabustes* ; and *Pharaoh's* Pensioners :
 Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
 He shall be naked left to publick Scorn.
 The next Successor, whom I fear and hate,
 My Arts have made obnoxious to the State ;
 Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,
 And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
 His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,
 Shall first be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold :
 Till time shall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
 To pass your doubtful Title into Law :
 If not the People have a Right Supreme
 To make their Kings ; for Kings are made for them.
 All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust :
 Which when resum'd, can be no longer Just.
 Succession, for the general Good design'd,
 In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind ;
 If altering that, the People can relieve,
 Better one suffer than a Nation grieve.
 The *Jews* well knew their pow'r. e'er *Saul* they chose,
 God was their King, and God they durst Depose.
 Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
 A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame.
 The Publick Good, that Universal Call,
 To which even Heav'n submitted, answers all.
 Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind ;
 'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her Kind,
 Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their Posterity.
 Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be try'd,
 Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside.

and said he lov'd your Father ; could he bring
 better Proof, than to Anoint him King ?
 Surely shew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
 who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.
 Could *David* have you thought his Darling Son ?
 That means he then, to Alienate the Crown ?
 The name of Godly he may blush to bear :
 'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
 To his Brother gives Supreme Command ;
 To you a Legacy of Barren Land,
 Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays,
 Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.
 When the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wise,
 Ready looks on you with Jealous Eyes ;
 As through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
 And marks the Progress in the Peoples Hearts.
 Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains ;
 He meditates Revenge who least complains.
 And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,
 Sleep dissembling, while he waits his Prey,
 His fearless Foes within his Distance draws ;
 Constrains his Roaring, and contracts his Paws :
 Till at the last, his time for Fury found,
 He shoors with sudden Vengeance from the Ground :
 The Prostrate Vulgar, passes o'er, and Spares,
 But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.
 Your Case no tame Expedients will afford :
 Resolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword,
 Which for no less a Stake than Life, you Draw ;
 And Self-defence is Nature's Eldest Law.
 Have the warm People no Considering time :
 Or then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
 Avail your self of what Occasion gives,
 But try your Title while your Father lives :
 And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
 Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence :
 Whose Sacred Lite each minute would Expose,
 To Plots, from seeming Friends, and secret Foes.
 And who can sound the depth of *David's* Soul ?
 Perhaps his fear, his kindness may Controul.
 He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
 His plighted Vows too late to be undone.
 So, by Force he wishes to be gain'd :
 Like Womens Leachery, to seem Constrain'd :
 Doubt not : but, when he most affects the Frown,
 He commits a pleasing Rape upon the Crown,
 To secure his Person to secure your Cause ;
 They who possess the Prince, possess the Laws.

He said, And this Advice above the rest,
 With *Abſalom's* Mild Nature ſuited beſt ;
 Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition ſet aſide)
 Not ſtain'd with Cruelty, nor poſt with Pride.
 How happy had he been, if Deſtiny
 Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not ſo high !
 His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne ;
 And bleſt all other Countries but his own.
 But charming Greatneſs, ſince ſo few reſuſe ;
 'Tis juſter to Lament him, than Accuſe.
 Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
 With Blandiſhments to gain the publick Love ;
 To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
 And Popularly proſecute the Plot.
 To further this *Achitophel* Unites
 The Male-contents of all the *Iſraelites* :
 Whoſe differing Parties he could wiſely Joyn,
 For ſeveral Ends, to ſerve the ſame Deſign.
 The Beſt, and of the Princes ſome were ſuch,
 Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much :
 Miſtaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts ;
 Not Wicked, but ſeduc'd by Impious Arts.
 By theſe the Springs of Property were bent,
 And wound ſo high, they Crack'd the Government.
 The next for Int'reſt ſought t' embroil the State,
 To ſell their Duty at a dearer rate ;
 And make their *Jewiſh* Markets of the Throne ;
 Pretending Publick Good, to ſerve their own.
 Others thought Kings and uſeleſs heavy Load,
 Who coſt too much, and did too little Good.
 Theſe were for laying Honelt *David* by,
 On Principles of pure good Huſbandry.
 With them joyn'd all the Haranguers of the Throng,
 That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.
 Who follow next, a double danger bring,
 Not only hating *David*, but the King ;
 The *Solymean* Rout ; well Verſ'd of old,
 In Godly Faction, and in Treafon bold ;
 Cowering and Quaking at a Conqueror's Sword,
 But Lofty to a Lawful Prince Reſtor'd ;
 Saw with Diſdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
 And Scorn'd by *Jebuſites* to be Out-done ;
 Hot *Levites* Headed theſe ; who pull'd before
 From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
 Reſum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Cry,
 Purſu'd their old belov'd Theocracy.
 Where Sanhedrin and Priſt enſlav'd the Nation,
 And juſtifi'd their Spoils by Inſpiration :

who so fit for Reign as *Aaron's* Race.

once Dominion they could found in Grace?

these led the Pack; though not of surest scent,

yet deepest mouth'd against the Government.

numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed;

of the true old Enthusiastick Breed:

against Form and Order they their Pow'r employ:

nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.

far more numerous was the Herd of such,

who think too little, and who talk too much.

these out of mere instinct, they knew not why,

nor'd their Father's God, and Property:

and, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,

the Devil and the *Jebusite* did hate:

born to be sav'd, even in their own despight;

because they could not help believing right.

such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more

remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.

some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:

the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:

man so various, that he seem'd to be

not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.

stiff in Opinions, always in the wrang;

was every thing by starts, and Nothing long;

but, in the course of one revolving Moon,

was Chymist, Fidler, States-man and Buffoon:

when all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;

besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.

best Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,

with something New to wish, or to enjoy!

ailing and praising were his usual Themes;

and both (to shew his Judgment) in Extremes:

over Violent, or over Civil,

that every Man, with him, was God or Devil.

squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:

nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.

egg'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:

he had his Jest, and they had his Estate.

he laugh'd himself from Court; then sought Relief;

by forming Parties, but cou'd ne'er be Chief:

for spite of him, the weight or Business fell

on *Abjalom*, and wise *Achitophel*:

thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,

he left not Faction, but of That was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearse

of Lords, below the dignity of Verse.

its, Warriors, Common-wealths-men, were the best:

and Husbands, and mere Nobles all the rest.

And

And therefore, in the name of Dulness, be
 The well hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
 And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
 Who made new Porridge for the Paschal Lamb;
 Let Friendships holy Band some Names assure :
 Some their own Worth, and some let Scorne secure.
 Nor shall the Rascal Rabble here have Place,
 Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
 Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, we cou'd Statutes draw
 To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law.
 But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The Wretch; whose Heav'n's Anointed dar'd to Curse,
Shimei, whose Youth did early Promise bring
 Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
 Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain :
 Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
 Or Curse, unless against the Government.
 Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray ;
 The City, to reward his pious Hate
 Against his Master, chose him Magistrate :
 His Hand a Vane of Justice did uphold ;
 His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
 During his Office, Treason was no Crime.
 The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time :
 For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Pelf,
 Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself :
 When two or three were gather'd to Declaim
 Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*,
Shimei was always in the midst of them. }
 And, if they Curst the King when he was by,
 Would rather Curse, than break good Company.
 If any durst his Factious Friends accuse,
 He pact a Jury of dissenting *Jews* :
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly Cause,
 Wou'd free the suffering Saint from Humane Laws.
 For Laws are only made to punish those
 Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes.
 If any leisure time he had from Pow'r,
 (Because 'tis Sin to mis-employ an hour :)
 His Bus'ness was, by Writing to perswade,
 That Kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade :
 And, that his noble Style he might refine,
 No *Rechabite* more shun'd the fumes of Wine.
 Chast were his Cellars ; and his Shrieval Board
 The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd :

Cooks, with long difafe, their Trade forgot ;
 Not was his Kitchen, though his Brains were hot.
 Each frugal Virtue Malice may accuse ;
 It sure 'twas necessary to the *Jew* :
 For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates require
 Dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
 With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
 Not free from Flesh, that made the *Jews* rebel :
 And *Moses's* Laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the Mount.
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot ;
 Would tire a well breath'd Witness of the Plot :
 Yet, *Corah*, thou shalt from Oblivion pass ;
 Rest thy self thou Monumental Brass :
 High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
 While Nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 That though his birth were base, yet Comets rise
 From Earthly Vapours ere they shine in Skies.
 Indign Actions may as well be done
 By Weaver's Issue, as by Prince's Son.
 His Arch-Attestor for the Publick Good,
 That one Deed Enobles all his Blood.
 Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high Race,
 Whose Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace ?
 He was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
 His Tribe were God Almighty's Gentlemen.
 Dark were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and loud,
 No signs he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud :
 His long Chin prov'd his Wit ; his Saint-like Grace
 Church Vermillion, and a *Moses's* Face.
 His Memory miraculously great ;
 Cou'd Plots, exceeding Man's belief, repeat.
 Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
 For Human Wit cou'd never such devise.
 Some future Truths are mingled in his Book ;
 Not where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke :
 Some things like Visionary flights appear ;
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where :
 And gave him his *Rabbinical* Degree,
 Unknown to Foreign University.
 His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excell ;
 Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well :
 And suited to the temper of the Times ;
 Then groaning under *Jehusitic* Crimes.
 At *Israel's* Foes suspect his Heav'nly call,
 And rashly Judge his Writ Apocryphal :
 For Laws for such affronts have Forfeits made :
 Who takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.

Were I my self in Witness *Corah's* place,
 The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
 Shou'd whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an Appendix of my Plot,
 His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despise,
 And load his Person with indignities :
 But Zeal peculiar privilege affords ;
 Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.
 And *Corah* might for *Agag's* Murder call :
 In terms as coarse as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*,
 What others in his Evidence did join,
 (The best thar cou'd be had for love or coin,)
 In *Corah's* own predicament will fall :
 For *Witness* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every sort,
 Deluded *Absalom*, forsakes the Court :
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
 And Fir'd with near Possession of a Crown :
 Th' admiring Croud are dazled with surprize,
 And on his Goodly Person feed their Eyes :
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show ;
 On each side bowing popularly low :
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their Names.
 Thus form'd by Nature, furnisht out with Arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
 Then, with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity e'er he spoke,
 Few words he said ; but easie those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

I moura, my Country-men, your lost Estate ;
 Though far unable to prevent your Fate :
 Beholt a banisht Man, for your dear Cause
 Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws !
 Yet oh ! that I alone cou'd be undone,
 Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son !
 Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made ;
Egypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
 And *Jebusites* your Sacred Rites invade.
 My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his Fame :
 And brib'd with petty sums of Foreign Gold,
 Is grown in *Bathsheba's* Embraces old :
 Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys :
 And all his pow'r against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give my Right away :
 But why should he his own, and yours betray ?

He only, he can make the Nation bleed,
 And he alone from my Revenge is freed.
 Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
 'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies :
 No Court-Informer can these Arms Accuse ;
 These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use ;
 And 'tis my wish the next Successor's Reign
 May make no other *Israelite* complain.
 Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action, seldom fail :
 But Common Interest always will prevail :
 And Pity never ceases to be shown,
 To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
 The Croud, (that still believe their Kings oppress,)
 With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bless :
 Who now begins his progress to ordain ;
 With Chariots, Horsemen, and a num'rous Train :
 From East to West his Glories he displays :
 And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land surveys.
 Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star ;
 And shouts of Joy salute him from afar :
 Each house receives him as a Guardian God ;
 And Consecrates the Place of his abode :
 But hospitable Treats did most commend
 His Wife *Issachar*, his wealthy Western Friend.
 This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,
 And seem'd but Pomp, did other Ends disguise :
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
 To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
 The Peoples hearts ; distinguish Friends from Foes ;
 And try their strength, before they came to Blows.
 Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
 Of specious Love, and Duty to their Prince,
 Religion, and Redress of Grievances,
 Two names, that always cheat, and always please,
 Are often urg'd ; and good King *David's* life
 In danger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
 Thus in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made ;
 And Peace it self is War in Mesquerade.
 Oh foolish *Israel* ! never warn'd by ill !
 Still the same bait, and circumvented still !
 And ever men forsake their present ease,
 In midst of Health imagine a Disease ;
 Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,
 Take heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree ?
 What shall we think ! Can People give away,
 Both for themselves and Sons, their native Sway ?
 When they are left defenceless to the Sword
 To each unbounded arbitrary Lord :

And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
 If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws destroy.
 Yet if the Croud be judge of fit and Just,
 And Kings are only Officers in Trust,
 Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd
 When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd :
 If those who gave the Sceptre cou'd not tie
 By their own deed their own Posterity,
 How then cou'd *Adam* bind his future Race ?
 How cou'd his forfeit on Mankind take place ?
 Or how cou'd Heavenly Justice damn us all,
 Who ne'er consented to our Father's Fall ?
 Then Kings are slaves to those whom they command,
 And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand.
 Add, that the Power for Property allow'd,
 Is mischievously seated in the Croud :
 For who can be secure of private Right,
 If Sovereign Sway may be dissolv'd by Might ?
 Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true :
 The most may err, as grossly as the Few.
 And faultless Kings run down, by Common Cry,
 For Vice, Oppression, and for Tyranny.
 What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
 Which flowing to the Mark, runs faster out ?
 Nor only Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
 Infected with this Publick Lunacy :
 And Share the madness of Rebellious Times,
 To Murder Monarch's for Imagin'd Crimes.
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,
 Not Kings alone, (the God-head Images,)
 But Government it self at length must fall
 To Nature's State, where all have Right to all.
 Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
 What prudent men a settled Throne wou'd shake ?
 For whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,
 That Change they Covet makes them suffer more.
 All others Errours but disturb a State ;
 But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
 If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
 To patch the Flaws, and Buttress of the Wall,
 Thus far 'tis Duty ; but here fix the Mark ;
 For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.
 To change Foundations, cast the Frame anew,
 Is work for Rebels who base ends pursue :
 At once Divine and Humane Laws controul ;
 And mend the Parts by ruin of the Whole.
 The ramp'ring World is subject to this Curse,
 To Physick their Disease into a Worse.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring ?

How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King !

Friends he has few, so high the madness grows ;

Who dare be such, must be the Peoples Foes :

Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days ;

Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praise.

In this short File *Barzilai* first appears ;

Barzilai crown'd with Honour and with Years ;

Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood

In regions Waste beyond the *Jordan's* Flood :

Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State ;

Yet sinking underneath his Master's Fate :

In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd :

For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.

In the Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art :

Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart :

Which, well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse,

The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse.

His Bed cou'd once a fruitful Issue boast ;

Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.

His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,

By me (so Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,

And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhoods prime

Unequal Fates, and Providences Crime :

Yet not before the Goal of Honour own

All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son ;

Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run.

In Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,

Plant'd in Space, but perfect in thy Line !

By Sea, by Land, thy matchless Worth was known ;

Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own :

Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd :

And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.

In Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,

Whom Foes unpunish'd never cou'd withstand !

Yet *Israel* was unworthy of his Name :

Fort is the date of all Immoderate Fame.

It looks as Heav'n our Ruin had design'd,

And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind.

Now free from Earth, thy disencumbred Soul

Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry Pole :

From thence thy kindred Legions may'st thou bring,

To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.

Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight ;

No Pinions can pursue Immortal height :

Tell good *Barzilai* thou canst sing no more,

And tell thy Soul he should have fled before ;

Or fled she with his Life, and left this Verse
To hang on her departed Patron's Hearse?
Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n,

(and see

If thou canst find on Earth another He;
Another He would be too hard to find,
See then whom thou canst see not far behind
Zadoc the Priest, whom shunning, Pow'r and

(Place,

His lowly mind advanc'd to David's Grace:
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable Sou', and noble Stem;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty

(sense

Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets Sons by such Example led,
To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
For Colleges on bounteous Kings depend,
And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.

To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws:
Who best cou'd plead, and best can judge a

(Cause.

Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend,
Sharp judging Adriel, the Muses Friend,
Himself a Muse: — In Sanhedrins debate
True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
Whom David's Love with Honour did a-

(dorn,

That from his disobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of piercing Wit, and pregnant

(Thought,

Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move Assemblies, who but only try'd
The worse a-while, then chose the better

(side:

Nor chose alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
So much the weight of one Brave man can

(do.

Hushai the Friend of David in distress,
In publick Storms of manly steadfastness;
By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
And join'd Experience to his Native Truth.
His frugal care supply'd the wanting Throne
Frugal for that, but boisteous of his own:
'Tis easie Conduct when Exchequers flow:
But have the task to manage well the low?
For Sovereign Pow'r is too deprest or high,
When Kings are forc'd to sell, or Crowds to

(buy;

Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse?
For Amiel; who can Amiel's praise refuse
Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title Great:
The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reason guided, and their passion

(cool'd:

So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a Loyal Nation's Sense,

That as their Band was Israel's Tribes

(Israel

So fit was he to represent them all.

Now rather Chariteers the Seat ascend,
Whose loose Careers his steady Skill con-

(mend

They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day
Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way
While he withdrawn at their made Labo-

(smile

And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toi-

These were the chief; a small but

(faithful Band

Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd

(to stand

And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.

With grief they view'd such powerful

(gines be

To batter down the Lawful Government

A numerous Faction with pretended Right

In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Right

The true Successor from the Court remov'd

The P'or, by hireling Witnesses, improv'd

These Ills they saw, and as their Duty bound

They shew'd the King the danger of

(Wounds

That no Concessions from the Throne

(wou'd please

But Lenitives fomented the Disease:

That Absalom, ambitious of the Crown

Was made the Lure to draw the People

(down

That false Achitophel's pernicious Hate

Had turn'd the Plot to ruin Church and

(State

The Council violent, the Rabble worse

That Skimei taught Jerusalem to Curse.

With all these loads of Injuries oppress'd

And long revolving in his careful Breast

Th' event of things; at last, his Patient

(fit

Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heaven

(inspire

The God-like David spoke; with awful

His Train their Maker in their Master he

Thus long have I by Native Mercy swayed

My wrongs dissembl'd, my Revenge

(lay

So willing to forgive th' Offending Age

So much the Father did the King Assuage

But now so far my Clemency they slight

Th' Offenders question my Forgiving

(Right

That one was made for many, they contend

But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End

They call my tenderness of Blood, my Fe-

Though many Tempers can the Long

(be

et, since they will divert my Native course,
 'tis time to shew I am not good by Force.
 Those heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
 Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:
 Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the Nation's weight:
 My young *Samson* will pretend a Call
 To shake the Column, let him share the Fall:
 But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!
 How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
 From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
 Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
 Rais'd up to all the height his Frame cou'd bear:
 Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
 He wou'd have given his Soul another turn:
 Shou'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense
 One that wou'd by Law supplant his Prince:
 The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
 Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
 Thence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
 Should more be *Absalom's* than *David's* Cause?
 His old Instructor, e'er he lost his Place,
 Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace.
 Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!
 My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:
 Wou'd *They* impose an Heir upon the Throne?
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
 King's at least a part of Government;
 And mine as requisite as their Consent:
 Without my leave a future King to choose,
 Offers a Right the Present to Depose:
 True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:
 But *Esau's* Hands suit ill with *Jacob's* Voice.
 My pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
 Which to secure, they take my Pow'r away;
 From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preserve my Years,
 But save me most from my Petitioners.
 Unsatiated as the barren Womb or Grave;
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
 What then is left, but with a jealous Eye
 To guard the small Remains of Royalty?
 The Law shall still direct my peaceful Sway,
 And the same Law teach Rebels to obey:
 Votes shall no more Establish'd Pow'r control,
 Which Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
 Groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove,
 But Crouds have Pow'r to punish e'er they prove:

For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care express,
 Still to defend their Servants in distress.
 Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd !
 Why am I forc'd like Heav'n against my mind,
 To make Examples of another Kind ?
 Must I at length the Sword of Justice draw ?
 Oh, curs'd Effects of necessary Law !
 How ill my Fear they by my Mercy scan,
 Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.
 Law they require, let Law then shew her Face ;
 They could not be content to look on Grace
 Her hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
 To tempt the Terror of her Front, and Dy,
 By their own Arts, 'tis Righteously decreed,
 Those dire Artificers of Death shall bleed.
 Against themselves their Witnesses will swear,
 Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear :
 And such for Nutriment that bloody Gore
 Which was their Principle of Life before.
 Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight ;
 Thus on my Foes, my Foes shall do me right :
 Nor doubt th' Event : for Factious Crouds engage
 In their first Onset, all their Brutal Rage.
 Then let 'em take an unresisted Course :
 Retire and Traverse, and Delude their Force :
 But when they stand all Breathless, urge the Fight,
 And rise upon 'em with redoubled Might :
 For lawful Pow'r is still Superiour found,
 When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground.
 He said. Th' Almighty nodding gavent consent ;
 And Peals of Thunder shook the Firmament.
 Henceforth a Series of new Time began,
 The mighty Years in long Procession ran :
 Once more the God-like *David* was restor'd,
 And willing Nations knew their Lawful Lord.

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F I N I S.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TO prevent the Publicks being impos'd on ; this is to give notice, that
 the Book lately Publish'd in 4to is very Imperfect and Uncor-
 rected in so much that above Thirty Lines are omitted in several Places, and ma-
 jor Errors committed, which pervert the Sense.

THE
TEMPLE
OF
DEATH,
A
POEM.

By the Right Honourable the
Marquis of NORMANBY:
A Translation out of *French*.

With an ODE in Memory of Her late
Majesty Queen MARY.

By a Person of Quality.

——— Poema
Est Pictura loquens.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-Fryars, near
the Water-side. 1709.



I

Old

THE
 TEMPLE
 OF
 DEATH.

IN those cold Climates, where the Sun appears
 Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tears;
 A dreadful Vale lies in a Defart Isle,
 On which indulgent Heaven did never smile.
 There a thick Grove of Aged Cypress Trees,
 Which none without an awful horror sees,
 Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
 Whole Flocks of ill-presaging Birds receives:
 Poisons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,
 And Winter is the only Season there.
 Millions of Graves cover the spacious Field,
 And Springs of Blood a thousand Rivers yield;
 Whose Streams oppress'd with Carcasses and Bones,
 Instead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.

Within this Vale a famous Temple stands,
 Old as the World it self, which it commands:

Round is its Figure, and four Iron Gates
 Divide Mankind, by order of the Fates.
 There come in Crouds, doom'd to one common Grave,
 The Young, the old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
 Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind most deplores,
 Are faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors ;
 All clad in mournful Blacks, which also load
 The sacred Walls of this obscure Abode ;
 And Tapers of a pitchy Substance made,
 With Clouds of Smoak increase the dismal Shade.

A Monster, void of Reason and of Sight,
 The Goddess is, who sways this Realm of Night.
 Her Power extends o'er all Things that have Breath ;
 A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*.
 The fairest Object of our wond'ring Eyes,
 Was newly offer'd up her Sacrifice ;
 The adjoining Places where the Altar stood,
 Yet blushing with the fair *Almeria's* Blood.
 When griev'd *Orontes*, whose unhappy Flame
 Is known to all that e'er converse with Fame ;
 His Mind possess'd by Fury and Despair,
 Within the Sacred Temple made this Prayer :
Great Deity ! Who in thy Hands dost bear
 That trusty Scepter, which poor Mortals fear ;
 Who wanting Eyes, thy self respectest none,
 And neither spares the Laurel, nor the Crown !
 Oh thou, whom all Mankind in vain withstands !
 Each of whose Blood must one day stain thy Hands !

Oh thou, who every Eye which sees the Light,
 Closest again in an Eternal Night!
 Open thy Ears, and hearken to my Grief,
 To which thy only Power can give Relief:
 I come not hither to prolong my Fate,
 But wish my wretched Life a shorter Date;
 And that the Earth would in its Bowels hide
 A Wretch, whom Heaven invades on every side:
 That from the sight of Day I could remove,
 And might have nothing left me but my Love.
 Thou only Comforter of Minds oppress'd,
 The Port, where wearied Spirits are at Rest;
 Conductor to *Elysium*! take my Life;
 My Breast I offer to thy Sacred Knife:
 So just a Grace refuse not, nor despise
 A willing, though a worthless Sacrifice.
 Others their frail and mortal State forgot,
 Before thy Altars are not to be brought
 Without Constraint; the noise of dying Rage;
 Heaps of the Slain of every Sex and Age,
 The Blade all reeking in the Gore it shed,
 With sever'd Arms confus'dly spread,
 The Rapid Flames of a perpetual Fire,
 The Groans of Wretches ready to expire:
 This Tragick Scene makes them in Terror live,
 Till that is forc'd which they should freely give,
 Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
 Their Fears eclipse the Glory of their Grave.
 Before thy Face they make undecent Moan,
 And feel a hundred Deaths in fearing one;

The flame becomes unhallow'd in their Breast;
 And he a Murtherer, who was a Priest;
 His Hands profan'd in breaking Nature's Chain,
 By which the Body does the Soul detain:
 But against me thy strongest Forces call,
 And on my Head let all the Tempest fall;
 No shrinking back shall any weakness shew,
 And calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
 My Limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
 Complaints in my Mouth, nor in my Eyes a Tear.
 Think not that time, our wonted sure relief,
 That universal Cure for every grief,
 Whose Aid so many Lovers oft have found,
 With like success can ever heal my wound;
 Too weak's the Power of Nature, or of Art;
 Nothing but Death can ease a broken heart.
 And that thou mayst behold my helpless state,
 Learn the extreamest rigor of my Fate.
 Amidst th' innumerable beauteous Train,
Paris the Queen of Cities, does contain,
 The fairest Town, the largest, and the best,
 So fair *Almeria* shin'd above the rest.
 From her bright Eyes to feel a hopeless flame,
 Was of our Youth the most ambitious aim;
 Her Chains were marks of Honour to the brave,
 She made a Prince whene'er she made a Slave.
 Love under whose Tyrannick power I groan,
 Shew'd me this Beauty e'er 'twas fully blown;
 Her tim'rous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
 Their first assurance from my Conquest took,

By wounding me, she learnt the fatal Art,
 And the first sigh she had, was from my heart ;
 My Eyes with Tears moist'ning her snowy Arms,
 Render'd the Tribute owing to her Charms :
 But as I soonest of all Mortals paid
 My Vows, and to her Beauty, Altars made ;
 So among all those Slaves that sigh'd in vain,
 She thought me only worthy of my Chain.
 Love's heavy Burthen, my Submissive Heart
 Endur'd not long, before she bore her part ;
 My violent flame melted her frozen Breast,
 And in soft Sighs her Pity she exprest ;
 Her gentle Voice allay'd my raging Pains,
 And her fair hands sustain'd me in my Chains ;
 Even Tears of Pity waited on my moan,
 And tender Looks were cast on me alone.
 My hopes and dangers were less mine, than hers,
 Those fill'd her Soul with Joys, and these with Fears :
 Our hearts united, had the same desires,
 And both alike, burn'd in impatient Fires.

Too faithful Memory ! I give thee Leave
 Thy wretched Master kindly to deceive ;
 Make me not once Possessor of her Charms ;
 Let me not find her languish in my Arms ;
 Past Joys are now my Fancies mournful Theams ;
 Make all my happy Nights appear but Dreams :
 Let not that Bliss before my Eyes be brought :
 Oh ! hide those Scenes from my tormenting Thought,
 And in their place, disdainful Beauty shew,
 If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so ;

And something to abate my deep Despair,
 Oh, let her seem less Gentle, or less Fair.
 But I in vain, flatter my wounded Mind,
 Never was Nymph so lovely or so Kind:
 No cold Repulses, my Desires suppress,
 I seldom sigh'd but on *Almeria's* Breast;
 Of all the Passions which Mankind destroy,
 I only felt Excess of Love and Joy:
 Numberless Pleasures charm'd my Sense, and they
 Were as my Love, without the least Allay.
 As pure, alas, but not so sure to last,
 For like a pleasing Dream, they all are past.
 From Heav'n her Beauty like fierce Light'ning came,
 Which breaks thro' Darkness with its glorious Flame:
 A while it shines, a while our Sight it cheers,
 But soon the short-liv'd Comfort disappears;
 And Thunder follows, whose resistless Rage,
 None can withstand, and nothing can assuage.
 So oft the Light which those bright Flashes gave,
 Serves only to conduct us to our Grave.

When I had just begun Loves's Joys to taste,
 (Those full Rewards for Fears and Dangers past)
 A Fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
 The richest Work that ever Nature wrought.
 All Things below, alas, uncertain stand;
 The firmest Rocks are fix'd upon the Sand:
 Under this Law both Kings and Kingdoms bend,
 And no Beginning is without an End.

Sacrifice to Time, Fate dooms us all;
 And at the Tyrant's Feet we daily fall:
 Time, whose bold Hand alike does bring to Dust
 Mankind, and all those Powers in which they trust.

Her wasted Spirits now begin to faint,
 Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint;
 And in her Heart, as in a Fort, remains,
 But yields at last to her resistless Pains:
 Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,
 Through all her Veins makes his delightful Way;
 For Fate's, like *Semile's*, the Flames destroy
 That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
 Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
 Pale grow the Roses, and the Lillies fade;
 Her Skin has lost that Lustre which surpass
 The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last;
 Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest Hearts,
 Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts;
 Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,
 And Sickness triumphs in the Throne of Love.
 The Fever every moment more prevails;
 Her Rage her Body feels, and Tongue bewails;
 She, whose Disdain so many Lovers prove,
 Sighs now for Torment, as they sigh for Love,
 And with loud Cries will rend the neighb'ring Air,
 Wounds my sad Heart, and wakens my Despair.
 Both Gods and Men I charge now with my Loss,
 And wild with Grief, my Thoughts each other cross;
 My

My Heart and Tongue labour in both extreams,
 That sends up slighted Prayers, while this blasphemy
 I ask their help, whose malice I defy,
 And mingle Sacrilege with Piety :
 But that which does yet more perplex my mind,
 To love her truly, I must seem unkind :
 So unconcern'd a Face my Sorrow wears,
 I must restrain unruly floods of Tears.
 My Eyes and Tongue put on dissembling forms,
 I shew a calmness in the midst of Storms,
 I seem to hope, when all my hopes are gone,
 And almost dead, with Grief, discover none.
 But who can long deceive a loving Eye,
 Or with dry Eyes behold his Mistress die ;
 When Passion had with all his Terrors brought
 Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
 Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise,
 And shew'd a fighting heart in weeping Eyes,
 My apprehensions now no more confin'd,
 Expos'd my Sorrows, and betray'd my mind.
 The fair afflicted, *Soon* perceive my Tears,
 Explains my Sighs, and thence concludes my Fear
 With sad Presages of her hopeless Case,
 She reads her Fate in my dejected Face ;
 Then, feels my torment, and neglects her own,
 While I am sensible of hers alone ;
 Each does the others burden kindly bear,
 I fear her Death, and she bewails my Fear ;
 Though we thus suffer under Fortune's Darts,
 'Tis only those of Love which reach our hearts.

can-while the Fever mocks at all our Fears,
 grows by our Sighs, and rages at our Tears :
 whose vain effects of our as vain desire,
 like Wind and Oyl increase the fatal fire.

Almeria, then, feeling the Destinies
 about to shut her Lips, and close her Eyes,
 Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling hand,
 and with these words, I scarce could understand;
 her Passion in a dying Voice express'd
 half, and her Sighs alas, made out the rest.
 'Tis past; this pang, Nature gives o'er the strife;
 thou must thy Mistress lose, and I my Life;
 I dye, but dying thine, the Fates may prove
 their Conquest over me, but not my Love;
 Thy Memory, my Glory, and my Pain,
 in spite of death it self, shall still remain :
 Ah ! Dear *Orentes*, my hard Fate denies
 that hope is the last thing which in us dies :
 from my griev'd Breast all those soft thoughts are fled,
 and Love survives, although my hope is dead;
 I yield my Life, but keep my Passion yet,
 and can all thoughts but of *Orentes* quit;
 My flame increases as my strength decays,
 Death, which puts out the Light, the heat does raise;
 That still remains, though I from hence remove,
 I lose my Lover, but I keep my Love.
 The Sigh, which sent forth that last tender Word,
 up towards the Heaven's like a bright *Meteor* soar'd,

And

And the kind Nymph bereft of all her Charms,
 Fell cold and breathless in her Lover's Arms;
 Which shews, since Death could deny him Relief,
 That 'tis in vain we hope to die with Grief.

Goddeſs, who now my Fate has understood,
 Spare but my Tears, and freely take my Blood;
 Here let me end the Story of my Cares,
 My dismal Grief enough the rest declares.
 Judge thou by all this Misery display'd,
 Whether I ought not to implore thy Aid:
 Thus to survive, reproaches on me draws,
 And my sad Wishes have too just a Cause.

Come, then, my only Hope; in every Place
 Thou viſiteſt, Men tremble at thy Face,
 And fear thy Name; once let thy fatal Hand
 Fall on a Swain, that does the Blow demand.
 Vouchſafe thy Dart: I need not one of thoſe,
 With which thou doſt unwilling Kings depoſe;
 Thy weakeſt, my deſir'd Release can bring,
 And free my Soul already on her Wing.
 But ſince all Prayers and Tears are vain, I'll try,
 If, ſpight of thee, 'tis poſſible to die.

A N

O D E

in Memory of Her MAJESTY
Queen MARY.

I.

LONG our divided State
Hung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate;
When one bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds dis-
and all the Grievs of *Albion* heal'd. [pell'd
er the united Land obey'd,
o more to Jealousies inclin'd,
or fearing Pow'r with so much Virtue join'd.
e knew her Task, and nicely understood
o what intentions Kings are made,
ot for their own, but for their Peoples good :
was that prevailing Argument alone,
etermin'd Her to fill the vacant Throne.
nd yet with Sadness she beheld
Crown devolving on her Head,
y the Excesses of a Prince mislead)
hen by her Koyal Birth compell'd

To

To what her God, and what her Country claim'd
 (Tho' by a Servile Faction blam'd)
 How graceful were the Tears she shed!

II.

When waiting only for a Wind,
 Against our Isle the Pow'r of *France* was arm'd:
 Here ruling Arts in all their Lustre shin'd,
 The Winds themselves were by her Influence charm'd
 Whilst her Authority and Care supply'd,
 That Safety which the want of Troops deny'd.
 Secure and undisturb'd the Scene
 Of *Albion* seem'd, and like her Eyes, Serene:
 Vain was th' Invader's Force, Revenge and Pride;
Maria Reign'd, and Heav'n was on our Side.
 The Sceptre by her self unsought,
 Gave double Proofs of her Heroick Mind;
 With Skill she sway'd it, and with Ease resign'd:
 So the Dictator, from Retirement brought,
 Repell'd the Danger that did *Rome* alarm,
 And then return'd contented to his Farm.

III.

Fatal to the Fair and Young,
 Accurst Disease, how long
 Have wretched Mothers mourn'd thy Rage,
 Rob'd of the Hopes and Comfort of their Age?
 From the unhappy Lover's side,
 How often hast thou torn the blooming Bride!
 Now like a Tyrant rising by degrees
 To worse Extreams, and blacker Villanies.

Etis'd in Ruin for some * Ages past,
 You hast brought forth a gen'ral one at last !
 Common Disasters, Sorrow raise,
 Heav'ns severest Frowns amaze !
 The QUEEN—a Word, a Sound,
 Nations once the Hope, and firm Support ;
 Health of the Needy, Guard of the Opprest,
 The Joy of all, the wisest and the best ;
 Name that Ecchoes did rebound
 With loud Applause from Neighb'ring Shores,
 Their Admiration, the Delight of ours)
 Comes unutterable now !
 The Crowds in that deserted Court
 There languishing *MARIA* lay,
 Want Power to ask the News they came to know ;
 Grieved, their drooping Heads they bow :
 Hence it self proclaims the approaching Woe.
 When He (*MARIA's* latest Care)
 Whom Winter-Seasons nor † contending *Jove*,
 Nor watchful Fleets, could from his glorious Purpose
 move,
 Strepid in the Storms of War,
 And in the midst of flying Deaths sedate,
 Now Trembles, now he sinks beneath the mighty
 Weight,
 The Hero to the Man gives way.

IV.

Unhappy Isle, for half an Age a Prey
 To fierce Dissention, or Despotick Sway.

*The small-Pox is said to have Reign'd in England about 250 Years.
 Foul Weather.*

Re-

Redeem'd from Anarchy to be undone
 By the mistaken Measures of the Throne;
 Thy Monarchs meditating dark Designs,
 Or boldly throwing off the Masque,
 (Fond of the Pow'r unequal to the Task)
 Thy self without the least remaining Sings
 Of ancient Virtue so deprav'd
 As even they wish'd to be enslav'd :
 What more than Humane Aid
 Could raise thee from a State so low,
 Protect thee from thy self, thy greatest Foe?
 Something Celestial, sure a Heroine
 Of matchless Form, and a majestick Mein;
 By all respected, fear'd, but more belov'd,
 More than her Laws, her great Example mov'd :

The Bounds that in her God-like Mind,
 Were to her Possions set, severely shin'd,
 But that of doing Good was unconfin'd.
 So Just, that absolute Command,
 Destructive in another Hand;
 In hers had chang'd its Nature, had been useful made.

Oh! had she longer staid!
 Less swiftly to her Native Heav'n retir'd,
 For her the Harps of *Albion* had been strung:
 Th' Harmonious Nine could never have aspir'd
 To a more lofty and immortal Song.

3 JA 59

F I N I S.

A

Congratulatory P O E M

To His *Royal Highness*

Prince **G E O R G E**

O F

D E N M A R K,

Lord High Admiral of *Great Britain,*

U P O N T H E

Glorious Successes at Sea.

By N. T A T E Esq; Poet-Laureat to Her Majesty.

To which is added

Happy Memorable S O N G, on the
Fight near *Audenarde*, between the Duke of
Marlborough and *Vendome*, &c.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *Henry Hills*, in *Black-fryars*, near the Wa-
ter-side. 1708.

To His Royal Highness

The Most Illustrious

Prince GEORGE of Denmark

Bless'd *Prince!* in Whom the Graces seem combin'd
To raise the sinking Glories of Mankind;
Our Iron Age with Vertues to Adorn,
Like th' infant World's, e'er Guilt and Grief were born
How dares a Rural Muse approach your Court,
From Vales, where home-bred Nymphs and Swains
There let her entertain the pensive Hours
With sympathizing Songs, in shady Bow'rs;
There let her act her Shepherdess's Part,
Where Innocence is Wit, and Nature Art.
To Villagers, in that forlorn Retreat,
Her Serious Antiquated Streins repeat,
And leave gay Rivals to caress the Great.

Pretending Poet, (the griev'd Muse replies)
With uncommision'd Boldness you advise:
Without Offence I pay Attendance here,
When 'tis on Duty's Summons I appear;

For, tho' retir'd to Solitary Groves;
 The Palace still my Sylvan Song approves:
 ANNA and GEORGE indulge the gen'rous Lays
 I sing (Unrival'd) in poor *Virtue's* Praise.
 I love the Shades; but, from *Elysian* Bow'rs
 When Winter wreaths his hoary Head with Flow'rs;
 When starting Spring forestalls the Bloom of *May*,
 And Summer's Sweets, to crown the * Royal Day;
 Or when I hear our *British* Ocean roar
 His *GEORGE's* Conquest to the shouting Shoar,
 Must only I in shady Silence rest,
 And hear *my* Prince by all but me addrest?
 No, Shepherd; since such charming Themes invite,
 And I (tho' Rural) have a Muse's Right;
 Since sure Disgrace attends upon Despair,
 And nobly they may Do, who nobly Dare:
 Mounted on Rapture, and Devotion's Wing,
 I'll fally, and my Prince's Triumph sing.

When vying Arts their proud Memorials raise,
 Arches, Trophies, Pyramids of Praise,
 That *Time* may in His doating Days repeat
 Invading *Gallia's* scandalous Defeat,
 Her Bold *Pretender*, and his Base Retreat:
 I'll fix my Pillar too, not wreath'd with Gold,
 But such a dazzling Verse, so justly bold,
 As in the Front of *Fame's* Records shall place
 GEORGE's Renown, and *Lewis's* Disgrace;

}
}

The 6th of February, her Majesty's Birth-Day.

His *Babel*-Project in Contusion hurl'd,
 And from *Ambition*'s giddy Chariot, whirl'd
 The *Phaeton* he rais'd to fright and fire the World.

Then think how graceful, how almost divine,
 The gen'rous Guardian's Character will shine !
 Therefore on Rapture, and Devotion's Wing,
 I'll fally, and the Best of Princes sing.

What's that ? The Best of Princes did you say ?
 See how your rustick Breeding you betray :
 That an Encomium for a Muse to pay ?
 Give Him the Title to his Station due,
 The Best of Kings ; yes, and of Emp'rors too ;
 Supream without the Pageantries of State,
 Crowns, Scepters, that on vulgar Monarchs wait ;
 For Heaven does to this Favourite impart
 The Noblest Empire,——That of *ANNA*'s Heart ;
 That *Vertue*'s sacred Provinces contains ;
 Where all the Bliss of Paradise remains,
 And of that *Eden* He sole Monarch Reigns.
 Therefore proclaim Him (Muse) from Pole to Pole,
 Far as his Fleets can Sail, or Ocean rowl :
 Tell *Eastern* Courts, for Grandeur so renown'd,
 Great Britain's *GEORGE* with *ANNA*'s Love is crown'd

Hail ! Royal PAIR, (thus *Hymen*'s heard to say ;)
 Hail ! happy PAIR, that keep my Garland gay
 And flourishing, as on the Nuptial-Day.

Fresh Glories spring with each advancing Hour ;
 Peace, Amity, and ev'ry gentle Pow'r,
 For ever Smile, and Bless the Royal Bow'r.

Great Britain's Tutelary *GEORGE* proclaim,
 Successor to Her Sacred Champion's Name,
 And more than a Successor to his Fame.
 The First did *Error's* creeping Serpent quell ;
Discord's wing'd Dragon by the Second fell :
 The First prevail'd by *Truth's* refulgent Arms,
 The next by *Truth's* and *Moderation's* Charms ;
 Charms, that with *ANNA's* Sov'reign Influence join'd,
 Like Dew in some Cœlestial Sphere refin'd)
 Distilling from the Balmy Wings of *Peace*,
 Made our Domestick Conflagrations cease.

O ! *Fame*, no longer boast your *Græcian* Pow'rs,
 And mournful Fall of *Priam's* stately Tow'rs.
 Must Mischief a *Mæonian* Muse employ ?
 Then what should *Piety*, that quench'd our flaming *Troy* ?

This Triumph for his riper Years Remain'd,
 Whose Youth, in Field, the foremost Lawrels gain'd
 But 'tis not for a Past'ral Muse to sing
 The rescu'd Brother, and protect'd King.
 O *Courage* ! that *Bellona's* Self amaz'd,
 And startl'd *Mars* upon the Wonder gaz'd ;
 Applauding *Europe* Bless'd her *Northern* Star,
 The *Phosphor* to Her Just and Glorious War ;

The Leading Light, that fir'd Her Sons of Fame;
 From Hence *Marlburian*, and *Eugenian* Flame.
 In Camps let those Illustrious Chiefs pursue
 Their Glorious Game, with Conquests still in View;
 Storm Hostile Forts, Confed'rate Cities shield,
 But, *Britain*, to your *GEORGE*'s Conduct yield
 Your Floating Castles, and the War'ry Field.

Enamour'd *Thetis* courts Him with Success,
 And Victory, in ev'ry Change of Dress;
 Sometimes She meets Him in Her Purple Pride,
 Her Azure Waves in Crimson Slaughter Dy'd:
 sometimes with Bloodless, Smiling Lawrels crown'd,
 Like Those our *Caledonian* * Coast renown'd.
 With prouder Pomp Old Oceon never swell'd,
 Than when the *British* Squadron He beheld;
 No, not when *Venus*, with the War'ry Pow'rs,
 Sprang from the Cristal Cells, and Coral Bow'rs;
 Whilst Glist'ring Gems did such a Luster dart
 As dazl'd Day, and made to Sun the start,
 But when He sends his awful Summons round,
Europe and *Africk* tremble at the Sound.
Fame's Pillars shake on Her *Atlantick* Shoar,
 To hear Our *GEORGE*'s Naval Thunder roar
 In fresh Exploits, where *Hercules* gave o'er.
 The Sea, that Barrier to *Alcides* Toils, († Spoils.
 Opens Her Guardian *GEORGE*, a new vast World of

* *The Chasing the French Fleet, &c. from the Coast of North Britain, by Admiral Bing.*

† *The Man of War, and Barks with Provisions, Ammunition, &c. lately taken from the French in the Mediterranean, by Admiral Leake: And the rich Merchant-Ships, by the Lord Dursley, &c.*

Yes, Muse, with such delightful Terror Blaz'd
 our Furnish'd Fleet, and in an Instant Rais'd ;
 or sooner the bold *Leopard* did Advance,
 at Her first Broadside, from their flatt'ring Trance,
 ar'd into shameful Flight the Threat'ning Fiends of
 (France.)

When Tyrant-Courts plot some enormous Crime, |
 the Prodigy must be the Work of *Time*.

Law, Justice, Reason, Conscience, Honour, All
 Victims to the Rising *Moloch* fall.

But pious Princes, from Above are Taught
 to give their Just Efforts the Speed of Thought,
 and Miracles are in a * Moment wrought,

Such Wonders wait on his Electing Skill
 of † *Council* and *Commanders*, to fulfill,
 With Faith and Fame, their Great Director's Will.

And You (replies the Muse) would here Retreat?
 No, Swain ; your Garland is but half Compleat :

Years of Tribute you have yet to raise,
 Will rattle all your Flow'ry Fields of Praise :

Your Elogy, to perfect this Essay,
 Must, with the *Prince*, the Glorious *Man* display,
 Besides Prerogatives of Pow'r and Birth,
 Last Provinces of Independant Worth,

* The wonderful Expedition in setting forth that Fleet.
 † Of the Admiralty.

Inherent Charms, that on His Person wait,
 With Genuine Grandeur, and Pacifick State.
 His Frame a graceful Palace, and design'd
 The Mansion of a Truly Royal Mind;
 Where Reason reigns, and Passions never move,
 But by adjusted Orders from above.
 Hence inward Peace the pious Prince enjoys,
 And with Success Abroad, His Thoughts employs;
 Taught by Superior Judgment to Advance
 Beyond the boasted Progresses of *France* :
 Yet *Policy*, to *Truth*'s streight Course confines,
 By *Honour*'s Compass steers his vast Designs;
 Shunning those Rocks, where shifting Statesmen split,
 With double Wreck of Honesty and Wit.
 While He, with fav'ring Gales of Fortune drives,
 And Prosp'rously at the wish'd Port arrives.

A close Spectator of the World's great Stage,
 Yet ne'er Transported with its Mirth or Rage;
 But from its Failures, Observation draws
 To act a Part that wins the World's Applause;
 Does Precedents to ev'ry Station give,
 How Monarchs ought to Reign, and Subjects Live;
 How Clemency can *Princely Port* maintain,
 And Sov'reignty, by Condescending, gain :
 In Court, more Morals has to Practice brought,
 Than *Cynick* Schools and Cloysters ever Taught.
 Only the Vertue's and the Grace's Train,
 Into His Favour can Admittance gain,
 While Syren-Pleasures Sing, and Smile, in Vain.

Where

Where Pride Controuls, Duty at distance stands,
 But a close Waiter on his just Commands;
 Pleas'd with his Mandates, to her Post she moves,
 Like *Zephyrs*, order'd to the Myrtle Groves

On this lov'd Theme I could for ever dwell,

Might I but here, as at my Rural Cell;

Far from my *Prince's* Ear, in bold Effays

Launch out on the wide Ocean of his Praise;

While *Philomel* forgets her Savage Wrong,

And widow'd Turtles listen to my Song;)

But modest Merit, charm'd with just Applause,

When paid to others, from its own withdraws.

Well; I desist; but my Devoted Heart

Insists on Priviledge, and will not part;

She cries, 'tis Luke-warm Passion, that will press

No longer than encourag'd to Address.

But Raving Love will all Occasions seize,

And sometimes bravely venture to displease:

At least the Gen'rous *Queen* will intercede,

And for a fond Offender's Pardon plead:

ANNA, the Gracious *ANNA*, will forgive,

And kindly bid his poor Admirer live.

Why should he with extensive Lustre Shine,

And think our Admiration to Confine?

Whose Presence, like the Sun, Our Grief beguiles,

And sullen Care at his Appearance smiles:

The Pride of Nature, and the World's delight,

Admir'd *Vespatian* a less Charming Sight.

As Citizens Besieg'd to Turrets throng,

To see their succ'ring Champion march along;

When

When he approaches, our rous'd Spirits rise,
 And wait him at the watch-tow'rs of our Eyes.
 The Stars, that with auspicious Aspect Blaze,
 Look down, and with delightful wonder gaze
 On Hours, might be in Royal Ease enjoy'd,
 So Gen'rously in publick cares employ'd!
 Yet as we see the vast Machine above
 Of Spheres and Stars, in tuneful order move,
 He works his Orb of Bus'ness in a Course
 Of charming movement, and harmonious force.

Such is my *Prince*, mild as a Morning Ray,
 As Ev'ning Calm, yet Active as the Day:
 In publick, for Majestick Grace Admir'd;
 But more; oh! more than Mortal when retir'd.

Might I his Closet's bless'd recess display,
 New Scenes of dazzling Wonders you'd survey!
 O Swain! that Sanctu'ry unveil'd would show
 Descended Seraphs, and a *Heav'n* below.

There *Europe's* Patron her just Cause supports,
 By Correspondence with Celestial Courts.

'Tis there the prosp'rous Schemes——

——Rash Muse, forbear;

'Tis Hallow'd Ground, and you approach too near.

I know't:—Yet Zeal, fond Zeal, would still aspire;
 But Awful Rev'rence warns us to Retire,
 And at just Distance silently Admire.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE same Zeal and Veneration, that put the Muse on this Essay of his Royal Highness's *Character*, made her timorous of publishing her Performance, tho' sensible that a pourtrait of so Incomparable a *Prince* may be very short of the *Original*, yet an agreeable Picture.

And altho' 'twas impossible to come up to the Graces of the Life, she has set the most distinguishing Features in the foremost Light, and particularly His *Patronizing* of *Piety* and *Publick Welfare*.

For, when we have Summ'd up the Atchievements of Heroes Renown'd by Antiquity, We shall find their Effusive Praise All Centre in These Sovereign Vertues.

'Twas to These they Rais'd Statues and Temples; and not satisfy'd with those mouldring Monuments of *Fame*, perpetuated their Memory by ever-living Histories, *Panegyrics*, and *Poems*.

To which Honour nothing can be added, But that which transcends them all; that they are persuant to the principle and practice of the *Best of Queens*, Her Majesty of *Great Britain*.

Therefore, under so National a Happiness, 'tis the proper province of *Poets* to present the people with the best *Memorials* they can raise, to excite them to a thankful Remembrance of such Blessings, That being one likely means of having them long continu'd.

And

And if on the present occasion, the delightfulness of the Subject has transported me beyond my usual Reservedness, I shall only repeat my plea already made for pardon from the worthy * *Person*, to whose Learning and Judgment I am most oblig'd, and therefore most accountable, in any matter of the *Muses*. * *Dr. Gibbon*.

Forgive me, great Director of my Song;
Long may you live, that others may live long;
Whose Skilful Search of Learning's Secret Store,
Furnish'd my Favour'd Muse, and taught her more
Than *Horace* and *Roscommon* had before.
Forgive, if now the Classic Road she quit,
For Precipices of Advent'rous Wit:
If Fancy has a Daring Flight Aspir'd,
'Tis what the Theme, the Glorious Theme, requir'd.

To Celebrate the Worthies of her own Age and Nation, is certainly one of the usefulest Methods in which a Muse can employ her Talent; because it is doing Justice to living Merit, and Transmitting its Glorious Example to Posterity.

Mine, I confess, has but too much Reason to dread the difficulty of such Attempts; yet in this Effort of Duty and Respect to his *Royal Highness*, she can justly challenge that Ancient Privilege for a Favourable Reception, viz. *In Magnis Rebus vel Conatus Laudari debet*.

Claudian has mention'd the two principal Pillars of Panegyric, which he thought singly sufficient to support his Prince's Encomium—*Ingenium Autoris vel Stilicis Amor*. And however I may have fail'd in the former, I am assur'd, that no Person can surpass me in the latter.

In a Season of continu'd *Sun-shine*, 'tis Natural for Ha-
 ycons to exert their Harmony ; and in so bright a train
 of *Naval Successes*, as have, so early in the Year, Oc-
 casion'd a * double disappointment of the common
 Enemies Designs, together with a fresh and signal Vi-
 tory by the Conduct and Bravery of his Grace the
 Duke of *Marlborough* ; in these prosperous and promi-
 sing Circumstances of speedily seeing the pious Endea-
 ours, of our most Gracious *Queen* and *Prince* com-
 pleted in a happy Restauration of the Peace and Liber-
 ty of *Europe*, 'Tis no wonder to hear the Congratulating
 Muses sing —.

Thro' Field and Flood our Royal pair maintain
 pacifick Empire, just as here they Reign ;
 Make Foreign Courts by their decisive Doom,
 practice the Justice which they act at home.
 Hence all with Joy their rising Glories see,
 such Strength entrusted with such *Piety* ;
 While from their well-plac'd pow'r *Protection* flows,
 and with their Grandeur the World's *Welfare* grows.

* In his intended Invasion of North-Britain, and breaking his Measures
 Spain.

F I N I S.

A

A Happy Memorable Ballad,

*On the Fight near Audenarde, between the Duke
Marlborough, of Great-Britain, and the Duke
Vendome, of France. As also the strange and
wonderful manner how the Princes of the Blood
Royal of France were found in a Wood. In allu-
sion to the Unhappy Memorable Song common-
call'd Chevy-Chace.*

GOD prosper long our gracious Queen;
Our Lives and Safeties all,
A woful Fight of late there did
Near *Audenard* befall.

To drive the *French* with Sword and Gun,
Brave *Marlborough* took his way,
Ah! wo the time that *France* beheld
The Fighting of that day.

The Valiant Duke to Heaven had sworn
Vendome should pay full dear,
For *Ghent* and *Bruges*, e're his Fame
Should reach his master's Ear.

And now with Eighty Thousand bold,
And chosen men of might,
He with the *French* began to wage
A sharp and bloody fight.

The Gallant *Britains* swiftly ran
The *French* away to chase,
On *Wednesday* they began to fight,
When Day-light did decrease.
And long before high-Night, they had
Ten thousand *Frenchmen* slain,
And all the Rivers Crimson flow'd,
As they were dy'd in grain.

The *Britains* thro' the Woods pursu'd,
 The nimble *French* to take,
 And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,
 And every Tree did shake.

The Duke then to the Wood did come,
 In hopes *Vendome* to meet,
 When lo ! the Prince of *Carignan*
 Fell at his Grace's Feet :

Oh ! gentle Duke forbear, forbear,
 Into that Wood to shoot ;
 If ever pity mov'd your Grace,
 But turn your Eyes and look ;
 See where the Royal Line of *France*,
 Great *Lewis's* Heirs do lie ;
 And sure a Sight more piteous was
 Ne're seen by mortal Eye.

What Heart of Flint but must relent,
 Like Wax before the Sun,
 To see their Glory at an end.
 E're yet it was begun.

When as our General found your Grace
 Wou'd needs begin to fight,
 As thinking it wou'd please the Boys,
 To see so fine a Sight,

He straitway sent them to the top
 Of yonder Church's Spire,
 Where they might see, and yet be safe
 From Swords, and Guns, and Fire.

But first he took them by the Hand,
 And kiss'd them e're they went,
 Whilst Tears stood in their little Eyes,
 As if they knew the Event.

Then said, he would with speed return,
 Soon as the Fight was done,
 But when he saw his men give ground,
 Away he basely run,

And

And left these Children all alone,
 As Babes wanting Relief,
 And long they wandred up and down,
 No hopes to chear their grief.
 Thus hand in hand they walked, till
 At last this Wood they spy'd,
 And when they say the Night grow dark,
 They here lay down and cry'd.
 At this the Duke was inly mov'd,
 His Breast soft pity beat,
 And so he streightway ordered
 His men for to retreat.
 And now but that my Pen is blunt,
 I might with ease relate,
 How Fifteen Thousand *French* were took,
 Besides what found their Fate.
 Nor shou'd the Prince of *Hanover*
 In Silence be forgot,
 Who like a Lyon fought on foot,
 After his Horse was shot.
 And what strange Chance likewise besel,
 Unto these Children dear,
 But that your Patience is too much
 Already tir'd I fear.
 And so God bless the Queen and Duke,
 And send a lasting Peace,
 That Wars and foul Debate henceforth
 In all the World may cease.

F I N I S.

5 JA 59

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS the Printer hereof did receive two Letters by the
 General Post from an unknown Hand; the last dated *July* the
 1st, 1708. If the Gentleman that sent them shall be pleased to
 communicate any such Copies as there mentioned, they shall be justly and
 faithfully Printed and Published, and the Favour most thankfully acknow-
 ledged, by

H. H.

WINDSOR-CASTLE:

A

POEM.

inscrib'd to the Immortal Honour of our most Gracious Sovereign,

ANNE,

Queen of Great Britain, France,
and Ireland.

To which is added,

BRITAIN'S JUBILEE;

A New Congratulatory SONG, &c.

— *Majora Canamus* —

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in the Black-fryars, near
Water-side, For the Benefit of the Poor. 1708.

WINDSOR-CASTLE

A

P O E M.

AFTER Great *Nassau* taught this Nation War
 And led them out with conduct, and with care
Britain's ungrateful Sons forgot the Hand
 That had preserv'd them by his wise Command:
 When haughty *French-men* press'd his Troops in van
 'Till *Landen's* Plains were cover'd with the Slain;
 While thro' their fiercest and conqu'ring Cohorts,
 Made his bold Passage, like a Diety.
 No Terrors could his fiery Passion cool;
 His Armour was the Courage of his Soul:
 Nor will the Pow'r from whom this Hero fought,
 Permit his Mem'ry to be e're forgot;
 For'midst the eternal Monuments of Fame,
 None will exceed Immortal *William's* Name.
 He liv'd in foreign Camps, for Arms renown'd,
 And dy'd with never-fading Lawrels crown'd.

While *Europe* did in Sorrow bathe their Eyes,
 And Clouds with mourning Sables deck'd the Skies,
 Till *ANNA* like another Sun did rise.

ANNA

ANN A, whose pious Name tunes ev'ry Lyre,
 And does my Muse with boundless Thoughts inspire,
 From Royal Race her sacred Breath she drew,
 And Britain well her Great Forefathers knew.
 Divinely bright her glorious Actions shine,
 Such as descended from her ancient Line.
 Upon her Brow a thousand Graces meet,
 Where they in Thrones of spotless Goodness sit.
 No ev'ry Heart with Pleasure she commands;
 No Heart, no Soul, her Lordly Pow'r withstands.

Of Royal George she lives the Vertuous Wife,
 Free from the Jars of Matrimonial Strife.
 Heav'n such a Bride-groom never yet descry'd;
 Nor ever Earth so good and chaste a Bride.
 Their Hearts, like rowling Spheres, still constant move,
 Swimming in Waves of Joy and mutual Love;
 While all the Soldiers round their Marlbro' throng,
 To bring him home with Triumph and a Song.

Near where of Old Isis and Tame abode,
 Securely tended by their Guardian God;
 There stands a lofty Pile, which looking high, [Windsor
 Rears up its stately head to meet the Sky. Castle.]
 The beauteous Frame with curious Art is wrought,
 With Stone from Portland, and Roch-Abbey brought:
 With tallest Oaks, that do the Forests shade,
 Whereof the Beams and Rafter all are made.
 Such wondrous Architrave the Structure shows,
 Must the happy Architect disclose.

One tow'ring Oak of huge Gigantick Size,
 That did on *Windsor's* shady Forest rise,
 Does, by its Native Strength alone support
 The ascending Ladder of this spacious Court.
 A hundred Paces to the Floor you mount,
 And twice two Hundred afterwards may count.
 The Ceiling of stupend'ous Height does seem,
 Shewing no Crack, or Flaw, or artless Beam.
 But in the noblest Paintings, there divine,
 Does all the glorious Acts of *Europe* shine.
 Nor are the wond'rous Deeds of *William* here forgot,
 And all the mighty Battels which he bravely fought.

A Lordly Dome raises its Antique Head, [*S. George's* Hall
 Which o'er the Centre of the Buildings spread;
 Two Hundred Cubits 'bove the Roof does rise,
 And the same Number spans the bulky Size;
 With pond'rous Lead the Pile is cover'd o'er.
 And *Tuscan* Marble paves the inner Floor.

There *Verrio's* Skill in lasting Colours lives;
 And there Immortal *William* still survives:
 There you may see the great Designer dress
 Art, as't exceed ev'en Nature in Distress:
 There Colours do by bold Expressions, tell
 How the great Hero stood, when *Schomberg* fell:
 How the fierce *Boyn* could never stem the Tide
 Of *William's* Fire; he thro' the Flood would ride,
 And force the Waves stand still on either Side.

Beneath the Glories of this painted Sky,
 Statues of lasting Fame stand mounting high,
 At whose proud Feet numberless Trophies lie.
 There *Edward* with his Garter-Knights is shown
 In daring Forms, that does their Boldness crown.
 Their Images appear of Giants Size;
 Grim are their Looks, and Soldier-like their Eyes.
 No smiling Aspects do the Heroes grace,
 But grizly Death stares wildly in each Face.

Under these huge *Colossus's* you may see
 Twelve spacious Arches for the Hierarchy:
 Hence, by ascending Steps you mount a Throne
 Out-shines the Chariot of the blazing Sun.
 Fix'd o'er it's set a high Imperial Crown,
 Which nought but Tyranny can tumble down.
 There hangs on high a Canopy of State,
 Where *Anna* like a pow'rful Monarch sate.

Beneath this Palace flows fair *Thames's* Streams.
 Where spreading Elms shade from the Sun's hot Beams;
 Where beauteous Sea-Nymphs on the Waters sport,
 And bulky *Tritons* grace the splendid Court.
 Here Ships from *Indai* safe at Anchor ride;
 Here Men of War bear out the foaming Tide,
 While wanton Skiffs at Pleasure o'er it glide.
 Here season'd *Ashes* makes the Sailors Oars,
 And Oaks and Firs the Merchant hoards in Stores.
 Experienc'd Work-men hew the Timber down,
 And Naval Carpenters the Labour crown,
 Nam'd *British* Pilots steer her Ships to Land.
 When in the Midst, Masts of tall Fir-Trees stand.
 Up *Thames* resurging Flood, swift sailing come
 Merchants from both the *Indies*, laden Home,
 Coral and Agat they with Baubles buy,
 And *Guiny*-Merchants trade in Ivory.
 For finest Woollen-Manufacture, they
 Bring Gold and precious Stones from *Raamah*.
 Sweet *Eastern* Spices are exchang'd for Horn,
 And for choice Rice and Coffee, barter Corn.
 With Tin and Lead, *Cornwall* and *Derby* Trade,
 And with fine Silver Home our Shipping lade.
 For Honey, wax, and Wheat of *Minuit's* Soil,
 We bring back Olives, Cassia, Wine, and Oil.
 Thus are *Thames* flowing Streams more fruitful far
 Than either *East* or *Western* Oceans are:
 Lenteous in all the Riches of the *West*,
 And stor'd with fine Apparel from the *East*.

In rich Embroideries from *Turky*, shine,
And *India's* softer Linnen makes us fine.

Near hence the most delightfu' Prospect lies [*Windfor*
Park.]
That with fresh Objects gratifies the Eyes.
Here well secur'd from Envy, Flatt'ry, Hate,
And Discontent, that oft on Great Men wait;
No clam'rous Laws can deafe the silent Ear,
Or noisy Tumults raise up enxious Fear.
Here lavish *Nature*, prodigal of Bliss,
Shew us what Pleasure in her Bosom lies;
What to the Earth her kindly Off spring bring,
And how her beauteous Blossoms freshly spring.

Here *Nature* triumphs, and Heaven's smiling Brow
Does all the Sweets of infant Beauty show.
The joyous Birds in little Songs conspire
To raise De ight, and melt us to Desire.
All perfum'd Odours, that delight the Sense,
Are here pour'd out in lavish Affluence.
Not *Ida's* Fields, or *Tempe's* flow'ry Plain,
On which the streaming Floods of Heaven rain,
Or *Hybla's* Thyme, but must compare with thee in
(vain.

To all these, *Nature* did some Sweets bestow,
But in this 'Closure ev'ry Sweet does grow;
With various Mixtures ev'ry Bank she's dy'd,
And damask'd all the Field with od'rous Pride.
In this fair Plain, such Charms engage the Eye,
We scarce regard the Lustre of the Sky,
Here Evening Breezes freshly fan the Air,
Quench the hot Flame, and cool the Rage of Care.

But now the thoughtful Queen, by Heav'n inspir'd,
And with the publick Good divinely fir'd,
Fix'd in her mind, her People's Cares revol'd,
At last her teeming Thoughts she thus resolv'd.

Th' insulting *Gauls* have long this Land perplex'd,
 and long with treach'rous Arts have *Europe* vex'd.

Rois, their haughty Monarch, ev'ry where
 takes all the neighb'ring Countries, by Fear,
 y from his conqu'ring Troops with base Despair.
 While all the Nations tremble at their flight,
 none dare resist the Fury of his Might :

or like some monst'rous Tyger now o'er-grown,
 he lords it o'er the Forrest, having none
 that dare oppose his Tyranny alone.

All must submit, or his Displeasure find
 in Rancour suited to his savage Kind.

When this was said, a Message soon she sent,
 to call *Great Britain's* Council to her Tent.

Mean time, her weary'd Soul, with Cares oppress'd,

Drew down the Curtains of her Eyes, to rest ;

Extended on a flow'ry Couch she lay,

Entranc'd, as Death had wing'd her Soul away,

While thus the Royal Dame took her Repose,

A sudden Vision to her Fancy rose.

A Form appear'd, but so amazing bright,

As Lustre flash'd intolerable Light :

Her Knees together knock'd, her upright Hair,

With trembling Heart, confess'd unusual Fear.

His Garments seem'd thin as the upper Air ;

Sweet was his Mein, his Face divinely Fair ;

Soft as a Cloud, but more ætherial bright

His Image shone, like springing Tides of Light :

Down on his Shoulders with an easy Care,

A flaming Meteor flow'd like Silver Hair :

His Cheeks were blushing as the Morning Sun ;

His Eyes more darting than his Rays at Noon :

His Voice like *Zephyrs*, that on Violets play,

Refreshing Odours all the scorching Day.

Such Harmony his Numbers did inspire,

Her Soul was tun'd to her melodious Lyre ;

When thus the sacred Bard his Message told :

ANNA, thou favourite Friend of Heaven, rise,
 Dispel all Fears, wipe Sorrow from thy Eyes;
 The Great *Jehovah*, Founder of this State,
 The God that did on your Fore-fathers wait,
 Will still the wonders of his Mercy show,
 And make proud superstitious Nations know,
 There is a Pow'r to whom they do not bow.
 By thee, best of thy Sex, and most divine,
 By thee —————
 Thou shalt in all thy glorious works succeed:
 Obey my Words, for they're by Heav'n decreed.

Heaven which makes ev'n Kings descend their Thrones,
 Stript of their Purple, and their shining Crowns,
 Who boast of Strength, and trust in that alone,
 Are by the Breath of Heav'n soon tumbl'd down.
 Mysterious Truths hid in the Veil of Night,
 Are by his Pow'r produc'd to open Light.
 In Plenty now the happy Nation lives,
 And like a spreading Vine, the Country thrives;
 When sudden desolation, unforeseen,
 Reduces all her Pride to want again.

'Tis prosp'rous Villany, that now bears Sway;
 The Rich tho' bad, the Vulgar still obey.
 The Robber fattens at the Land's Expence,
 And thrives upon the Spoils of Providence;
 Securely sins, while Heav'n regardless smiles,
 And seems to drive the Prey into his Toils.
 The savage Kine, and those that wing the Air,
 If thou wilt ask, the Secret can declare
 Whence this proceeds. The Tenants of the Sea,
 Or Earth it self, can shew the Mystery.

Without God's Leave, nothing e'er was, or is;
 Or Good, or Bad, Unhappiness, or Bliss.
 Fate is his Slave, and does the Nod obey,
 And only acts as he prescribes the way.

All that have Life are in his pow'rful Hand,
 And flourish or decay at his Command.
 As by the Organs of the Ear, we try
 And judge of Discord, or of Harmony;
 As by the Palate we distinguish Food,
 And know what is Bad, and chuse whate'er is good;
 So by Old age, Experience does arise,
 And Silver Hairs confirm the Owner wise.
 The ancientest of Days, the God of all,
 Is Wisdom's Self, its great Original.
 In full perfection Wisdom there does shine:
 And Pow'r and Judgment do with Wisdom join.
 At his Command the Waters backward fly,
 Their Fountains seek, and leave the Channel dry;
 When at a sign, again their Torrents pour,
 And roll their curling Heads above the Shore.
 Houses and Flocks are by the Deluge drown'd,
 And Desolation wastes the neighbouring Ground.
 Thus spoke the Angel, and then thus went on:

Call *Britain's* great Assembly instant here,
 And tell this Message in the People's Ear,
 That *ANNA's* Sword shall curb the growing Pow'r
 Of Proud aspiring *France*, that waits each Hour
 The Liberties of *Europe* to devour.
 Of *British* Race, *Churchill's* the Hero's Name,
 Immortal Queen! that shall exalt thy Fame,
 And bring on *Louis* everlasting Shame.
 Send for the Warrior, let the People know,
 To *Marl'brough's* Genius, *Burgundy* must bow:
 Consult your Council for the dreadful War,
 With all the Strength of your Allies prepare:
 For *French* and *Spaniards* are united Friends,
 And hatred Nations join for Hated Ends.
 Then haste to Arms, thou best of thy fair Race,
 Let War thy Mind, while Smiles adorn thy Face:
 Wake, glorious *Princess*, from thy rest, and see,
 Thou for a Guardian hast a Deity.

Swift from her Eyes the Phantom made its way,
And nought remain'd to Sight, but lightsome day:
When all alone, she was surpriz'd to find,
Such strong Impressions on her feeble Mind.

No sooner were the Clouds of Sleep dispell'd,
And *Morpheus* loos'd the Fetters which he held,
But the great Council waited at her Tent,
To understand the Message she had sent.

A goodly Frame rais'd high of carved wood,
Leaning its lofty Head, on Pillars stood
Near an old venerable Pile——*Westminster*.

Adorn'd with curious work of antique Hands.
There all the States in full Assembly met,
Where they in Princely Robes of Scarlet sit;
Shining in costly Gems, each takes his place,
And fills the Senate with Majestick Grace.

There hangs the Ballance of the weighty State,
And there Rewards and Punishments do wait
A rigorous, or an equitable Fate.
There arbitrary Laws are curb'd and chain'd,
And there the summit of all Justice gain'd.
Judges themselves, if Lawless, are not free
From this tribunal Seat of Equity.
Just Judgment there does without Brib'ry reign,
And wholesome Laws all Violence restrain.
Bless'd Liberty in Triumph sits her down,
Nor hurts the State, nor shakes the Imperial Crown.

All now were met, the Council fill'd a-pace,
And ev'ry Statesman took his wonted Place,

When thus the Queen began——
My Lords, the Cause why you're assembl'd here,
'S to advise about the Business of the War.
Louis, you know, his Threatnings spreads around,
And Victory has sometime his Armies crown'd,

The slavish *French* deflow'r their Neighbours Fields,
 Whilst tamely they to their Incurfions yields :
 And *Japhet's* Race, with heavy Burdens bent, *The Spaniards,*
 Submit to haughty *Louis's* Government.

The Might of this great Prince I need not tell,
 Or all his vast Designs, you know too well,
Europe has felt the Fury of his Pow'r,
 When God like *William* rescu'd you before.

But now more potent by his Allies grown,
 He triumphs e're the Battel is begun :

While all his num'rous Squadrons do prepare
 For dreadful mischief, and destructive VVar.

Whom shall I chuse among my mighty Men,
 The Hazard of a Battel to sustain?

Who dare 'gainst *Burgundy* his Courage try,
 To conquer bravely, or as bravely die?

Then a bold *Britain* answer'd thus, and said,
Churchill is only fit for such a Head ;

Who has th' illustrious Chiefs of *Europe* led,
 And often for his Country's Honour Bled.

Courage and Conduct both in him remains ;
 By wise designs, as well as Blood he gains.

For he that singly does to Battel go,
 With Courage only beats but half his Foe.

Mature in Councils Generals ought to be,
 Not fill'd with Fire so much as Policy ;

For Life's of more Concern than Victory.

Then *Marlbro'* humbly spoke ———

Great Princess, and you Lords of *Britain*, hear
 Who make *Europe's* Concern your constant Care ;

You may remember when her Armies fled,
 And *German* Princes stood like Statues dead,

Then *Churchill* propt that proud ungrateful Race,
 That now in *Britain* *Marlbro'* would disgrace.

Oh ! hear me Lords ; spare your Reproaches now ;
 Did not all *Europe* to proud *Louis* bow ?

Did not they cringe below the Tyrant's Feet,
 And to the Laws his Arms prescribe, submit ?

What

What then has *Marlbro'* done? Do *British* Peers
 Despise the Man, that has dispell'd their Fears?
 Not for my Self did I this Honour seek,
 My Country's Danger 'twas that made me speak.
 But since I find in faithless *Britain*, few,
 When pressing Dangers call, that dare be true,
 I shall my Courage, for the future spare:
 Cowards can boast, when Dangers seem not near.

With that, a noble Peer, tho' young, yet wise,
 Stood up, and thus in Council did advise:
 Tho' grey Experience has not reach'd my Years,
 Nor have I been alarm'd with foreign Fears,
 Yet I am sensible all *Europe's* Fate
 Does much on our wise Councils wait:
Great Britain's Safety in our Conduct lies,
 And Strength is nothing, if we are not wise.
 Therefore, my Lords, I must my Judgment give
 For *Marlbro'* which I hope you'll all receive.
 'Then all the Council mov'd with willing Ears,
 Attended to the Wisdom of his Years.

While thus the noble Youth continu'd on,
 The brave Discourse he had so well begun:
 I am amaz'd, from this wise Board, to hear
 One Soul of ancient *British* Race appear
 Gainst *Marlbro'*: Did he not all *Europe* save?
 Are not his Looks, his Words, his Actions, brave?
 Don't we, by good Experience know, how great
 He stood, at Great *Bavaria's* last Defeat?
 And what we by his prudent Councils gain,
 Are like the Glories of a Monarch's Reign.
 The pompous Luxury of Camps he flies,
 While downy Rest their Rioting supplies,
 Who're chain'd in Sleep, when Sleep forsakes his Eyes.

He said, — — —
 And as the hollow Caverns of some Wood,
 Send back, in Echo's, the still Voice, aloud;

From the Silence of the Council rose,
 To all his Words, a general Applause:
 But Malice in th' Assembly still remains,
 Whilst *Maroc's* Blood fermented in his Veins:
 Who thus with cloudy Aspect low'r'd, spake,——

O, Princess! and you Lords of *Britain*, hear
 What rev'rend Age is able to declare.
 Has not Great *France's* pow'rful Monarch seen
Britain divided; *Anna* made their Queen?
 What then remains for us to seek, but Peace?

At these base Words, the Queen in Passion rose,
 And with becoming Zeal did thus oppose;
 Tho' she was with the softest Nature blest,
 Like sleeping Doves, when on their downy Rest.
 For *Europe's* Cause she was divinely fir'd,
 And spake these moving Words by Heav'n inspir'd,

Tho' War, of all our Evils, is the worst,
 And brought on Man, when Man by Heav'n was curst;
 Yet such the State of *Britain* is this day,
 I sought your Aid, knowing no other Way.
 For *Anna* was expedient to maintain
 The Glories was expected from my Reign.
 But wond'ring now I gaze with much Surprise,
 And scarcely can believe the Object of my Eyes
 Is not that *Maroc*, Prince of *British* Blood,
 That once for *Britain* like a Bulwark stood?
 And can his Courage dwindle into Fear,
 Cause *Louis* threats, and *Burgundy* draws near?
 Have we not oft their boasting Courage try'd?
 And triumph'd o'er that sawcy Monarch's Pride?

What have I heard pronounc'd from *Maroc's* Tongue,
 Of Peace, who always has of Battels sung?
 What Peace from perjur'd *Louis* can we find?
Louis, the Monster of the Monarch-kind.

Has he not all his Ties of Friendship broke;
 When he was fetter'd once with *William's* Yoke;
 When he to *Belgir's* Lyon su'd for Peace,
 But only kept it for his Soldiers Ease?

At this a general Murmur fill'd the Room,
 Like whistling Winds, that from deep Caverns come
 When strait, behold thro' all the sacred Place,
Consent sate chearfully on ev'ry Face;
 And ev'ry One now strove to loose his Tongue
 To *Anna*, then to *Marlbro'* make their Song.

Who can forget, O Queen! the happy Day
 Thou bless'd our *Isarel* with thy glorious Sway?
 When *Britain* slept, thou sav'd us from our Foes,
 And as our leading Star, at Midnight rose.
 Heav'n did it self in bright Apparel dress,
 And tuneful Angels sung soft Hymns of Peace
 In dancing Airs, Stars from their Spheres were sent,
 And springing Joy spread o'er your Royal Tent.

Why then should we ungratefully oppose
 Our Royal Mistress? Why her Favours lose,
 Who such vast Bounties on her Land bestows?

Since *Marlbro'* is the Man by Heav'n decreed,
Anna no more shall frown, or *Marlbro'* bleed;
 For if nor Heav'n, nor yet the Queen had said,
Marlbro' should lead out *Europe* as their Head,
 Is not his Courage and his Conduct known
 To *Britain*, that we choose him for our own?

F I N I S.

BRITAIN'S Jubilee : A new Congratulatory
BALLAD, on the Glorious Victories obtain'd
 by the Duke of **MARLBOROUGH**, over the
French : Writ by the Famous Comedian, Mr.
Escourt, and Sung by him to most of our Nobili-
 ty, with great Applause.

YOU Tell me *Dick* you've lately Read,
 That we are beaten in *Spain*;
 But prithee Boy hold up thy Head,
 We'll beat 'em twice for it again :
 With a fal la la la la la la la la la, &c.

Is this the Courage you us'd to Boast,
 Why thou art quite cast down ;
 You can reflect on what we've Lost ;
 But never think what we've Won.
 With a fal, &c.

In War and Gaming it is the same,
 According to the old saying ;
 Who's sure to Conquer every Game,
 Quite loses the pleasure of Playing.
 With a fal, &c.

Then prithee Boy hold up thy Head,
 For if we are beaten in *Spain* ;
 As sure as Scarlet Colour is Red,
 We'll beat 'em twice for it again.
 With a fal, &c.

Thank God we have a Man of our own,
 A Man if I may call him so ;
 For after those great Deeds he has done,
 I may question if he's so or no.
 With a fal, &c.

But there is a Man whose Name,
 Is *Johnny MARLBOROUGH* ;
 The beaten French have felt his Fame,
 And so shall the Spaniard too.
 With a fal, &c.

Tho'

Tho' now *Jack Spaniard* pretends to Bounce,
He ne'er shall do so again :

We took last Year as many Towns,
As they now have taken Men:

With a fal, &c.

Since Justice now we cannot do,
To every Victory :

Our hearty Zeal in Wine let's shew,
To our General Family.

With a fal, &c.

For he has Eight Fair Daughters,
And each of them is a Charmer:

Lady *Rialton*, *Bridgewater*,
Fine *Sunderland*, Lady *Mount-Hermer*.

With a fal, &c.

And as for the other Younger four,
They will with Raptures fill ye;

There's Lady *Hochster*, *Schellenburgh*,
Bright *Blenheim*, and Lady *Ramillie*.

With a fal, &c.

These last are begotten so Fair and Strong,
As ne'er in story was told;

The other four shall still be Young,
But these last shall not be Old.

With a fal, &c.

Now to make thy hopes more Strong,
And make thee look like a Man;

Remember all these do belong,
To the Queen of *Great Britain*.

With a fal, &c.

F I N I S.

5 JA 59

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

W H E R E A S the Printer hereof did receive two Letters, by the
General Post from an unknown Hand; the last dated *July* the
1st 1708. If the Gentleman that sent them shall be pleased to
communicate any such Copies as there mentioned, they shall be justly and
faithfully Printed and Published, and the favour most thankfully acknow-
ledged, by
H. H.

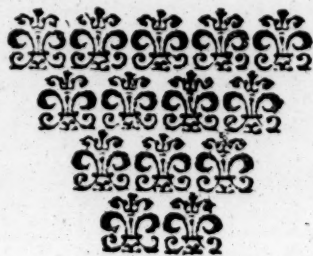
A N
E S S A Y
O N
Translated V E R S E.

BY THE
EARL of ROSCOMON.

—*Fungar vice Cotis, acutum
eddere quæ ferrum valet Exfori ipsa secandi.*

Hor. de Art. Poet.

Cape Dona Extrema Tuorum. V. 3. Æ.



L O N D O N:
Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-fryars, near the
Water-side. 1709.

ESSAY

ON

BY THE
EARL OF ROSCOMMON



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TO THE
Earl of ROSCOMMON,

On his Excellent

E S S A Y

ON

Translated V E R S E.

Whether the fruitful *Nile* or *Tyrian* Shore,
The seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,
Tis sure the noble Plant translated first,
Advanc'd its head in *Grecian* Gardens nurst.
The *Grecians* added Verse, their tuneful Tongue
Made Nature first, and Nature's God their Song.
Nor stopt Translation here: For conquering *Rome*
With *Grecian* Spoils, brought *Grecian* Numbers home;
Enrich'd by those *Athenian* Muses more,
Than all the vanquish'd World cou'd yield before.
Till barb'rous Nations and more barb'rous Times
Rebas'd the Majesty of Verse to Rhimes;
Whose rude at first: kind of hobbling Prose:
That limp'd along, and tincl'd in the close:
At *Italy* reviving from the Trance
Of *Vandal*, *Gotb*, and *Monkish* ignorance,
With pauses, cadence, and well vowell'd words,
And all the Graces a good Ear affords,
Made Rhyme and Art, and *Dante's* polish'd page
Restor'd a silver, not a golden Age:

Then *Petarch* follow'd, and in him we see,
 What Rhyme improv'd in all its height can be;
 At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity:
 The *French* pursu'd their steps, and *Britain*, last
 In Manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
 The Wit of *Greece*, the Gravity of *Rome*
 Appear exalted in the *British* Loom;,
 The Muses Empire is restor'd agen,
 In *Charles* his Reign, and by *Roscommon's* Pen,
 Yet modestly he does his work survey,
 And calls a finish'd Poem an *ESSAY*;
 For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here;
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;
 (So well is Art disguis'd, for Nature to appear)
 Nor need those Rules to give Translation light;
 His own Example is a Flame so bright;
 That he, who but arrives to copy well,
 Unguided will advance: unknowing will excel.
 Scarce his own *Horace* cou'd such Rules ordain;
 Or his own *Virgil* sing a nobler strain.
 How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,
 How much in gaining him has *Britain* lost!
 Their Island in revenge has ours reclaim'd,
 The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.
 'Tis well for us his generous Blood did flow
 Deriv'd from *British* Channels long ago,
 That here his Conquering Ancestors were nurst;
 And *Ireland* but translated *England* first:
 By this Reprisal we regain our right,
 Else must the two contending Nations fight,
 A nobler quarrel for his Native Earth,
 Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer's* Birth.
 To what perfection will our Tongue arrive,
 How will Invention and Translation thrive
 When Authors nobly born will bear their part,
 And not disdain th' inglorious praise of Art!
 Great Generals thus descending from Command,
 With their own toil provoke the Soldiers hand.

How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost be pleas'd to hear
 His Fame augmented by an *Engilsh* Peer, *
 How he embellishes his *Helen's* loves,
 Out does his softness, and his sense improves?
 When these translate, and teach Translators too,
 Nor Firstling Kid, nor any vulgar vow
 Should at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand;
Roscommon writes, to that auspicious hand,
 Muse feed the Bull that spurns the yellow sand.
Roscommon, whom both Court and Camps commend,
 True to his Prince, and faithful to his Friend;
Roscommon first in Fields of Honour known,
 First in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown;
 Who both *Minerva's* justly makes his own.
 Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they;
 Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,
 On equal terms of ancient Wit ingage,
 Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's* page:
 Our *English* Palace opens wide in state;
 And without stooping they may pass the Gate.

The Earl of Mulgrave.

John Dryden.

ESSAY

ON

Translated VERSE.

HAppy that *Author*, whose correct *Essay*,
 Repairs so well our old *Horatian* way ;
 And happy you, who by propitious Fate
 On great *Apollo's* Sacred *Standard* wait.
 And with *first Discipline* instructed right,
 Have learnt to use your *Arms* before you fight.
 But since the *Press*, the *Pulpit* and the *Stage*
 Conspire to *censure*, and *expose* the *Age* ;
 Provok'd too far we resolutely must
 To the few *Virtues* that we have be just.
 For who have *long'd*, or who have labour'd more
 To search the *Treasures* of the *Roman Store*,
 Or dig in *Græcian Mines* for purer *Oar* ?
 The *noblest Fruits* transplanted in our *Isle*,
 With early *Hope*, and *Fragrant Blossoms* smile.
 Familiar *Ovid* tender *Thoughts* inspires,
 And *Nature* seconds all his soft *Desires* ;
Theocritus does now to us belong ;
 And *Albion's Rocks* repeat his *rural Song*.
 Who hath not heard how *Italy* was blest,
 Above the *Mede*, above the wealthy *East* ?
 Or *Gallus Song*, so tender and so true,
 As ev'n *Lycoris* might with *Pity* view.
 When mourning *Nymphs* attend their *Daphnes's* *Herse*
 Who doth not weep, that reads the moving *Verse*.
 But hear, O hear, in what *exalted Strains*
Scicilian Muse thro' these happy *Plains*,
 Proclaim *Saturnian Times*, our own *Apollo* reigns ?

Whe

When *France* had breath'd after intestine Broils,
 And *Peace* and *Conquest* crown'd her Foreign Toils,
 Their (*cultivated by a Royal Hand*)
Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the *Land*;
 The choicest Books that *Rome* and *Greece* have known,
 Her excellent *Translators* made her own,
 And *Europe* still considerably gains,
 Both by their good *Example* and their *Pains*.
 From hence our generous *Emulation* came,
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same:
 But now we shew the World a nobler way,
 And in *Translated Verse* do more than they.
Serene and *clear harmonious Horace flows*,
 With *Sweetness* not to be exprest in *Prose*.
Degrading Prose explains his *meaning ill*,
 And shews the *Stuff* but not the *Workman's Skill*
 who have serv'd him more than *Twenty years*,
 scarce know my *Master* as he there appears,
 Vain are our *Neighbours hopes*, and vain their *Cares*,
 The fault is more the *Languages* than theirs.
 'Tis *courtly florid*, and *abounds in Words*,
 Of softer *sound*, than ours perhaps affords;
 But who did ever in *French Authors* see
 The comprehensive *English Energy*?
 The *weighty Bullion* of one *Sterling Line*,
 Drawn in *French Wire* would thro' whole *Pages* shine.
 I speak my *private* but *impartial* Sence,
 With *Freedom*, and I hope without *Offence*;
 For I'll recant, when *France* can shew me *Wit*,
 As *strong* as ours, and as *succinctly writ*.
 'Tis true *Composing* is the *Noble Part*,
 But good *Translating* is no *easy Art*:
 For tho' *Materials* have long since been found,
 Yet both your *Fancy* and your *Heads* are bound.
 And by *improving* what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but *Judgment* more.
 The Soil intended for *Pierian Seeds*,
 Must be well purg'd from rank *Pedantick Weeds*,

Apollo starts, and all *Parnassus* shakes,
 At the rude rumbling *Barulipton* makes.
 For none have been with *Admiration* read,
 But who beside their *Learning* were well bred.
 The first great work (A Task perform'd by few)
 Is that your *self* may to your *self* be true:
 No *Masque*, no *Tricks*, no *Favour*, no *Reserve*;
 Dissect your *Mind*, examine ev'ry *Nerve*.
 Whoever vainly on his *Strength* depends,
 Begins like *Virgil*, but like *Mævius* ends.
 That *Wretch* (in spite of his forgotten *Rhymes*)
 Condemn'd to live in all succeeding times;
 With pompous *Nonsense*, and a bellowing *Sound*,
 Sung lofty *Ilium*, tumbling to the *Ground*.
 And (if my *Muse* can thro' past *Ages* see)
 That nauseous noisy, gaping *Fool* was he.
 Exploded when with universal *Scorn*,
 The *Mountains* labour'd, and a *Mouse* was born.
 Learn, learn *Gotona's* brawny wrestler cries,
 Audacious *Mortals*, and be timely wise!
 'Tis I that call, remember *Millo's* end,
 Wedg'd in that *Timber* which he strove to rend.
 Each *Poet* with a different *Talent* writes,
 One *Praises*, one *Instructs*, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to *Epick Bays*,
 Nor lofty *Maro* stoop to *Lyrick Lays*.
 Examine how your *Humour* is inclin'd,
 And which the *Ruling Passion* of your *Mind*;
 Then, seek a *Poet* who your way do's bend,
 And chuse an *Author* as you chuse a *Friend*.
 United by this *Sympathetick Bond*,
 You grow *Familiar*, *Intimate* and *Fond*;
 Your *thoughts*, your *Words*, your *Stiles*, your *Souls* agree,
 No longer his *Interpreter* but *He*.
 With how much ease is a young *Muse* betray'd,
 How nice the *Reputation* of the *Maid*!
 Your early kind, paternal care appears,
 By chaste *Instruction* of her *Tender Year*.

The *first Impression* in her *Infant Breast*
 Will be the *deepest*, and should be the best.
 Let no *Austerity* breed servile *Fear*,
 No wanton *Sound* offend her *Virgin-Ear*.
 Secure from *foolish Pride's affected state*,
 And *specious Flattery's more pernicious Bait*,
Habitual Innocence adorns her *Thoughts*
 But your neglect must answer for her *Faults*.
Immodest words admit of no defence;
 Or want of *Decency*, is want of *Sense*.
 What mod'rate *Fop* would rake the *Park*, or *Stews*;
 Who among *Troops of faultless Nymphs* may chuse?
Variety of such is to be found;
 Take then a *Subject proper* to expound:
 Not *Moral*, *Great*, and worth a *Poet's Voice*,
 For Men of *sense* despise a *trivial Choice*:
 And such *Applause* it must expect to meet,
 As wou'd some *Painter*, busie in a *Street*,
 To *Copy Bulls and Bears*, and ev'ry *Sign*
 That calls the *staring Sots* to *nasty wine*.
 Yet 'tis not all to have a *Subject Good*,
 Must *delight* us when 'tis *understood*.
 He that brings *fulsome Objects* to my view,
 As many *Old* have done, and many *New*)
 With *nauseous Images* my *Fancy* fills,
 And all, goes down like *Oxymel of Squils*.
 Instruct the list'ning *World* how *Maro* sings
 Of *useful Subjects*, and of *lofty Things*.
 These will such true, such bright *Idea's* raise,
 That merit *Gratitude*, as well as *Praise*.
 But *foul Descriptions* are *offensive* still,
 Whether for being *Like*, or being *Ill*.
 For who, without a *Qualm*, hath ever lookt,
 On *Holy Garbage*, tho' by *Homer Cookt*?
 Whose *Rayling Heroes*, and whose *wounded Gods*,
 Make some suspect, he *Snores*, as well as *Nods*.
 That I offend---*Virgil* begins to *frown*,
 And *Horace* looks with *Indignation* down:

*My blushing Muse with Conscious fear retires,
And whom they like, Implicitly Admires.*

On sure Foundations let your *Fabrick Rise*,
And with attractive *Majesty* surprise,
Not by affected, *meritorious Arts*,
But strict *harmonious Symetry* of *Parts*.
Which through the whole, insensibly must pass,
With vital Heat to animate the Mass.
A *Pure*, an *Active*, an *Auspicious Flame*,
And *bright* as *Heav'n*, from the *Blessing* came ;
But few, oh few, Souls, præordain'd by *Fate*,
The Race of *Gods*, have reach'd that *envy'd Height*.
No Rebel *Titans* sacrilegious *Crime*,
By *beaping Hills* on *Hills* can thither climb.
The *Greisly Ferry-man* of *Hell deny'd*
Aeneas entrance till he knew his *Guide* ;
How justly then will *impious Mortals* fall,
Whose *Pride* would soar to *Heaven* without a call ?
Pride (of all others the most *dangerous fault* ;)
Proceeds from want of *Sence*, or want of *Thought*.
The *Men* who labour and digest things most,
Will much apter to *despond* than *boast*.
For if your *Author* be *profoundly good*,
Will cost you dear before he's *understood*,
How many *Ages* since has *Virgil* writ ;
How few are they who *understood* him yet ?
Approach his *Altars* with *Religious fear*,
No *vulgar Deity* inhabits *there* ;
Heav'n shakes not more at *Jove's Imperial Nod*,
Than *Poets* should before their *Mantuan God*.
Hail mighty *Maro* ! may thy *Sacred Name*,
Kindle my *Breast*, with thy *cælestial flame* ;
Sublime Ideas, and *apt words* infuse,
The *Muse instruct* my *Voice*, and thou *inspire* my *Muse*.
What I have *instanc'd* only in the *best*,
Is in *Proportion* true of all the rest.
Take *Pains* the genuine *meaning* to *explore*,
Their *Sweat*, there *Strain*, there lug the *laborious Oar*.

Search

Search ev'ry *Comment* that your *Care* can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the *Poet's Mind* ;
 Yet be not *blindly* guided by the *Throng* ;
 The *Multitude* is always in the *wrong*.
 When *Things* appear *unnatural*, and *hard*,
 Consult your *Author* with himself compar'd ;
 Who knows what *Blessing Phæbus* may bestow,
 And *future Ages* to that *Labour* owe ?
 Such *Secrets* are not easily found out,
 But once *discover'd* leave no room for *Doubt*,
 Truth *stamps Conviction* in the *ravish'd Breast*,
 And *Peace* and *Joy* attend the *glorious Guest*.
 Truth still is one, Truth is *divinely bright* ;
 No *cloudy Doubts* obscure her *Native Light* ;
 While in your *Thoughts* you find the *least Debate*,
 You may *confound*, but never can *Translate*.
 Your *Stile* will this thro' all *Disguises* shew,
 For none *explain* more clearly than they know.
 He only proves he *understands a Text*,
 Whose *Exposition* leaves it unperplex'd,
 They who too *faithfully* on *Names* insist,
 Rather *create*, than *dissipate the Mist* ;
 And grow *unjust* by being over nice,
 For *Superstitious Virtue* turns to *Vice*)
 Let *Crassus Ghost*, and *Labienus* tell,
 How twice in *Parthian Plains* their *Legions* fell,
 Since *Rome* hath been so *jealous* of her *Fame*,
 Few know *Pacorus* or *Monæses Name*.
 Words in one *Language* elegantly us'd,
 Will hardly in *another* be excus'd :
 And some that *Rome* admir'd in *Cæsar's* time,
 Say neither suit our *Genius*, nor our *Clime*.
 The *genuine Sense* intelligibly told,
 Shows a *Translator* both *Discreet* and *Bold*.
 Excursions are *inexpiably* bad,
 And 'tis much safer to leave out, than add.
 Obscure and *Mystic Thoughts* you must express,
 With *painful Care*, and *seeming Easiness*,
 For Truth shines *brightest* thro' the *plainest Dress*, And }

The *Aenean Muse*, when she prepares in state,
 Makes all *Jove Thunder* on her *Verses wait*.
 Yet writes sometimes as soft, and moving Things;
 As *Venus* speaks, or *Philomessa* signs.

Your *Author* always will the best advise,
 Fall when he falls, and When he rises rise.

Affected noise, is the most wretched Thing,
 That to *Contempt*, can empty *Scriblers* bring.
Vowels and *Accents* regularly plac'd,
 On even *Syllables*, (and still the last.

Tho' gross innumerable *Faults* abound,
 In spite of *Nonsence* never fail of Sound.

But this meant of even *Verse* alone,
 As being most *harmonious* and most *known*.

For if you will *unequal Numbers* try,
 Their *Accents* on odd *Syllables* must lie.

Whatever *Sister* of the *Sacred Nine*,
 Does to your *Suit* a willing *Ear* incline,
 Urge your *Success*, deserve a lasting *Name*,
 She'll crown a grateful, and a constant *Flame*.

But if a wild *Uncertainty* prevail,
 And turn your *vearing Heart* with ev'ry *Gale*,
 You lose the *Fruit* of all your former *Care*,
 For the sad *Prospect* of a sad *Despair*.

A *Quack* (too scandalously mean to *Name*)
 Had by *Man-midwifry* got *Wealth* and *Fame*;
 As if *Lucina* had forgot the *Trade*,
 The *lab'ring Wife* invokes the surer *Aid*.

Well season'd *Bowls*, the *Gossips Spirits* raise,
 Who while she *guzzles*, chats the *Doctor's Praise*.
 And largely what she wants in *Words*, supplies.
 With *Maudling Eloquence* of *trickling Eyes*.

But what a thoughtless *Animal* is *Man*,
 (How very *Active* in his own *Trepan*!)
 For greedy of *Physicians* frequent *Fees*,
 From *Female Mellow Praise* he takes *Degrees*?
 Struts in a new *Unlicens'd Gown* and then,
 From *saving Women* falls to *Killing Men*.

not her *such* had left the Nation Thin;
 in spite of all the Children he brought in.
 his Pills, as thick as *Hand Granadoes* flew,
 and where they fell, as certainly they flew.
 his Name struck ev'ry where as great a Damp
 as *Archimedes* through the Roman Camp.
 With this, the Doctors Pride began to Cool,
 or Smarting soundly may convince a Fool.
 but now Repentance came too late, for Grace;
 and meager Famine star'd him in the Face.
 in would he to the Wives be reconcil'd,
 but found no Husband left to own a Child.
 the Friends, that got the Brats were poyson'd too;
 in this sad case what could our Vermin do?
 sorry'd with Debts and past all Hope of Bail,
 th' unpity'd wretch lies Rotting in a Jail.
 and there with Basket-Alms, scarce kept alive,
 shews how Mistaken Talents ought to Thrive.
 I pity, from my Soul, Unhappy Men,
 compell'd by want to Prostitute their Pen;
 Who must, like Lawyers either starve or plead,
 and follow, right or wrong, where Gwynny's lead;
 but you, *Pompilian*, wealthy, pamper'd Heirs,
 Who to your Country owe your Swords and Cares.
 let no vain hope your easie mind seduce,
 or Rich Ill Poets are without Excuse.
 'Tis very Dangerous, Tampering with a Muse.
 the Profit's small, and you have much to lose;
 or, tho' true Wit adorns your Birth, or Place,
 degenerate lines degrade th' attainted Race,
 no Poet any Passion can Excite;
 but what they feel transport them when they write.
 have you been led through *Cumæan Cave*.
 and heard th' Impatient Maid Divinely Rave?
 hear her now; I see her Rowling Eyes;
 and panting; Lo! the God, the God she cries;
 with words, not Hers and more then humane sound,
 she makes th' obedient Ghosts peep trembling thro' the
 Ground,

But

But tho' we *must* obey when Heaven Commands,
And Man in vain the sacred Call withstands,
Beware *what* Spirit rages in your breast.

For ten inspir'd ten thousand are possest.

Thus make the proper use of each Extream,
And write with Fury, but correct with Pbleam.
As when the Chearful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling Wine smiles in the tempting Glafs.
Your Pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling Vein a loud retreat.

So when a Muse propitiously invites
Improve her favours, and Indulge her flights,
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another Summons wait.

Before the Radiant Sun a Glimmering Lamp,
Adultrate Metals to the Sterling Stamp,
Appear not meaner, than mere humane Lines,
Compar'd with those whose Inspiration shines;
These, Nervous, bold; those Languid, and remiss;
There, cold salutes, But here, a Lover's kiss,
Thus have I seen a Rapid, headlong tide,
With foaming Waves the Passive Soan divide
Whose Lazy Waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his Impetuous way.

The Priviledge that ancient Poets claim
Now turn'd to License by too just a Name,
Belongs to none but an Establish'd Fame,
Which scorns to take it —

Absurd Expressions, crude, Abortive Thoughts,
All the lewd Legion of exploded faults,
Base Fugitives to that Asylum fly,
And sacred Laws with Insolence defy.
Not thus our Heroes of the former Days,
Deserv'd and Gain'd their never fading Bays:
For I mistake, or for the greatest part,
Of what some call Neglect was study'd Art.
When Virgil seems to Trifle in a Line,
'Tis like a Warning-piece, which gives the Sign.

Wake your *Fancy*, and prepare your *Sight*,
 To reach the noble Height of some *unusual Flight*.
 Lose my *Patience*, when, with *Saucy Pride*,
 My untun'd *Ears* I hear his *Numbers* try'd.
 Reverse of *Nature*! shall such *Copies*, then
 Arraign th' *Originals* of *Maro's Pen*!
 And the *rude Notions* of *Pedantick Schools*,
 Blaspheme the sacred *Founders* of our *Rules*!

The *Delicacy* of the nicest *Ear*
 Finds nothing *harsh*, or out of *Order* there.
 Sublime or low, unbended or intense,

The sound is still a *Comment* to the *Sense*.
 A skilful *Ear*, in *Numbers* shou'd preside,
 And all *Disputes* without *Appeal* decide.

This *Ancient Rome* and *Elder Athens* found,
 Before *mistaken stops* debauch'd the sound.

When, by *Impulse* from *Heaven*, *Tyrtæus* sung,
 A drooping *Souldiers* a new *Courage* sprung.

Reviving *Sparta* now the fight maintain'd,
 And what *Two Gen'als* lost, a *Poet* gain'd.

By secret influence of *Indulgent Skyes*,
Empire, and *Poesy* together rise.

True *Poets* are the *Guardians* of *State*,

And when they fail, portend approaching *Fate*.

For that which *Rome* to *Conquest* did inspire,
 Was not the *Vestal*, but the *Muses* fire;

Heavens joins the *Blessings*, no declining *Age*,

Ever felt the *Raptures* of *Poetick Rage*,

Of many faults, *Rhyme* is (perhaps) the *Cause*,

Too strict to *Rhyme* we slight more useful *Laws*.

For that, in *Greece* or *Rome*, was never known,

Till by *Barbarian Deluges* o'reflown;

Subdu'd, Undone, They did at last, Obey,

And change their own for their *Invaders* way.

I grant that from some *Mossie Idol Oak*

In *Double Rhymes* our *Thor* and *Woden* spoke;

And by succession of unlearned *Times*,

As *Bards* began, so *Monks* rung on the *Chimes*.

But

But now that *Phæbus* and the *sacred Nine*,
 With all their Beams on our blest Island shine,
 Why should not *We* their ancient Rites restore
 And be, what *Rome* or *Athens* were before?

Have we forgot how *Raphaels* Num'rous Prose
 Led our exalted Souls through heavenly Camps,
 * And mark'd the ground where proud *Apostate* Thrones,
 Defy'd *Jehovah*! Here, 'twixt Host and Host,
 (A narrow but a dreadful Interval)

Portentous sight! before the *Cloudy Van*,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
 Came tow'ring arm'd in *Adamant* and *Gold*.
 There bellowing *Engines* with their fiery *Jubes*
 Dispers'd ætherial Forms, and down they fall,
 By thousands, *Angels*, on *Arch-angels* rowl'd;
 Recover'd, to the Hills they ran they flew,
 Which (with their ponderous Load, *Rocks*, *Waters*,
 From their firm Seals torn by their shaggy Tops (*Wood*
 They bore, like Shields before them thro' the Air,
 'Till more incens'd, they hurl'd them all their Fees.
 All was Confusion, Heaven's Foundations shook,
 Threatning no less than universal wreck.

For *Michael's* Arm main Promontorys flung,
 And overprest their *Legions* weak with Sin;
 Yet they blasphem'd, and struggled as they lay,
 'Till the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd,
 And (arm'd with Fengeance) God's Victorious Son.
 (Effulgence of Paternal Deity) 5 JA 59
 Grasping ten thousand *Thunders* in his hand.
 Drove the old original *Rebels* headlong down,
 And sent them flaming to the vast *Abyss*.
 O may I live to hail the glorious day,
 And sing loud Poems thro' the crowded way,
 When in triumphant state the *British Muse*,
 True to her self all barbarous Aid refuse.
 And in the *Roman Majesty* appear,
 Which none knew better, and none came so near:

* An Essay on blank Verse out of the 6th Book of *Paradise lost*.

THE
PLEASURES
OF A
Single LIFE,
OR, THE
MISERIES
OF
MATRIMONY.

Occasionally Writ
upon the many DIVORCES lately
Granted by Parliament.

WITH THE
CHOICE,

OR, THE
Pleasures of a Country-LIFE,

Dedicated to the Beaus against the next Vacation.

London: Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-fryars,
near the Water-side. 1709. Price One Penny.

Pleasures of a Single LIFE

O R,

*The Miseries of Matrimony.*Occasionally Writ upon the many DIVORCE
lately Granted by Parliament.

WEdlock, oh! Curs'd uncomfortable State,
Cause of my Woes, and Object of my hate,
How blest'd was I? Ah, once how happy me?
When I from those uneasy Bonds were free;
How calm my Joys? How peaceful was my Breast,
Till with thy fatal Cares too soon oppress'd,
The World seem'd Paradise, so blest'd the Soil
Wherein I liv'd, that Business was no Toil;
Life was a Comfort, which produc'd each day
New Joys, that still preserv'd me from decay,
Thus Heav'n first launch'd me into pacifick Seas,
Where free from Storms I mov'd with gentle Breeze
My Sails proportion'd, and my Vessel tite,
Coasting in Pleasures-Bay I steer'd aright,
Ballac'd with true Content, and freighted with delight
Books my Companions were wherein I found
Needful Advice, without a noisey Sound,
But was with friendly pleasing silence taught,
Wisdom's best Rules, to fructify my Thought,
Rais'd up our Sage Fore-fathers from the dead,
And when I pleas'd. invok'd them to my Aid,
Who at my Study-Bar without a Fee would plead:
Whilst I Chief-Justice sat, heard all their Sutes,
And gave my Judgment on their learn'd Disputes;
Strove to determine ev'ry Cause aright,
And for my Pains found Profit and Delight,
Free from Partiality; I fear'd no blame,
Desir'd no Brib'ry, and deserv'd no Shame,

at like an upright Judge, grudg'd no Expence
 time, to fathom Truth with Diligence,
 reading by Day, Contemplating by Night,
 All Conscience told me that I judg'd aright,
 then to my Paper-World I'd have recourse,
 and by my Maps run o'er the Universe;
 I round the Globe, and touch at every Port,
 survey those Shoars where Men untam'd resort,
 view the old Regions where the *Persian* Lord
 brought Wooden Deities first to be Ador'd,
 snar'd at last to Sacrifice his Life
 to the base Pride of an Adult'rous Wife,
 and where the *Grecian* Youth to Arms inur'd,
 the hungry Soil with *Persian* Blood manur'd,
 there bold *Buscephalus* brutal Conduct show'd,
 the force of monstrous Elephants withstood,
 and with his Rider waded through a purple Flood.
 Then would I next the *Roman* Field survey,
 where brave *Fabricius* with his Army lay:
 priz'd for his Valour, from Corruption free,
 made up of Courage and Humility.
 That when Encamp'd the good Man lowly bent,
 look'd his own Cabbage in his homely Tent:
 and when the *Samnites* sent a Golden Sum,
 tempt him to betray his Country *Rome*,
 the Dross he scoffingly return'd untold,
 and answer'd with a Look serenely bold,
 that *Roman* Sprouts would boil without their *Grecian*
 when eat his Cale-worts for his Meal delign'd,
 and beat the *Grecian* Army when he'd din'd.
 Thus wou'd I range the World from Pole to Pole,
 increase my Knowledge, and delight my Soul;
 travel all Nations, and inform my Sence;
 with ease and safety, at a small Expence:
 Storms to plough, no Passengers Sums to pay,
 Horse to hire, or Guide to show the way,
 Alps to climb, no Defarts here to pass,
 Ambuscades, no Thief to give me chase,

No Bear to dread, or rav'nous Wolf to fight,
 No Flies to sting, no Rattle-Snakes to bite;
 No Floods to ford, no Hurricans to fear;
 No dreadful Thunder to surprize the Ear;
 No Winds to freeze, no to Sun scorch or fry,
 No Thirst, or Hunger, and Relief not nigh.
 All these Fatigues and Mischiefs could I shun;
 Rest when I pleas'd, and when I please Jog on,
 And travel through both *Inides* in an Afternoon.

When the Day thus far pleasingly was spent,
 And every Hour admin'stred Content,
 Then would I range the Fields, and flow'ry Meads
 Where Nature her exub'rant Bounty spreads,
 In whose delightful Products does appear
 Inimitable Beauty ev'ry where;
 Contemplate on each Plant, and useful Weed,
 And how its Form first lay involv'd in Seed,
 How they're preserv'd by Providential Care,
 For what design'd, and what their Virtues are.
 Thus to my Mind by dint of Reason prove,
 That all below is ow'd to Heaven above,
 And that no Earthly Temporals can be,
 But what must Center in Eternity.

Then gaze aloft, whence all things had their Birth
 And mount my prying Soul 'twixt Heaven and Earth
 Thus the sweet Harmony o'th' whole admire,
 And by due Search new Learning still acquire,
 So nearer ev'ry day to Truths Divine aspire.

When tir'd with thought, then from my Pocket pluck
 Some friendly dear Companion of a Book,
 Whose homely Calves-skin fences did contain
 The Verbal Treasure of some Old good Man:
 Made by long study and experience wise,
 Whose piercing thoughts to Heavenly knowledge rise
 Amongst whose Pious Reliques I would find,
 Rules for my Life, Rich Banquets for my mind,
 Such pleasing Nectar, such Eternal Food,
 That well digested, makes a Man a God;

and for his use at the same time prepares
 in Earth a Heav'n in spite of worldly Cares,
 the day in these Enjoyments would I spend,
 not chuse at Night my Bottle and my Friend,
 took prudent care that neither were abus'd,
 but with due Moderation both I us'd.
 And in one sober Pint found more delight,
 than the insatiate Sot that swills all Night;
 ne'er drown my Senses, or my Soul debase,
 nor drink beyond the relish of my glass
 nor in Excess good Heav'n's design is Cross,
 nor all Extreame the true Enjoyments lost,
 fine cheers the Heart, and elevates the Soul,
 but if we surfeit with too large a Bowl,
 wanting true Aim we th' happy Mark o'er Shoot,
 and change the Heavenly Image to a Brute.
 the great *Grecian* who the World subdu'd,
 and drown'd whole Nations in a Sea of Blood;
 at last was Conquer'd by the Power of Wine,
 and dy'd a Drunken Victim to the Vine.
 My Friend, and I, when o'er our Bottle sat,
 mix'd with each Glass some inoffensive Chat,
 talk'd of the World's Affairs, but still kept free
 from Passion, Zeal, or Partiality;
 with honest freedom did our thoughts dispense,
 and judg'd of all things with indifference;
 till time at last did our Delights invade,
 and in due season separation made,
 then without Envy, Discord or Deceit,
 part like true Friends as loving as we meet.
 the Tavern change to a domestick scene,
 that sweet Retirement, tho' it's ne'er so mean.
 thus leave each other in a Cheerful Plight,
 to enjoy the silent Pleasures of the Night,
 when home return'd, my Thanks to Heaven pay,
 for all the past kind Blessing of the Day;
 the haughty Help-mate to my Peace molest,
 the treacherous Snake to harbour in my Breast;

No fawning Mistress of the Female Art,
 With *Judas* Kisses to betray my Heart ;
 No light tail'd Hypocrite to raise my Fears,
 No vile Impert'nence to torment my Ears ;
 No molted Off-spring to disturb my Thought,
 In Wedlock born but G---d knows where begot ;
 No lustful *Massalina* to require
 Whole Troops of Men to feed her Brutal Fire ?
 No Family Cares my quiet to disturb ;
 No Head-strong Humours to allwage or Curb
 No Jaring Servants, no Domestick strife,
 No Jilt, no Termagent, no Faithless Wife,
 With Vinegar or Gall, to sowre or bitter Life.

Thus freed from all that could my Mind annoy,
 Alone my self, I did my self enjoy :
 When Nature call'd, I laid me down to rest,
 With a sound Body, and a peaceful Breast ;
 Hours of Repose with Constancy I kept,
 And Guardian Angels watch'd me as I slept,
 In lively Dreams reviving as I lay,
 The Pleasures of the last precedent day,
 Thus whilst I singly liv'd, did I possess
 By Day and Night incessant Happiness,
 Content enjoy'd awak'd, and sleeping found no less.

But the Curs'd Fiend from Hell's dire Regions sent
 Ranging the World to Man's Destruction bent,
 Who with an Envious Pride beholding me,
 Advanc'd by Virtue to Felicity,
 Resolv'd his own Eternal wretched state,
 Should be in part reveng'd by my sad Fate ;
 And so at once my happy Life betray
 Flung Woman, Faithless Woman in my way :
 Beauty she had, a seeming Modest Mein,
 All Charms without, but Devil all within,
 Which did not yet appear, but lurk'd, alas unseen.
 A fair Complexion far exceeding Paint,
 Black sleepy Eyes that wou'd have Charm'd a Saint ;
 Her Lips so soft and sweet, that ev'ry Kiss,
 Seem'd a short Tast of the Eternal Bliss ;

er set of Teeth so Regular and White,
 hey'd show their Lustre in the darkest Night;
 ound her Seraphick Face so fair and young,
 er Sable Hair in careless Dressès hung,
 Which added to her beauteous Features, show'd
 ke some fair Angel peeping through a Cloud?
 er Breasts, her Hands, and every Charm so bright,
 e seem'd a Sun by Day, a Moon by Night;
 er shape so ravishing, that every Part,
 roportion'd was to the nicest Rules of Art:
 o awful was her Carriage when she mov'd,
 one could behold her, but he fear'd and lov'd,
 he danc'd well, sung well, finely plaid the Lute,
 Was always witty in her Words, or Mute;
 bliging, not reserv'd, nor yet too free,
 ut as a Maid divinely blest'd should be;
 Not vainly gay, but decent in Attire,
 he seem'd so good, she could no more acquire
 Of Heaven, than what she had, & Man no more desire:
 Fortune, like God and Nature too was kind,
 And to these Gifts a copious Sum had joyn'd.
 Who could the power of such Temptations shun,
 What frozen *Synick* from her Charms could run.
 What Cloister'd Monk could see a Face so bright,
 But quit his Beads and follow Beauty's Light,
 And Its Lustre hope to shun Eternal Night.
 so bewitch'd, and poyson'd with her Charms,
 Believ'd the utmost Heaven was in her Arms,
 Methoughts the Goodness, in her Eyes I see,
 Spoke her the Off-spring of some Deity.
 Now Books and Walks, would no content afford,
 She was the only Good to be Ador'd.
 In her fair Looks alone delight I found,
 Love's raging Storms all other Joys had drown'd.
 By Beauty's *Ignus fatuus* led astray,
 Bound for Content, I lost my happy way
 Of Reason's faithful Pilot now bereft,
 Was amongst Rocks and Shelves in danger left,

There must have perish'd, as I fondly thought,
 Lest her kind Usage my Salvation wrought;
 Her happy Aid I labour'd to obtain,
 Hop'd for Success, yet fear'd her sad Disdain,
 Tortur'd like dying Convicts whilst they live,
 'Twixt fear of Death, and hopes of a Reprieve.
 First for her smallest Favours did I sue,
 Crept, Fawn'd and Cring'd, as Lovers us'd to do;
 Sigh'd e'er I spoke, and when I spoke look'd Pale,
 In words confus'd disclos'd my mournful Tale?
 Unpractis'd and Amour's fine Speeches coin'd,
 But could not utter what I well design'd.
 Warm'd by her Charms against Bashfulness I strove,
 And trembling sat, and stammer'd out my Love;
 Told her how greatly I admir'd and fear'd,
 Which she 'twixt Coyness and Compassion hear'd,
 Grutch'd no Expence of Money, or of Time,
 And thought that not to adore her was a Crime;
 The more each Visit I acquainted grew,
 Yet every time found something in her new.
 Who was above her Sex so fortunate,
 She had a Charm for Man in every State;
 Beauty for the Youthful Prudence for the Old,
 Scripture for the Godly, for the Miser Gold;
 Wit for the Ingenious, silence for the Grave,
 Flatt'ry for the Fool, and Cunning for the Knave:
 Compounded thus of such Varieties,
 She had a knack to every Temper please.
 And as her self thought fit was every one of these.
 I lov'd, I sigh'd and vow'd, talk'd, whin'd, and pray'd
 And at her Feet my panting Heart I lay'd;
 She smil'd, then frown'd, was now reserv'd, then free
 And as she play'd her part, oft chang'd her Key;
 Not through Fantastick Humour but Design,
 To try me thoroughly e'er she should be mine,
 Because she wanted in one Man to have,
 A Husband, Lover, Cuckold, and a Slave.
 So Travellers, before a Horse they buy,
 His Speed, his Paces, and his Temper try,

Whether h'ell answer Whip and Spur, thence Judge,
 If the poor Beast will prove a patient Drudge :
 When she by wiles had heightned my Desire,
 And fain'd Lov's sparkles to a raging Fire ;
 Made now for Wedlock, or for *Bedlam* fit,
 Thus Passion gain'd the upper-hand of Wit,
 The Dame by pity, or by Interest mov'd,
 Or else by Lust, pretended now she lov'd ;
 After long sufferings, her Consent I got,
 To make me happy, as I hop'd and thought,
 But oh, the wretched hour I ty'd the *Gordian* Knot. }

Thus through mistake I rashly plung'd my Life
 Into that Gulph of Miseries a Wife.

With joyful Arms I thus embrac'd my Fate,
 Believ'd too soon, was undeceiv'd too late ;
 So hair-brain'd Fools to *Indian* Climates rove,
 With a vain hope their Fortunes to improve ;
 There spend their slender Cargoes, then become
 Worse Slaves abroad than e'er they were at home.

When a few Weeks were wasted I compar'd,
 With all due moderation and regard,
 My former freedom, with my new restraint,
 Judging which State afforded most content,
 But found a single Life as calm and gay,
 As the delightful Month of blooming *May*,
 Not chil'd with Cold, or scorch'd with too much heat. }
 Not plagu'd with flying Dust, nor drown'd with wet, }
 But pleasing to the Eyes, and to the Nostrils sweet. }

But Wedlock's like the blustering Month of *March*,
 That does the Body's Maims and Bruises search,
 Brings by cold nipping Storms unwelcom Pains,
 And finds, or breeds Distempers in our Veins ;
 Renews old Sores, and hastens on Decay,
 And seldom does affords one pleasant Day.
 But Clouds dissolve, or raging Tempest blow,
 And untile Houses, like the wrangling Shrow ;
 Thus *March* and Marriage justly may be said,
 To be alike, then sure the Man is Mad, bad. }
 That loves such changling Weather where the best is }

Though I once happy in a single Life,
 Yet Shipwrack'd all upon that Rock a Wife.
 By Gold and Beauties Powerful Charms betray'd,
 To the dull drudgery of a Marriage-Bed ;
 That Paradise for Fools, a Sport for Boys,
 Tiresom its Chains, and brutal are its Joys,
 Thou nauseous Priestcraft that too soon appear'd,
 Not as I hop'd, but worse than what I fear'd,
 All her soft Charms which I believ'd divine,
 Marriage I thought had made them only mine ;
 Vain hope, alas for I too early found,
 My Brows were with the Throne of Wedlock crown'd
 Jealousies, first from Reason rais'd a doubt,
 And Fatal Chance th' unhappy Truth brought out ;
 Made it so plain from all Pretences free'd.
 That wicked Woman no Excuse could plead ;
 And if she wants device to hide her Shame,
 Hell can no Umbrage for Adult'ry frame.

I thought it prudence the Disgrace to hide,
 Tho' rav'd and Storm'd, she Pardon beg'd and Cry'd
 Yet with false Protestations strove to Charm :
 The Cuckold to believe she'd done no harm,
 Tho' taken by surprize (O curse the Day)
 Where all the Marks of past Enjoyment lay,
 And she disorder'd by her lustful freaks
 Had Shame and Horror struggling in her Cheeks :
 Yet, made Essays to cleer her Innocence,
 And hide her guilt with Lyes and Impudence ;
 For lustful Women like a vicious State,
 Oft stifle Ills by others full as great,
 But I convinc'd too plainly of her Guilt,
 All her false Oaths and quick inventions spoilt,
 Which when she'd used in vain she blush'd and cry'd,
 And own'd her fault she found she could not hide.

This I forgave, she promis'd to reclaim,
 Vow'd future truth if I'd conceal the shame ;
 But what Strange Adamantine Chain can bind,
 Woman corrupted to be just or kind :

Or how can Man to an adultress shew
 That Love, which to a faithful Wife is due,
 Strugled hard, and all my Passions checkt,
 And chang'd Revenge into a mild Respect,
 That Good for Ill return'd might touch her near,
 And Gratitude might bind her more than fear;
 My former Love I every day renew'd;
 And all the Signals of Oblivion shew'd;
 Wink'd at small Faults, wou'd no such Trifles mind,
 As accidental Failings not designed.

All things to her Temper easie made,
 Scorn'd to reflect, and hated to upbraid;
 She chose (and rich it was) her own Attire,
 Nay, had what a proud Woman could desire.

Thus the new Covenant I strictly kept,
 And oft in private for her Failings wept,
 Yet bore with seeming Cheerfulness those Cares,
 That bring a Man too soon to grised Hairs.

But all this kindness I dispens'd in vain,
 Where Lust and base Ingratitude remain.
 Lust, which if once in Female fancy fix'd,
 Burns like Salt Petre, with dry Touchwood mix'd:
 And tho' cold Fear for time may stop its force,
 Twill soon like Fire confin'd, break out the worse,
 Or like a Tide obstructed, re-assume its course.

No Art cou'd e'er presume the stincking Store,
 Or change the lecherous Nature of the Goat.
 No skilful Whitster ever found the slight,
 To wash or bleach an *Ethiopian* White.
 No gentle Usage truly will Asswage,
 A Tyger's fierceness, or a Lyon's rage,
 Stripes and severe Correction is the way,
 When once they're thro'ly Conquer'd, they'll obey,
 'Tis Whip and Spur, Commanding Reign and Bit,
 That makes the unruly head-strong Horse submit,
 So stubborn faithless Woman must be us'd,
 Or Man by Woman basely be abus'd.

For after all the Endearments I should show,
 At last she turn'd both Libertine and Shrow, From

From my Submission grew perverse and proud,
 Crabbed as Varges, and as Thunder loud ;
 Did what she pleas'd, would no Obedience own,
 And ridicul'd the Patience I had shown.
 Fear'd no sharp threatnings, valued no disgrace,
 But flung the wrongs she'd done me in my Face ;
 Grew still more head-strong, turbulent and Lewd,
 Filling my Mansion with a spurious brood.
 Thus Brutal Lust her humane Reason drown'd,
 And her loose Tail oblig'd the Country round ;
 Advice, Reproof, Pray'rs, Tears, were flung away,
 For still she grew more wicked ev'ry day ;
 Till by her equals scorn'd, my Servants fed,
 The Brutal Rage of her adultrous bed.
 Nay, in my absence trucked to my Groom,
 And hug'd the servile Traytor in my Room ;
 When these strange Tydings, Thunder struck my Ear,
 And such Inhumane Wrongs were made appear,
 On these just Grounds for a Divorce I su'd,
 At last that head-strong Tyrant Wife subdu'd,
 Cancel'd the marriage-bonds, and bastardiz'd her brood }
 Woman, thou worst of all Church-plagues, farewell ;
 Bad at the best, but at the worst a Hell ;
 Thou truss of wormwood, bitter Teaz of Life,
 Thou Nursery of humane cares a wife.
 Thou Apple-Eating Trayt'riss who began
 The Wrath of Heav'n, and Miseries of Man,
 And hast with never-failing diligence,
 Improv'd the Curse to humane Race e'er since.
 Farewel Church-juggle that enslav'd my Life,
 But bless that Power that rid me of my Wife.
 And now the Laws once more have set me free,
 If Woman can again prevail with me,
 My Flesh and Bones shall make my Wedding-Feast, }
 And none shall be Invited as my Guest,
 T' attend my *Bride*, but th' *Devil* and a *Priest*. }

F I N I S.

THE
C H O I C E,
OR, THE
Pleasures of a *Country-LIFE*, &c.

IF Heav'n the grateful Liberty wou'd give,
That I might chuse my Method how to live:
And all those Hours propitious Fate shou'd lend,
In blisful Ease and Satisfaction spend.

Near some fair Town I'd have a private Seat,
Built Uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better if on a rising Ground it stood,
Fields on this side, on that a Neighb'ring Wood.
It shou'd within no other things contain,
But what are Useful, Necessary, Plain:
Methinks 'tis Nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needful pomp of gaudy Furniture:
A little Garden, grateful to the Eye,
And a cool Rivulet run murmuring by:
On whose delicious Banks a stately Row,
Of shady Limes, or Sicamores, shou'd grow.
At th' end of which a silent Study plac'd,
Shou'd with the Noblest Authors there be grac'd.
Horace and *Virgil*, in whose mighty Lines,
Immortal Wit, and solid Learning shines.

Sharp *Juvenal*, and am'rous *Ovid* too,
Who all the turns of Loves soft passion knew:
He, that with Judgment reads his Charming Lines,
In which strong Art, with stronger Nature joins,
Must grant, his Fancy does the best excel:
His thoughts so tender, and exprest so well;
With all those Moderns, Men of steady Sense,
Esteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence:

In

In some of these, as Fancy shou'd advise,
I'd always take my Morning Exercise.
For sure, no Minutes bring us more Content,
Than those in pleasing useful Studies Spent.

I'd have a clear and competent Estate,
That I might live Genteely, but not Great.
As much as I cou'd moderately spend,
A little more sometimes t' oblige a Friend.
Nor shou'd the Sons of Poverty Repine
Too much at Fortune, they shou'd taste of mine,
And all that Objects of true Pity were,
Shou'd be reliev'd with what my Wants cou'd spare;
For what our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Shou'd be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal Plenty shou'd my Table spread,
With healthful, not luxurious Dishes fed:
Enough to satisfy, and something more
To feed the Stranger, and th' Neighb'ring Poor.
Strong Meat indulges Vice, and pampering Food
Creates Diseases; and inflames the Blood.
But what's sufficient to make Nature Strong,
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
I'd freely take, and as I did possess.
The bounteous Author of my Plenty bless.

I'd have a little Cellar, Cool and Neat,
With Humming Ale, and Virgin Wine Repleat.
Wine whets the Wit, improves its Native Force,
And gives a pleasant Flavour to Discourse;
By making all our Spirits Debonar,
Throws off the Lees, the Sedement of Care.
But as the greatest Blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble Ends;
So, but too oft, the Grapes refreshing Juice,
Does many mischievous Effects produce,
My House, shou'd no such rude Disorders know,
As from high Drinking consequently flow,
Nor wou'd I use what was so kindly giv'n,
To the Dishonour of Indulgent Heav'n.
If any Neighbour came he shou'd be free,
Us'd with Respect, and not uneasy be,
In my Retreat, or to himself or me.
What Freedom, Prudence, and Right Reason give,
All Men may with impunity receive;
But the least swerving from their Rules too much,
For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.
That Life might be more comfortable yet,
And all my Joys refin'd, sincere and great,

3

I chuse too Friends, whose Company wou'd be
 great Advance to my Felicity.
 Well born, of Humours suited to my own ;
 discreet, and Men as well as Books have known.
 brave, Gen'rous, Witty, and exactly free
 from loose Behaviour or Formality,
 airy, and Prudent, Merry, but not Light,
 quick in discerning, and in Judging Right ;
 secret they shou'd, be faithful to their Trust,
 Reasoning Cool, Strong, Temperate and just.
 obliging, Open, without Huffing. Brave ;
 brisk in gay talking, and in sober Grave.
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious, try'd
 by solid Reason, and let that decide ;
 Not prone to Lust, Revenge, or envious Hate ;
 Nor busy Medlers with Intrigues of State.
 Strangers to Slander, and sworn Foes to Spight,
 Not Quarrellsom, but Stout enough to Fight :
 Loyal and Pious, Friends to *Cæsar* true
 As dying Martyrs to their Maker too.
 In their Society I cou'd not miss,
 A permanent, sincere, substantial Bliss,
 Wou'd bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd chuse ;
 For, who wou'd so much satisfaction lose,
 As witty Nymphs in Conversation give)
 Near some obliging modest-fair to live ;
 For there's that sweetness in a female Mind,
 Which in a Man's we cannot find ;
 That by a secret, but a pow'ful Art,
 Wind up the Spring of Life, and do's impart
 Fresh Vital Heat to the transported Heart. }
 I'd have her Reason, and her Passions sway,
 Easy in Company, in private Gay.
 Coy to a Fop, to the deserving free,
 Still Constant to her self and just to me.
 A soul she shou'd have for great Actions fit,
 Prudence, and Wisdom to direct her Wit,
 Courage to look bold danger in the Face,
 No Fear, but only to be Proud, or Base :
 Quick to advise by an Emergence prest,
 To give good Counsel, or to take the best.
 I'd have th' Expression of her Thoughts be such,
 She might not seem Reserv'd, nor talk too much ;
 That shows a want of Judgment, and of Sense ;
 More than enough is but Impertinence.
 Her Conduct Regular, her Mirth refin'd,
 Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind.

Averse

Averse to Vanity, Revenge and Pride,
 In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd:
 So faithful to her Friend, and good to all,
 No Censure might upon her Actions fall.
 Then wou'd even Envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of Woman kind astray.

To this fair Creature I'd sometimes retire,
 Her conversation wou'd new Joys inspire,
 Give Life and Edge so keen no surly Care
 Wou'd venture to assault my Soul, or dare
 Near my Retreat to hide one secret Snare.
 But so Divine, so Noble a Repast,
 I'd seldom, and with Moderation taste.
 For highest Cordials all their Virtue lose,
 By a too frequent, and too bold an use;
 And what would cheer the Spirits in distress,
 Ruins our Health when taken to Excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious Jarr,
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular:
 Whate'er Assistance I had power to bring
 T' oblige my Country, or to serve my King,
 Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford,
 My Tongue, My Pen, my Counsel, or my Sword.
 Law-suits I'd shun with as much Studious Care;
 As I wou'd Dens where hungry Lyons are;
 And rather put up Injuries than be
 A Plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
 I value Quiet at a Price too great,
 To give for my Revenge so dear a Rate:
 For what do we by all our baffle gain,
 But counterfeit Delight for real Pain.

If Heav'n a date of many Years wou'd give,
 Thus I'd in Pleasure, Ease and Plenty live.
 And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
 Some kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife.)
 Should take upon him all my Worldly Care,
 While I did for a better State prepare.
 Then I'd not be with any Trouble vext,
 Nor have the Evening of my Days perplext.
 But by a silent, and a peaceful Death,
 Without a sigh Resign my Aged Breath:
 And when committed to the Dust, I'd have
 Few Tears, but Frindly drop'd into my Grave.
 Then wou'd my Exit so propitious be,
 All Men wou'd wish to live and dye like me.

INSTRUCTIONS

T O

VANDER BANK,

A Sequel to the Advice to the
Poets :

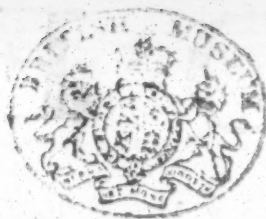
A

P O E M,

occasion'd by the Glorious Success of
Her Majesty's A R M S, under the
Command of the Duke of M A R L-
B O R O U G H, the last Year in
Flanders.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*; in *Black-fryars*,
near the Water-side. 1709.



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Instructions to Vander Bank, &c.

H Ave all thy Bards, *Britannia*, spent their Vein?
 Not one rich Genius left that can sustain
 Th' expensive Task of *Marlbro's* last Campaign?
 Quin'd by Conquests do they pray for Peace,
 That the hard Taxes on the Muse may cease?
 Then, Artist, who dost Nature's Face express
 In Silk and Gold, and Scenes of Action dress;
 Hast figur'd Arras animated leave,
 Spin a bright Story, or a Passion weave;
 By mingling Threads canst mingle Shade and Light,
 delineate Triumphs, or describe a Fight;
 Do thou relate the Hero's Toil, record
 The Train of new Events, that crown'd his hardy Sword.
 Since Thou wilt some Illustrious Patron need,
 A N N propitious Smile, Thou must succeed:
 Her High Command inspir'd with Martial Flame
 The Warrior's Breast, She by her pow'rful Name
 repar'd half-beaten Foes to yield the Day,
 and for advancing Vict'rys made the Way.
Belgium attend; and from thy noble Loom
 let the Great Chief August in Triumph come:
 For *Blenheim's* lofty Walls the Work design,
 Every Piece let Art and Labour shine;
 let Glorious Deeds the *Briton's* Palace crown,
 Not those of antient Heroes, but his own;
 In the bright Series of his Story show
 What *Albion*, what Mankind to *Marlbro's* owe.
 I only rude Materials can suggest,
 Some by thy Art too hard to be express'd;
 Choose what is proper, and neglect the rest.
 If thou with Care, and that thy Genius may
 improve these Hints, refine this crude Essay;

Thou may'st Illustrious lasting Scenes contrive;
At least the Work will by its Subject live.

Let the first Labour on this lofty Theme
Express the Chief on *Scalda's* wondring Stream :
From him that Flood immortal Fame derives,
Rivals the *Danube*, and with *Dola* strives.
Describe his Steed, not patient of the Rein,
Champing his Foam, and bounding on the Plain ;
Arch his high Neck, and graceful spread his Mane.
Give ample Nostrils breathing inbred Fire,
Eyes that confess the generous Mare and Sire :
Such Life and Pride, as in the Race appear,
Which Great *Arabian* Lords, and *Persian* Monarchs bear.

But with their chief Delight our Eyes to feed,
Mount the brave Leader on his manag'd Steed.
Give him a noble Seat, a Martial Mein,
Scornful of Danger. and in Arms serene :
Let his Right Hand his Sword vindictive sway ;
Grasp'd with vast Strength, and spreading dreadful Day,
By which the Tyrant Monsters are subdu'd,
Who surfeited with Spoil, and riotous in Blood,
Oppression's howling Wilderness defend,
And Desolation's empty Realms extend.
The Looks of Justice to the Warrior give,
Where Wrath and Mercy for Dominion strive.
Intrepide Ardour well to *Gallia* known,
A Courtier Hero's Grace the mighty *Briton's* own.
When you express the Leader's Face and Eyes,
Studious with daring Labour to surprize,
Cou'd you with inwrought Glory charm the Sight,
And interwoven Threads of labour'd Light,
You might succeed, and do the Conqueror Right.

Let Fame and Vi&ry, in inferior Sky,
Hover with balanc'd Wings, and smiling fly.
Above his Head, and on his Function wait,
Assiduous to pronounce *Europa's* Fate.

On adverse Banks of *Scalda's* Silver Tide,
Deigneate *Gallia's* Military Pride ;

express the Cohorts cov'ring all the Plain,
 thick as the Waves that spread the troubled Main.
 Now them advancing swift to *Gaula's* Walls,
 Where *Lefia's* Current into *Scalda* falls :
 Till *Marlbro's* Marches did their Speed out do,
 and stopt their Progress, to sustain the Foe.
 When a Stag, the Glory of the Wood,
 of beauteous Limbs, and branching Antlets proud,
 hears the shrill Horn, and hallowing Huntsman's Crys,
 ing thro the Forest, and embroil the Skys ;
 in experienc'd airy Feet secure,
 stens and mocks the Foe's collected Pow'r.
 The Noise augments ; then fleetier than the Wind
 he flies, and leaves the clamorous Bland behind :
 All spent, he stands at Bay, he turns his Face,
 and to a Fight decrees to change the Chace ;
 determined he expects th' invading War,
 reluctant stays, and combates from Despair.
 O *Belgian*, work a Piece by this Cartone,
 and be this Picture by thy Art out done.
 For confluent Nations spread a spacious Loom,
 and give the mighty Host sufficient room ;
 where more Brigades form each extended Wing,
 than *Eastern* Monarchs to the Combate bring :
 Now the wide Van, th' unmeasurable Rear,
 moderate Terror, and exuberant War.
 Let the Flow'r and Strength of *Spain* advance,
 and there the *Belgian* Slaves that courted *France*.
 the *Helvian* Martial Yout compose
 the threatning Front, fierce mercenary Foes
 no trade in Blood and Rapine, let the *Gaul*
 back to the Rear, a safer Station, fall.
 Now how the Chief sprung ardent to the Fight,
 Arms refulgent, as Meridian Light ;
 and, if the Loom this Labour will allow,
 the Hero in distinct Compartments show, (Foe. }
 supporting here his Friends, and breaking there the }
 him in every Place surprize the Sight,
 dispers'd and multiply'd in Fight :

As if the Leader, watchful to protect
 His Squadrons, did Ubiquity affect.
 Here let him stand, intrepid and sedate,
 Dispensing high Commands, the Messages of Fate:
 There let his Arms his reeking Fauchion wield,
 Triumph in Slaughter, and pollute the Field
 With glorious Spoil, while like the fabled God
 Of War, thro' thick embattled Deaths he rode:
 Let him the Vale with Rout and Ruin fill,
 Lik Torrents rushing from an *Alpine* Hill;
 Or a high Wind, that o'er the Desert sweeps,
 Lays wast the Woods, and rolls the Sand in Heaps:
 Where his destructive Sword the Foe pursu'd,
 Express the Lanes the glittering Feller hew'd
 Wide, as the Openings in a wasted Wood.
 Let Streams of Blood the Victor's Wrath attest,
 A Purple Vintage from the Slain exprest.
 Show Warriors quiv'ring in the Pangs of Death,
 Rolling their Eyes, and gasping out their Breath:
 While scatter'd Arms, and Horse and Horsemen slain
 And ignominious Medly spread the Plain.
 Weave Desolation, let prodigious Wast,
 And Tracks of Death mark where the Victor past,
 As Conflagrations are by Ruins trac'd.

On a new Scene attentive Care bestow,
 A Princely Youth in polish'd Armour show:
 Let him advance, and as a Seraph bright,
 Ravish at once, and terrify the Sight.
 Place him conspicuous midst the hostile Troops,
Hanover's Pride, and *Albion's* distant Hopes:
 Whose early Deeds and blossoming Renown;
 To wondring *Europe* have the Hero shown;
 With brave Impatience let him seek the Fight,
 Fager of Fame, and trembling with Delight.
 As when the Eaglet, whom the Parent tries,
 Not us'd to soar, nor conscious of the Skys,
 Against the brightest Radiance of the Sun
 Mount bold, and makes the genuine Offspring know

o the you Hero's Eyes undazled bear
 The Beams of Glory, and the Blaze of War.
 Thro glittering Deaths, Storms of exploded Flame,
 Ardent aspires to the bright Mark of Fame,
 And makes his first Effort his high Descent proclaim. }
 How how he flew intrepid on the Foe,
 Plung'd deep amidst the Files, and forc'd hi Passage thro.
 How the great Youth with Veteran Captains vy'd,
 What Trophys crown'd a Sword till then untry'd :
 To a young Lyon, of his matchless Pow'r
 Yet ignorant, but grown for Fight mature,
 He by Chance a shaggy Bear descrys,
 Determin'd to the Combate rapide flys;
 Cathing his Sides he roars, and from afar,
 Thro ecchoing Hills, denounces dreadful War.
 An easy Conquest crown his first Campaign;
 The Yellow Warrior, Master of the Plain,
 Now in his vast discover'd Strength secure,
 Wonders, and grieves he prov'd it not before.
 Then let *Germania's* Angel, and his Own,
 Each bearing high a Shield and Laurel Crown,
 Fly watchful o'er his Head, with one to guard
 His Life, with one his Valour to reward.
 Artift record, how fair *Britannia's* Isle,
 When first she heard th Youth's adventrous Foil,
 Scarce pleas'd with Glory from too daring Fight,
 Felt proffer'd Joy suspended by Affright:
 While her tall Oaks shake on the Mountain's Brow,
 And refluent Streams their Consternation show.
 Work a new Piece, describe the *Gallic* Pow'rs
 Quitting the Field to reach *Gandava's* Tow'rs;
 Affright and Horror in their Looks express
 Finish'd Confusion, and the last Distress.
 Form pale Amazement's undiffembled Air,
 And the wild Features of extreme Despair :
 How how their Gen'als, to restore the Fight,
 Confirm their Legions, and prevent their Flight,
 Asham'd, enrag'd and griev', did these upbraid,
 Encourage those, some threaten, some persuade. But

But how their fruitless Accents beat th Air?
 What Words can charm inexorable Fears?
 Can Terror listen? Can Distraction hear?
 Show how the *Gauls* disorder'd Cohors fled,
 Express their Anguish, an perplexing Dread;
 While Horse and Foot strove each to have the Van,
 And Chiefs, Companions of the private Man,
 Promiscuous Shame, disregimented ran.
 So, when incumbent Tempests press the Deep,
 And rouse the frighted Billows from their Sleep,
 The liquid Legions crouding fly so fast,
 And shove each other with such headlong hast,
 That sometimes they are rid, and sometimes ride,
 By turns exalt their Heads, by turns subside,
 O'erwhelm each other, and distress the Tide.
 The mighty General, whom the *Gauls* adore,
 To *Belgia's* Plains call'd from *Aufonia's* Shore,
Gallia's declining Empire to restore,
 To teach her Troops new Laurels to acquire,
 And in their Breasts rekindle Martial Fire,
 Reluctant fled, in adverse Fortune great,
 Caught in the Eddy of his Monarch's Fate.
 He blam'd the Stars, that on his Conduct frown'd,
 And *Marlbro*, thy Superior Genius own'd.
 So a fierce Boar, on *Mauritania's* Plain,
 The Lion's Fury does a while sustain,
 Till torn and sunk with vast Expence of Blood,
 He quits the Field, and seeks the sheltering Wood;
 He grinds his Teeth, impatient of Defeat,
 Indignant foams, fain wou'd the War repeat,
 Looks back and threatens in his four Retreat.

Then show the Conqueror in another Scene,
 Protecting with his Arms the brave *Eugene*;
 While he the matchless Strength of *Lisbe* assail'd,
 And o'er her haughty Tower's with loud applause pre-
 Witness ye six times twenty thousands *Gauls*, (vail'd
 Who when advanc'd near *Lilla's* lofty Walls
 To face the Foe, were honour'd with the Sight
 Of the brave Cohorts, which you felt in Fight:

Witness ye Generals, and ye Princes, proud
Of Veins distended with Imperial Blood,
For your Spectators of the Action stood.

Next let the Chief advance to *Scalda's* Banks,
To drive th' unactive *Gaul*, whose warlike Ranks
Spread thick as Locusts, on the adverse Side,
Did in their Guardian Flood, and high-rais'd Works confide.
Tis done; for when their Outgaurds saw from far
The *Briton's* Arms, and cry'd, for Fight prepare;
The boastful Warriours Hearts inglorious melt,
And struck with his Approach, their well-known Passion felt.
Assur'd no more, while *Marlbro's* Sword invades,
By Rivers, Lines, and numberless Brigades;
As Terror dictates, they direct their Flight,
Spread all the Plain with Marks of wild Affright,
And ignominious Rout, but none of Fight,

Let *Churchill* next his Conquering Cohorts lead,
To save *Brussella*, fair *Brabantia's* Head:

To break the united Arms of *France* and *Spain*,
And make the Threats of proud *Bavaria* vain.
Show how the Foe the *Scheld's* Contagion caught,
Gave cheap Renown, and left the Field unfought:

And how the *Boian* Prince, enrag'd to find
The Laurels blasted for his Brow design'd,
With troubled Pride, and Anguish in his Eyes,
Chac'd a third time before the *Briton* flies:

He curs'd the Victo who his Arms repel'd,
And cruel Fate, that still Success withheld,
But more the Coward and Guardians of the *Scheld*.

So when a rav'ning Wolf has long patrol'd,
And found at length a Place to leap the Fold,
He seems already of his Prey possess'd,

And licks his Jaws preluding to the Feast:

If then the Master Shepherd with his Band
Arrives their brandish'd Weapons in their Hand,
The prowling Robber shuns unequal Fight,
And grins, and growls, and rages in his Flight.

While *Gallia's* canton'd Troops inglorious rest,
With constant Flights, and long unactive Toil oppress,

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O *Britain*! thy Great Chief his Ease denys,
 Patient of Labour and inclement Skys,
 Still with new Ardour, to new Conquest flys.
 Here fresh Materials for the Loom prepare,
 And weave a cold white Winter-Piece of War.
 Ev'n then a Bloom of spreading Glory show
 And verdant Laurels forc'd from Beds of Snow.

Confed'rate Pow'rs of *Flandria*, *Gallia*, *Spain*,
 A numerous Army destin'd to sustain
 Th' Invading Foe, did *Ganda's* Walls maintain.
 Much in their Lines, and in the River's Tide,
 Much in their Chiefs and Numbers they confide,
 But more they trusted to th' intemperate Air,
 And growing Rigour of th' expiring Year :
 They hop'd that Tempests, arm'd with Snow and Sleet,
 Winds, that from *Hyperborean* Mountains beat
 With furious Wings the bleak untrodden Plain,
 And Chrystal Desarts of the frozen Main,
 That all the embattled Meteors wou'd conspire
 To charge and force the *Briton* to retire.
 In vain — ev'n then the Hero undismay'd,
 Advanc'd his Ensigns, and his wrath display'd :
 Against perfidious *Ghent* his Batt'ry rear'd,
 And Winter-Thunder for her Walls prepar'd,
 The *Gallic* Generals saw, and *Marlbro's* Arms rever'd
 To pay due Honour to their Royal Head
Burgundia's Lord, they in his Footsteps tread,
 Of *Gallic* Blood Effusion to decline,
 Yeild without Combate, and the Town resign.

How *Marlbro's* Deeds ring thro the *Belgian* Skys !
 How swift their Terror propagated flys !
 How soon it reach'd the listning Towns around !
 How *Bruges* Turrets trembled at the Sound !
 How frightened, how amaz'd her Warriors stood,
 Their Sinews slacken'd, and congeal'd their Blood !
 Show, Artist, how their Cohorts, wing'd with Fear,
 Fled from the Foe, e'er yet he did appear.
 Thus *Churchill* sends abroad a conquering Name,
 And wounds at distance by his missive Fame.

So oft when Storms from *Barbary's* Sun-burnt Soil,
 Advance impetuous, and the Deep embroil,
 The flying Waves th' Infection swift convey,
 And with their pannic Dread distract *Hesperia's* Sea,
 Which rolls and works beneath a Sky serene,
 Disturb'd by VVinds unheard, and wrathful Clouds unseen.

Then show how *Burga's* Counsellors, of State,
 And Lords deputed, on the *Briton* wait,
 To make their low Submission, and implore
 His Mercy to protect them from his Pow'r.

The Hero's Triumphs equal thus appear,
 Crowning alike each Season of the Year;
 Ev'n Winter's self, whose frozen hoary Head
 Was ne'er before with Martial Honours spread,
 For want of Deeds Illustrious can't complain,
 Sharing the Glory of this Great Campaign.

An Arch of Triumph in another Piece,
 Artift, contrive, like those of *Rome* or *Greece*.
 VVhat Master-Sculptors from in Basse Relieve,
 Do thou in bold expressive Figures weave.
 Let Horsemen first in long Procession bear
 Unnumber'd Ensigns, high display'd in Air,
 The Glorious Trophys of successful VVar:
Bavaria's Standards, Emblems of the Fall
 Of Neighbour Power's that aid the faithless *Gaul*;
 False *Flandria's* Colours and *Castilia's* Pride,
 And with thy VVarriors Blood, vain King, thy Lillys dy'd.

Next let the Train that bear the Spoils of *France*,
 Augment the Triumph, and in Turn advance;
 Describe them lab'ring with th' unweildy Prize,
 Their tortur'd Sinews, and their starting Eyes:
 Let them beneath their rich Oppression bow,
 And seem to groan and stagger as they go.
 Shew how the Throng with Hands upheld adore
 Justice Divine, that has, by *ANNA's* Pow'r,
 Compel'd the *Gaul* his Rapine to restore:
 That has aveng'd the injur'd Realms around,
 Restrain'd licentious Might, and proud Ambition bound.

In a high Car the laurel'd Victor place,
 Drawn by the noblest steeds of *Belgick* Race :
 Thro deep applauding Crowds on either side
 Sublime, yet unelated, let him ride.
 The seraph Chiefs such Moderation shew'd,
 When to the Gates of Hell their Host pursu'd
 The Rebel powers, and thro th' unlightfom way
 Return'd in Triumph to the Coasts of day.
 Of various Nations let a confluent Throng
 Hang on his Wheels, as slow they roll along :
 Let them, like crouding Waves, each other press,
 And strain their eager Eyes to see and bless.
 Add to the Martial Pomp an endless Train
 Of Warrior Slaves that drag the Conqueror's Chain.
 Let Lords and Chiefs, impatient of disgrace,
 With haughty Grief and melancholy Pace,
 With scornful, sullen shame their Fetters wear,
 And pant amidst the Croud behind the Hero's Car.

Let high *Augusta's* Sons transported meet,
 And with loud Joy th' advancing Victor greet ;
 And let her Speaker, for superior Sense
 Renown'd, as well as Charming Eloquence,
 A while the Progress of the Triumph stay,
 While he *Augusta's* Thanks does to the Conqu'ror pay.

Then let the Bards in humble manner stand,
 With Distichs, Sonnets, Prologues in their Hand,
 In *Marlbro's* Praise: 'Tis all, alas! we know
 That from their dry-exhausted Springs can flow.

Let all the Pomp of Decoration grace
 The high Pillasters, and the Structure's Face ;
 Let curious Motto's, Hieroglyphic Art,
 And mystic Emblems shine on every Part.

Here Liberty in all her Heav'nly Charms,
 With her gay Offspring plenty in her Arms,
 With humble Gesture, and a cheerful Grace,
 May Homage pay, and *Marlbro's* Feet embrace ;
 Who broke her Chains, restor'd her Rights Divine,
 And in her native Beautys bid her shine.

There

There, to extend the *Briton's* just Renown,
 Show dungeons open'd, prisons broken down,
 Fetters and Chains in heaps neglected thrown :
 Which late tormented Slaves and Captives wore,
 But, O auspicious Day ! shall wear no more.
 Let shouting Throngs of these late rescu'd Slaves,
 Frequent as sailing Clouds, or rolling VVaves ;
 With Flow'rs and verdant Branches spread his Road,
 And prostrate kiss the Ground their brave deliv'rer trod
 Then raise in Piles the Gibbet, Rack and VVheel,
 And all the Tortures wrought of Cord or steell ;
 Plenty of death, and Luxury of Pain,
 VVhich Master Tyrants from their fertile Brain,
 And curst Projectors of destruction find,
 Curious in Torment to afflict Mankind.
 Let these congested Engines, set on fire
 By *Marlbro's* generous Hand, in Flames aspire :
 Let them as Fires of publick Joy arise,
 VVith their applauded ruin fill the Skys,
 To heav'n and Liberty a grateful Sacrifice.
 Attempt another noble work, and raise
 A lofty Column to the Hero's Praise.
 VVhat tho *Augusta's* Sons, who still reveal
 In Liberty's defence an ardent Zeal,
 Studious of Truth and Justice, ne'er adore
 Thy Alters, *Rome*, nor, *Gaul*, thy lawless Pow'r,
 Shou'd, as they ought, a stately Pillar rear,
 That may the Victor's weight of Glory bear ;
 Be this allow'd, do thou thy Task pursue :
 For shou'd not all the Arts conspire to shew
 To the great *Briton's* Deeds the Honours due ?
 Then with the sculptor and the Architect,
 Artist, contend, and the proud Pile erect.
 VVith *Marlbro's* wondrous story fill the space
 Between the Spires, which the high Column grace,
 Ascending to the summit from the Base.
 Be first his swit and glorious Course exprest,
 VVhen he from *Belgia's* Regions to the *East*

Transfer'd

Transfer'd the hardy War, did bold advance
 To whelm the *Danube* o'ere the pride of *France* :
 Thro distant Empires to extend the Fame
 Of *Albion's* Arms, and *ANNA's* awful Name.
 Immortal Deeds at *Schelenbrug* display ;
 The Miracles of *Blenheim's* Glorious day,
 Down all the Ebb of Time to Men unborn convey.
 Next shew the Hero on *Ramillia's* plain,
 His deathless Laurels, and th' Illustrious Train
 Of fam'd Events, which crown'd that Great Campaign.
 The Wonders done at *Oudenard* repeat,
 The *Briton's* Triumphs, and the *Gaul's* defeat ;
 The matchless Conduct and the hardy Toil,
 That wrested from the *Poe* his darling *Lisle* ;
 The Honour won in passing *Scalda's* Flood,
Brussella sav'd, and *Ganda's* Tow'rs subdu'd.

The Angle of the Pedestal you'l grace
 With Figures proper to adorn each place ;
 Chuse of the following which shall please you best,
 If by the Loom all cannot be exprest,

Chain'd Tyranny expose, delineate well
 The odious Features of this Fiend of Hell.
 To form a Figure, horrible to Sight,
 All *Scythia's* Terrors *Lybia's* plagues unite,
 A dreadful Combination of Affright.
 Give to her Eyes a red malignant Glare,
 And let the Monster's threefold Head for Hair,
 The Ornament of Fiends, long curling Vipers, wear.
 Let them enrag'd their crested Necks erect,
 And forked Deaths with cloven Tongues eject,
 The Poets, who in Arms their *Pallas* dress,
 Had in their Fiction greater Art exprest ;
 If in her fatal Schield they had display'd
 Fierce Tyranny's, and not the *Gorgon's* Head.
 Give her the surest VVeapons to destroy,
 VVhich salvage Beasts, and rav'ning Birds imploy :
 The dragon's Teeth, the Alligator's Jaws,
 The Eagle's pounces, and the Lion's paws ;

Distend her hedious Belly with a Load
Of Limbs devour'd, and Seas of guiltless Blood.

On the next Corner, with ingenious pains,
Show vanquish'd Envy bound with brazen Chains ;
Let her lean Face infernal Features wear,
A spleenful Aspect, and a scornful Air :
With its last dregs let a black Jaundice taint
Her hateful Skin, and loathsome Visage paint.
Make her fierce Eyes, like livid Flames of Hell,
Burn bloodshot in their urns, and backward dwell,
Deep in their Caves, like Furies in their Cell.
Let her, with endless self-tormenting Care,
Gnaw her own Heart, and her own Bowels tear :
Show how her Jaws her meagre Limbs devour,
Green Floods of Hemlock, Gall and VVormwood pour
Down her wide Throat, to poison every Vein,
Inflame her Bosom, and distract her Brain.
Show with what Rage the Captive Fury views
The spreading Laurels on the Victor's Brows ;
While she, as pale and hideous as despair,
Gnashes her Teeth, and grasps her snaky Hair.

Next on the Base, dissimulation bind,
Amild and courteous, but an odious Fiend ;
No labours most to win us to believe
Her Vows unfeign'd when most she wou'd deceive.
Give her a plain and unaffected Air,
Well imitated Truth, and Eyes sincere,
And dropping here and there a faithless Tear.
Express her artful smiles, that hide the Art,
A Friendly manner that ensnares the Heart.
In her Right Hand a Monarch's Scepter place,
And her long Robe of State with Lillys grace ;
Torn Treatys interweave, and solemn Leagues
Stroke, or eluded by refin'd Intrigues :
She mocks the Faith that once did Princes bind,
As the base Vertue of a Vulgar Mind :
Asks with her sacred Vows deliberate Fraud,
And to attest her Guilt dares invoke her God.

Express

Express Ambition next in Fetters bound,
 Sunk from her tow'ring height, and grov'ling on the Ground
 Let thwarted pride sit fullen on her Brow,
 And Indignation in her Eyeballs glow.
 Let anxious Looks her inward Care atttest,
 And prove that deep designs are lab'ring in her Breast ;
 That warring Passions strive within for vent,
 Cruel Revenge, and haughty discontent :
 Passions, that still the Fury wakeful keep,
 As turbulent as VVinds, and restless as the deep.
 In some fit place let pleas'd Spectators see
 The Marks of blasted pomp, and ruin'd Dignity :
 Rich purple Robes polluted, broken Crowns,
 Fragments of Scepters, and subverted Thrones ;
 Sad VVrecks of Pow'r, which on th' Aspiring wait
 In troubled Empires, and in Storms of State.
 Her adverse Fate reluctant let her bear,
 Her Fetters spurn, her Limbs in Anguish tear :
 Shew how she raves to find her pomp depress'd,
 Her Foes exalted, and her Frinds distress'd ;
 That she compel'd must Spoils immense restore,
 Acquir'd by fraud, or grasp'd by greedy power ;
 Contract her Fronter, and her Slaves release,
 And beg the Conqueror to prescribe a Peace.

5 JA 59

 F I N I S.

DAPHNIS:

OR, A

Pastoral Elegy

Upon the Unfortunate

DEATH

OF

Mr. THOMAS CREECH.

WITH A

POEM

ON

*The Despairing Lover, and The
Despairing Shepherd.*

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-Fryars,
near the Water-side, 1709.



Daphnis, &c.

THYRSIS.

ALEXIS.

THE Rosie Morning with prevailing Light
 Had now dispell'd the humid Shades of Night,
 And smiling *Phæbus* spread his Thirsty Beams
 To drink the Dew, and tast the Silver Streams :
 Then on a rising Mountain's fragrant Side
Flora deck'd in all her gawdy Pride ;
 The mourning Shepherd, young *Alexis* lay,
 Sick'ning at Light, and weary of the Day :
 In conscious Heav'n he fix'd his weeping Eyes,
 If he sought his *Daphnis* in the Skies.
Daphnis, who from the Earth was lately fled ;
Daphnis, (he living) lov'd and mourn'd for *Daphnis* dead.
 Then Generous Fortune kindly brought that way
 And *Thyrsis* to assist the pensive Boy,
 To be the kind Companion of his Woe ;
 That both their Tears might in one Current flow :
 Thus then the Youth began a doleful Strain,
 And thus bespoke the Sympathizing Swain.
Alexis. Ah *Thyrsis* ! hast thou heard the dismal Tale ?
 How *Daphnis* dy'd in yonder Gloomy Vale !
 How could'st thou think that he, whose Verse could move
 A Rock to Pity, or a Stone to Love :
 Who could, like *Ovid*, rend'rest Thoughts instill
 Could fall a Victim to a Woman's Will ?

A 2

Thyrsis

Thyrsis. Yes, Shepherd, yes; the Story is too true!
 Look, how the Groves have chang'd their verdant Hue!
 The wither'd Leaves lie scatter'd all around,
 And blasted Flow'rs disgrace the Sacred Ground.
 Yes, he is dead! the poor unhappy Swain,
 Lov'd beauteous *LALAGE*, but lov'd in vain;
 Fantastick, proud, and conscious of her Charms,
 She scorn'd his Love, and fled his wishing Arms.
 Nought could prevail, tho' all Love's Arts he try'd:
 She sacrific'd the Shepherd to her Pride.

Ungentle Nymph, to thee we owe his Death,
 'Twas *LALAGE* that rob'd poor *Daphnis* of his Breath

Alexis. Ah cruel Nymph! we've lost the learned'st Swain
 That ever sung on our *Arcadia's* Plain:
 What sprightly Thoughts, what Joy did he inspire!
 When with such Art he touch'd the *Roman* Lyre?
 What tender Pity did our Souls invade,
 When he bewail'd the Royal *Grecian* Maid?
 How well his Muse the Fatal Story told,
 When she the poor *Lucretia's* Fate condol'd?
 When *Daphnis* Sung, how did our Groves rejoyce,
 And Grotto's Eccho to his charming Voice?
 How slow did silent *Ousa* roll along,
 When *Daphnis* taught us great *Lucretia's* Song?
 Where wand'ring Atoms in Confusion hurl'd,
 Agreed by Chance, and so compos'd a World.
 Whilst Nervous Numbers with harmonious Feet,
 In such a soft, and tuneful Cadence meet;
 As (to his lasting Honour) fully prove
 Chance could not in such Beauteous Order move.
 Then, Cruel Nymph, how could thy Pride refuse
 So soft a Lover and so sweet a Muse?
 Had'st thou but yielded to our *Daphnis* Love,
 On every Green, in every blooming Grove,
 The Nymphs and Swains had blest thy happy Name,
 And *LALAGE*, and *Daphnis* fill'd the Mouth of Fame,
 But now both Nymphs, and Swains unite their Breath,
 To Curse thy Scorn, and mourn the Shepherd's Death:

Whose Shade now wand'ring in the pensive Grove,
 still, still complains of *L A L A G E*, and Love.

Daphnis farewell, farewell unhappy Swain !

May'st thou in *Lethe's* Lake forget thy Pain,

and in Oblivion sleep, till thou no more

remember what thou did'st, or what thou wert before.

Thyrsis. See yonder Sheep, how ragged now and bare,

happy Flock, whilst they were *Daphnis* Care,

but now they mope, and straggling o'er the Plain

lament all Day, and mourn their absent Swain :

No more they Joy to crop the tender Buds,

nor seek at Noon cool Springs, and shady Woods.

In neither Sun, nor Shade, they now delight,

nor dread the Foxes, or the Wolves by Night.

Here pin'd to Death, a harmless Lambkin lies,

and there for Grief his bleating Mother dies :

as if she did with her departing Breath

invoke just Heaven t'avenge her Master's Death.

Alexis. And *Pan* will sure revenge the Shepherd's Fate

altho' perhaps his Vengeance comes but late.

Last Night returning home, in yonder Grove,

Where we were us'd to sing and talk of Love,

I heard great *Pan*, and all the Sylvan Train

Of *Daphnis* Love, and *Daphnis* Death complain.

The weeping Heav'n's a Shower of Tears distill'd,

and all the Woods were with loud Sorrow fill'd.

Whilst mournful Ecchoes all their Sighs rebound,

Wishing they had been something more than Sound.

Pan most of all the Shepherd's Death deplor'd,

He *Daphnis* lov'd, and *Daphnis* him ador'd.

Oh (my dear Boy) he cry'd, why would'st thou dare

To view a Face so tempting, and so Fair ?

Why, why didst thou indulge the secret Fire ?

Oh ! why would'st thou admit the fond Desire,

and hope th' imperious *L A L A G E* to move ?

Why didst thou die ? (alas !) why didst thou Love ?

But 'tis in vain to ask ; 'twas so decreed,

So I coy *Syrinx* chas'd, and caught a trembling Reed.

Fair Fatal Sex ! who can our Souls surprize
 With tender Looks, and soft bewitching Eyes,
 Were you but half as pitiful and kind,
 The God of Love had not been counted blind.
 On you we Gaze, and feel a pleasing Pain
 Steal to our Hearts, and glide thro' every Vein.
 Till drunk with Love our Weakness we betray;
 And die, if you refuse to yield the Joy !
 More had he spoke ; but Words began to fail,
 And breathless Ecchoes murmur'd in the Vale ;
 Convulsive Sorrow swell'd his throbbing Breast,
 Adieu ! adieu ! he cry'd, and sigh'd the rest.

Thyrsis. But say what Chance, what luckless Fortune drew
 The scornful Virgin to the Shepherd's View ?
 Where did his fatal Passion first begin ?

Ah ! Where was she by wretched *Daphnis* seen ?

Alexis. Beneath a Shade to shun the Heat of Day,
 On *Ousa's* flow'ry Banks our *Daphnis* lay ;
 Whilst his glad Flocks around their Master feed,
 Charm'd with the Musick of his Voice, and Reed :
 Of *Chaos* first he sung, and boundless Space,
 Before the Birth of Matter, Time, or Place :
 Before Old Night had felt the piercing Ray
 Of Light, and yielding to invading Day.
 Then, how the wondrous Universe began,
 What Order thro' the new-made Structure ran ?
 The Birth of Nature, and the Birth of Man.
 Then chang'd his Subject, and in softer Strains
 Discover'd *Grecian* Loves, to *British* Swains.
 Whilst *LALAGE* from an adjacent Glade,
 (Where trembling Boughs compos'd a moving Shade)
 With Pleasure listen'd to his warbling Airs,
 And drunk the pleasing Tales with greedy Ears :
 Then o'er the Lawns she trips with nimble Feet
 To know who 'twas sung so divinely Sweet ;
 And as she pass'd along, th' impatient Maid
 With curious Eyes each secret Place survey'd,

Still following Eccho as a faithful Guide,
Till she at distance had the Shepherd spy'd:

Thyrsis. Ah happy Swain!
Hadst thou but fled from that unhappy Place,
And never seen her fair enchanting Face,
Thou yet hadst been the Lord of all our Plains,
And we yet heard thy soft harmonious Strains.

Alexis. But *Daphnis* to his Fate with Pleasure run,
He saw the Nymph, he lov'd, and was undone.
With haughty Looks, and a disdainful Mien
Apace she walk'd, and cross'd the shaded Green;
The Shepherd view'd her as she pass'd along,
Drop'd down his Reed, and strait forgot his Song,
With wishing Eyes he gaz'd upon her Charms,
And wou'd have dy'd t' have dy'd within her Arms;
Deep Draughts of Love he drunk, and strong Desire,
His Breast, like *Ætna*, glow'd with inward Fire;
Which when the Nymph perceiv'd, more proud and coy
She look'd, and smil'd with a malicious Joy.
Nor could he since the cruel Tyrant move
(Obdurate Maid) to Pity or to Love.

The sad, the direful Passion still increas'd,
Ten Thousand raging Thoughts distract his Breast.
His Flock and darling Muse no longer were
His dear Delight, his Pleasure, and his Care;
The Nymph, the Nymph, he thinks of nought but her.
But hapless Youth! —————

The more he lov'd, the more she scorn'd his Flame,
And seem'd to hate both Love and *Daphnis* Name.
Then from our Groves to yonder Wood he flies,
(Strange Power of Love!) and there despairing dies.

Thyrsis. The last time I the wretched Swain beheld,
Was on a Sunny Bank in *Egon's* Field;
All Fire himself, he minded not to shun
The Heat of Day, or fly the scorching Sun,
Wildly he star'd, his Face look'd pale, and wan,
He sigh'd and languish'd like a dying Man.

When to him thus I spoke——
 Unhappy Yonth! ——and can there be no Cure;
 What Tortures dost thou feel, what Pains endure?
 Whilst by a cruel unrelenting Maid,
 Thou art to Misery, and Death betray'd.
 Ah, canst thou not forget her fatal Charms,
 And take some kinder Beauty to thy Arms?
 Return, return to our abandon'd Grove;
 And there thou may'st be happy in thy Love.
 For thee in amorous Fires *Lycoris* burns,
 For thee the lovely *Galatea* mourns.
 Wer't thou from this inglorious Bondage free,
 A Thousand Blessings wait to fall on thee.
 The Jolly Troops that us'd to hear thy Lays,
 And crown thy Brows with Wreaths of verdant Bays:
 In Sighs and Tears of thy hard Fate complain,
 Begging kind Heav'n to break the subtle Chain
 Which holds thy Heart; and thy sweet Muse restore;
 That thou may'st charm them as thou didst before.
 Thy scatter'd Flocks too o'er the Forests roam,
 Wanting their Shepherd to compel them home.
 Rise then, dear *Daphnis*, give this Fondness o'er,
 And think of cruel *LALAGE* no more.

Thus I——and thus reply'd the sighing Swain,
 Ah *Thyrsis*, if thou would'st remove my Pain,
 Give me my Love, so I may sooth my Grief,
 Forget my Cares, and grow more fond of Life:
 For tho' so proud, disdainful, and unkind,
 Without her I can hope no Peace to find;
 My wand'ring Thoughts her Form do's still pursue,
 And still my Soul has *LALAGE* in view.
 Ah savage Fair! would'st thou this Bounty give,
 (For since thou wilt not Love, I cannot Live)
 Would'st thou but deign to close my trembling Eyes,
 Or drop a Tear or two, as *Daphnis* dies:
 With Joy, I'd meet the cold Embrace of Death,
 And bless my Charmer with my latest Breath.

Didst thou but Rage with such a fierce Desire,
 And rush thro' foaming Seas, and Storms of Fire,
 Attempt the greatest Dangers, and not grieve
 To part with Life, so *LALAGE* might Live.

But thou malicious Fair one, with Disdain!

Laughs at my Grief, and smiling mock'st my Pain:

Be gone ye Quacks, your Arts no longer boast,
 In spite of all your Med'cines I am lost;

Be gone ye Cheats, who with vain Charms pretend
 To make departed Shades again ascend :

Be gone ye Zealots, who at Altars bow ;

The Gods are deaf, and cannot hear you now.

I rave, I rage, I burn, oh ! let me fly

To some dark desert Place, and there I'll die.

Thus spoke the Swain, and acted as he said,

Raving to yonder gloomy Wood he fled.

Where, for a while, with piercing Sighs and Groans

He fills the Shades, and his dire Fate bemoans ;

Repeating still the cruel Charmer's Name,

And on each Tree records his hapless Flame.

Till quite o'erwhelm'd with Woe and drown'd in Grief,

He thus gave up the sad remains of Life.

Farewel ye Swains ! to Death's dark Courts I go

To mourn amongst the weeping Shades below.

Farewel ye Streams, and conscious Groves, he cry'd :

So did the dreadful Work of Fate, and dy'd.

Alexis. Unhappy Youth ! What could the Fates design

To bless the World with such a Muse as thine,

Yet suffer Death to ravish her away,

For she could half her smiling Charms display ?

What Star, what baleful Planet rul'd thy Birth ?

Shedding malignant Rays upon the Earth,

That thou should'st die amidst thy Vernal Bloom,

Before thy Muse had brought her Harvest home !

But 'twas a dismal, sad, untimely Death

That robb'd so soon the Shepherd of his Breath.

Thus blooming Trees are nipt with killing Frost,

Thus budding Flow'rs harsh Mildews often blast.

Hadst

Hadst thou surviv'd, what Wonders had we seen!
 What list'ning Crouds had throng'd each Grove and Green
 Upon thy Voice the Nymphs and Swains had hung,
 As when before great *Tyr'rus* sweetly sung.

Tbyrsis. But *Tytyrus* is gone, and *Daphnis* fled,
 And all our Hopes are with the Shepherds, dead.
 Farewel dear Youth, so fast my Tears do flow,
 That Words are wanting to express my Woe.
 As *Hebrus* stop'd for Grief his golden Side,
 When on its Banks the tuneful *Orpheus* dy'd;
 So do our Groves, and Rivers seem to mourn,
 In silent Sorrow, for their Swains return.
 But thou can'st ne'er return——
 For thou hast cross'd th' irreamable Lake,
 And *Charon's* Boat comes always empty back.

Here did the Swains their mournful Theme give o'er,
 Sighs stop'd their Words, and they could speak no more.

T H E

Despairing Lover.

With inauspicious Love a wretched Swain
 Pursu'd the fairest Nymph of all the Plain;
 Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
 She plung'd him hopeless in a deep Despair:
 Her Heavenly Form too haughtily she priz'd,
 His Person hated, and his Gifts despis'd:
 Nor knew the Force of Cupid's cruel Darts,
 Nor fear'd his awful Pow'r on humane Hearts;
 But either from her hopeless Lover fled,
 Or with disdainful Glances shot him dead.
 No Kifs, no Look, to cheer the drooping Boy:
 No Word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.
 But as a hunted Panther casts about
 Her glaring Eyes, and pricks her list'ning Ears to scout,
 So she, to shun his Toils, her Cares imploy'd,
 And fiercely in her savage Freedom joy'd.
 Her Mouth she writh'd, her Forehead taught to frown,
 Her Eyes to sparkle fires to Love unknown:
 Her fallow Cheeks her envious Mind did show,
 And every Feature spoke aloud the Curstness of a Shrew.
 Yet cou'd not he his obvious Fate escape,
 His Love still dress'd her in a pleasing Shape:
 And every sullen Frown, and bitter Scorn
 But fann'd the Fuel that too fast did burn.
 Long time, unequal to his mighty Pain,
 He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:

At

At last his Woes broke out, and begg'd Relief
 With Tears, the dumb Petitioners of Grief.
 With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his Love ;
 And any Heart, but only hers wou'd move :
 Trembling before her bolted Doors he stood ;
 And there pour'd out th' unprofitable Flood :
 Staring his Eyes, and haggard was his Look ;
 Then kissing first the Threshold, thus he spoke.

Ah Nymph ! more cruel than of humane Race,
 Thy Tygress Heart belies thy Angel Face :
 Too well thou show'st thy Pedigree from Stone ;
 Thy Grandames was the first by *Pyrrha* thrown :
 Wnworthy thou to be so long desir'd ;
 But so my Love, and so my Fate requir'd,
 I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live ;
 But take this Gift, the last that I can give.
 This friendly Cord shall soon decide the Strife,
 Betwixt my ling'ring Love and loathsome Life ;
 This Moment puts an end to all my Pain ;
 I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.
 Farewel Ungrateful and Unkind, I go
 Condemn'd by thee to those sad Shades below.
 I go th' extreamest Remedy to prove,
 To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love.
 There happily to lose my long Desires :
 But ah, what Draught so deep to quench my Fires !
 Farewel ye never opening Gates, ye Stones
 And Threshold guilty of my Midnight Moans ;
 What I have suffer'd here you know too well ;
 What I shall do the Gods and I can tell.
 The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,
 The Violet sweet, but quickly past the Prime ;
 White Lillies hang their Heads and soon decay,
 And whiter Snow in Minutes melts away :
 Such is your blooming Youth, and withering so ;
 The time will come, it will, when you shall know

The Rage of Love ; your haughty Heart shall burn
 In Flames like mine, and meet a like return.
 Obdurate as you are, oh, hear at least
 My dying Prayers, and grant my last Request !
 When first you ope your Doors, and passing by
 The sad ill Omend Object meets your Eye,
 Think it not lost, a Moment if you stay ;
 The breathless Wretch, so made by you, survey :
 Some cruel Pleasure will from thence arise,
 To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.
 I wish, (but Oh ! my Wish is vain, I fear,)
 The kind Oblation of a falling Tear :
 Then loose the Knot, and take me from the place,
 And spread your Mantle o'er my grizly Face ;
 Upon my livid Lips bestow a Kiss :
 O envy not the dead, they feel not Bliss !
 Nor fear your Kisses can restore my Breath ;
 Even you are not more pitiless than Death.
 Then for my Corps a homely Grave provide,
 Which Love and me from publick Scorn may hide.
 Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your Breast,
 And hail me thrice to everlasting Rest :
 Last let my Tomb this sad Inscription bear,
 A Wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried here ;
 Oh, Passengers, *Aminta's* Eye's beware.

Thus having said, and furious with his Love ;
 He heav'd with more than humane Force, to move
 A weighty Stone, (the Labour of a Team,)
 And rais'd from thence he reach'd the Neighbouring Bear :
 Around its Bulk a sliding Knot he throws ;
 And fitted to his Neck the fatal Noose :
 Then spurning backward took a Swing, till Death
 Crept up, and stop't the passage of his Breath.
 The Bounce burst ope the Door ; the Scornful Fair
 Relentless lookt, and saw him beat his quivering Feet in Air.
 Nor wept his Fate, nor cast a pitying Eye,
 Nor took him down, but brusht regardless by :

And

And as she pass'd, her Chance or Fate was such;
 Her Garments touch'd the Dead, polluted by the touch;
 Next to the Dance, thence to the Bath did move;
 The Bath was sacred to the God of Love:
 Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,
 Stood threat'ning from a Pedestal on high:
 Nodding a while; and watching of his Blow,
 He fell; and falling crush'd th' ungrateful Nymph below:
 Her gushing Blood the Pavement all besmear'd;
 And this her last expiring Voice was heard;

Lovers farewell, Revenge has reach'd my Scorn;
 Thus warn'd, be wise, and Love for Love return.

T H E

T H E

Despairing Shepherd.

ALEXIS shun'd his Fellow Swains,
 Their rural Sports, and jocund Strains.
 (Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's Bow,)
 He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,
 And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
 He nourish'd endless Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,
 His Grief some pity, others blame,
 The fatal Cause all kindly seek;
 He mingled his Concern with theirs,
 He gave 'em back their friendly Tears,
 He sigh'd, but wou'd not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
 And she too kind Concern exprest,
 And ask'd the Reason of his Woe;
 She ask'd but with an Air and Mein
 That made it easily foreseen,
 She tear'd too much to know.

H E The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
 And will You pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel Truth reveal?
 Which nothing from my Breast shou'd tear,
 Which never shou'd offend your Ear,
 But that You bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since You appear'd upon the Plain,
 You are the Cause of all my Care ;
 Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart,
 Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart,
 I love and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd :
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd ;
 But you shall promise ne'er again
 To breath your Vows, or speak your Pain :
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

5 18 59

FINIS

MUSICA INCANTANS,

SIVE

POEMA

EXPRIMENS

Musicae Vires,

Juvenem in Infaniam adigentis,

ET

MUSICI inde PERICULUM.

Auctore ROBERTO SOUTH, Art. Bac. nunc
S. T. P. & Aedis Christi Canonico.

L O N D I N I :

Apud & Impensis *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, propè
Thamesin. Pretium 2 d.



ARGUMENTUM.

Juvenis quidam audita, quam ipse enixe impetrarat, Harmonia, in Isaniam actus est, & seipsum in Mare Præcipitavit: Citharædus Judicio sistitur, accusatur Homicidii; ex Musico, tum Orator factus, seipsum defendit, & absolvitur.

NON, Ego, Cæsareas Acies; non Arma virumq;
Sed Citharam, Plectrumq; cano: nec inutile Numen
Invoco in auxilium: me vivus Anhelitus ille,
Quod solet inflari vocalis Tibia, pleno
Inspirat Genio: Sed quæ depingere Vocem
Dextra potest, Oculisq; Eccho signare Videndam?
In sua poscebant antiqui carmina Vates
Centum Ora & Linguas: nos Centum poscimus Aures,
Totque etiam Voces; quis enim laudare Choraulem.
Et Lyricam, poterit, nisi Centum vocibus, artem?

Doctus in Arcadicis vivebat Musicus oris,
Clarus circa urbes, & famæ Voce Lyræque;
Nullum lætus Hymen, plausu, juvenumque Choræis
Vicinâ quondam latè celebratus in urbe,
Cum Lyricis aliis, tanta ad Solennia traxit,
Spe pretii, pariterque dapis; pro more jugales
Ut caneret Ritus: nam quamvis nubere Musa
Ignotet, celebrare tamen Connubia gaudet:

Et si Musa flet, torpent epulæque Venusque ;
 Bacchus & ipsa Ceres frigent sine Apolline : festa
 Quis melius Lyrico celebret Convivia, qui cum
 Voce suâ traxisse feras, Volucresque solebat,
 Non tantùm Citharâ novit Celebrare, sed ipso
 Instaurare etiam potuit Convivia Cantu ?

At tandem urgente die, festoque peracto,
 Nota reversurus cùm jam per prata rediret,
 Elysiis spatians olim velut Orphæus agris,
 Incidit in Juvenem, qui post transacta serenus
 Tempora cœnandi, vicina exhibat in arva :
 Cui Juvenis (quis enim sua non habet Obvia Fata ?)
 Inscius occurrit : Venientem agnoscit ab Ore,
 Jamque Videre juvat, quia sic Audire placebat :
 Heu Miser ignarus nimium, quòd noster hic Orpheus
 Non tam Saxa trahat Secum, quàm triste Sepulchrum !

At cirò colloquio facto, dictâque salute,
 Aggreditur Juvenis precibusque, & laude Choraulem,
 Et Citharæ Vocem, facundâ Voce precatur :
 Sollicitè sua damna rogans : pretiumque petenti
 Spondet, & oblato sua Fata pasciscitur Auro.

Tum Fidicen, sumptâ Citharâ, trepidantia tentat
 Fila manu, plectroque priùs quàm pangere carmen
 Incipit, immutat chordas, & in ordini fili
 Explorat cujusque sonum, cernitque peritus
 Concordare fides quamvis diversa sonantes ;
 Tam placida, & Concors fuit hæc discordia fratrum.
 Sæpè levi digito dum stringit fila, feritque
 Transiliente manu. minimè meditatus, & Ultro
 Incidit in Cantus, & prodit Nescius artem.

Sic instruxit Ebur, suntque hæc prologia cantûs
 Artifices testata manus ; dum nititur omnes
 In Carmen citharæq; suosq; intendere Nervos.
 Sic postquàm instituit chordas in carminis Usus

pratas; atque Arte Viam patefecit ad Artem :
 prius insonuit, vox Crescit & instar Alaudæ,
 cum canit, Exurgit. Digito Chelys icta loquaci
 postquam sonuit; levâ huic in parte mamillæ
 or Salit, & peragit Citharâ modulante Choreas :
 non aliter, quàm si salienti pollicis ictu
 percuteret Cordis Fibras, vis tantaq; plectri est,
 ut valeat Filo captivam ducere mentem.
 cumque animo Jovenis Victo succumberet, uno
 concentu Vicit Fidicen, cecinitque Triumphum.
 extra facit cantum, sonus exit ab ungue, videri
 possit ut à digito fluxisse melodia; Vocem
 ipsa manus profert, arguta Vicaria linguæ.

Non Aures solùm rapuit vis musica, totum
 sed Juvenem; membroq; miser mutatur in omni:
 Nunc rubuit Vultus, nunc palluit, utq; solebat
 Vox variare sonos, sic hic Variare colores:
 Pes saltar quidem potuit, sed victus abire
 Non tulit: in Venis ipsum Saliisse cruorem
 Plus solito aspiceres: ita demum quilibet artus,
 Si non audire, at poterat Sentire canentem:
 Denique sic motus, sic toto est corpore raptus,
 ipso animata putes ut Corporis Organa Cantu.

Anxius intereà, Cæco se Verbere carpi
 Miratur, Fidicenque Lyræ quos incutit ictus,
 Se sentire putat Jovenis: sic Verbera sentit
 Quæ non ipse tulit; misera dum Vulnera plectrum
 Dat Magico quodam Cantu, parterq; potenti
 Ac Medea olim permulcet Carmine mentem.
 Multa quidem cantat, quæ vel Narrata placerent,
 Scilicet imprimis Philomelæ flebile fatum,
 Et querulam historiam referunt modulantia Fila;
 Quam Virgo narravit Acu, nunc furta deorum,
 Innumerosque Jovis recinit lascivus amores:
 Sed tamen hæc Jovenis licet audiat omnia, solo

Captus Amore lyræ est ; & cum divina canuntur
 Furta, rapi à Citharâ potius sua pectora credit,
 Vimque sibi inferri : quoties hinc fila Choraules
 Percutit ; hic geminat, mæstosq; reciprocatur ictus
 Pectora percutiens : sic sensim in corda furorem
 Incauta immittit fidicen, mentemque per aures
 Evocat.

At postquam citharæ vim sic Cantando probâisset,
 Ipse simul cantat, pleno & modulantior ore
 Naturæ pariter Vires conjungit, & Artis.
 Vox,, fateor, diversa sonat lyriciq; lyræq;
 Sed sonat interea Juvenis Vox una gementis.
 Et quia Conjuncti Cantus Vis fortius urget,
 Non tulit ulterius, sed dum canit ille cruentus,
 Concentusque suos citharæ Concentibus addit,
 Prorumpit subito rabies : & Musicus ipso
 Enecat afflatu, mortemque effundit ab ore.
 Ac tanquam in linguâ clausum cantantis inesset
 Nescio quid, linguæ soleat quod inesse Caninæ,
 Progignens rabiem, subiti mala causa furoris
 Dementat Juvenem ; rabiesque infusa per aurem
 Invadit Cerebrum, geminiq; potentia cantus
 Obruit invalidas aures : hoc ergo furorem
 Intulit, auditâ modulantis voce Choraulis,
 Credibile est propriâ saltasse è sede Cerebrum.

Prodit inassueto jam se dementia gestu,
 Huc, illuc oculos rotat, ardet, & indice vultu
 Attoniti dat signa animi, cerebroq; soluto
 Excurrunt profugi ruituro è Vertice Sensus.
 Sæpe caput quassat, tanquam Vestigia cantus,
 Quæ vel adhuc retinet, quæ mente tenaciter hærent,
 Ex animo Excuteret : sæpe ore, & vertice cœlos
 Suspicit Erecto, jurans timerarius illuc
 Se non venturum, quia dicitur ætheris axis
 Circumagi Harmoniâ, & volvi concentibus orbem.
 Sic loquitur rabies : celeri mox littora passu
 Acer adit, totumque animo jam concipit æquor,

rque furit pelagi, turbari & pectoris æstus.
 ec fervente freto plus fluctus spumeus albet,
 uam spuma, huic madido rabies quam fudit ab ore.
 jam ferales cum pervenisset ad Undas,
 orre fuit Refluxus aquæ; solitoque relapsu
 tulit, & tanquam scelus hoc foret unda preosa,
 isa fuit regredi, timidioque recedere fluctu.

Constat hic Amens, & tali Littora Vultu:
 spectat, quali Ajax olim Sigæia vidit.
 umque memor nimium, fixam tenet auribus Eccho,
 ethes optat Aquas, sed cum contingere Lethen
 on datur, æquoreis Oblivia quærit in undis;
 fluat ex animo ut cantus, denturq; dolenti,
 altem inter mutos sibi tuta silentia Pisces.
 um spectat fluctus, Rabiem, mentisque tumultum
 comparat Æquoreo; nunc lata per æquora Demens
 e cupit, Curasque animi committere Ventis.
 ulta quidem mala Pontus habet; tamen omnia spernit;
 um nullas videt hic Citharas: Crescente furore
 lox Amens ubi sit nescit; qualque Charybdis
 n Gyrum rapitur; tali huic Vertigine fertur,
 orripiturque Caput, Cerebrumque Natare videtur,
 Quamvis nondum ullas, nisi visu, tangeret undas
 æpe timer mortem. sæpe optat, & Æquoris instar,
 lunc Animus Fluxus peragit, dubiosq; Reflexus.
 hæc volvens subito se mittit in æquora Saltu,
 t minus infans demens se mergit in undis.
 linc præter Scyllæ Rabiem, furor additus alter,
 accessi. que mari Rabies, nova: fluctibus haustus
 trendet adhuc, ultroque licet modò fata petebat,
 am tamen oppugnat, certatque obsistere morti.
 Tandem Vorticibus raptus, victricibus undis
 ymphatus cessit: Citharæque Lyræque valete
 Dixit, & acceptum bibulis trahit auribus æquor,
 Occluditq; Oculos verè hâc in morte Natantes.

Haud aliter. memini, facilem cùm durior Eccho
 Narcissus fugeret, periturum immerferat Amens
 Dilecti se fontis aquis; æqualia fata
 Huic quòque contigerant, dulcem furiosior Eccho
 Qui fugiens, pariter cecidit fatalibus undis:
 Par hic morte fuit, par & novitate furoris,
 Et dum prospiceret vitreum moriturus in æquor,
 Vel sua Narcissum non plus referebat Imago

Quem sic lethiferis occidit musculus Odis,
 Credo hujus dirum primis Natalibus omen
 Non faulste Cecinistis Aves. In funera Musæ
 Conspirant; sic Fata Novem ferus armat in Unum;
 Verè erat hic Siren, non tam quia Voce sonorus,
 Et liquido æquoreos superans modulamine cantus,
 Quàm quoniam Harmoniâ, Sirenum more, Furentes
 In mare deducat, cantuque impellat in æquor

Alter hic Amphion, nam vites artis uterque
 Edidit æquales, nisi quòd tamen ille Ferarum
 Mulcebat Rabiem; dedit Hic Cantando Furorem.

Hei mihi! quòd tam dulce melos, plectrumq; Canorus
 Non foret innocuum, nec Ternæ sola sororis,
 Sad Citharæ fuerint etiam Fatalia fila!
 Quà non Versatur Lachesis, levis iectus in aurem
 Si sit lethalis, valeatque occidere cantus.
 Et tenues jugulare soni, si vulneret Eccho!
 Quin Arcus igitur, Lyricorum Antistes Apollo,
 Projice, si Nervus plus ipso Vulneret Arcu.
 Dum cantu occumbunt prostrati; credimus ipsas
 Nunc bellare Tubas; nec jam res mira putetur,
 Si gallus Superet, solùm cantando, Leonem.

O Vox sæva, necem peragens, & funeris Author!
 Quà non, Harmonici crudelior ipsa Neronis

Vox fuit, & quâ non sonat aptior ulla Tyranno :
Talis erit Fidicen sævus Nero, funebre cantans
Lethiferumque melos, & cæde notabile carmen.

Hunc olim Empedocles, si plectro, & voce canentem
Audisset quamvis jam tum properasset ad Ætnam ;
Fata, necisque modum mutasset, & igne relicto,
Ætnæisq; rogis, ultro periisset in undis.

Si foret hic Pastor, placidoq; Armenta, gregesque
Carminè mulceret, cantuque per avia capras
Cogeret errantes, miri Vi carminis actus,
In freta grex rueret præceps, puluresq; videret
Per mare Phryxus Oves, pelagusq; immane Natantes

Si post Stagnantem lethali gurgite mundum,
Tertius elapsus, communi è Strage superstes
Mansisset Fidicen, Tritonis numine Salvus ;
Et tibi Deucalion simili lenire parasset
Concentu Cutas, etiam ipse immersus in æquor
(Crede mihi,) irrueres, & Te quoque pontus haberet.

Ignis Apollinei qui Vi liquefactus in altos,
Icare, concideras fluctus ; velocius isles
In medium, Citharâ compulsus Apollinis, æquor.

Si Cithara occidat, si fila sonantia præstent
Officium gladii : cùm bella Pelasga reliquit
Sumeret & Lyricum projectâ cuspide plectrum,
Non arma abjecit, verùm Mutavit Achilles.

At jam Fama loquax, quæ tam memorabile fatum
Et miras citharæ voces, taciturna filere
Non poterat, subito tanquàm Vocalior Eccho
Auditos iterat Cantus : & ut omnia mendax
Aucta refert ; sic & pariter cum cantibus auget
Cantantis Crimen ; portatq; ad Judicis aures.

Et jam Causidicus, miserandi in fata paratus
 Fortiter Accusat, Vexat, certatq; ruentem
 Harmoniæ causam, rauca Subvertere Voce.
 Convertens igitur Vultus, ad triste Tribunal,
 Concilium rigidum tail Sermone salutat.

Oratio Causidici Fidicinem Accusantis.

- ‘ **D**A veniam (Præses Reverende) exponere paucis
 ‘ Hoc scelus ; ante tuas quam Musicus occupat
 aures.
- ‘ Sistimus adductum huc, mirum Citharæq; Necisq;
 - ‘ Artificem, cui non, hominem est Occidere major
 - ‘ Quam Cantare, labor: sed enim non possumus ultra
 - ‘ In Terris Sirena pati, monstrum Æquore majus.
 - ‘ Dulce sonant Citharæ, verum Sonat altius illis
 - ‘ Cædes; nec pariter Cantatis Crimina possunt
 - ‘ Cum levibus transire Sonis: Se Musicus ipse
 - ‘ Voce suâ prodit, proprio condemnat & Ore.
 - ‘ Si Citharæ hæc vis est; merito discerpitur Orpheus,
 - ‘ Dignus & Amphion tantum Comes esse Ferarum.
 - ‘ Quod si sic Volucres cantarent, quilibet esset
 - ‘ Vultur; Voce sua, non Rostris pectora lædens.
 - ‘ Sic struit insidias, mortemque Infernus hic Orpheus,
 - ‘ Atque aufert Juveni mentem: qui protinus Amens
 - ‘ Æquor amat, veluti quædam Venus esset in illo,
 - ‘ Deceptusque Sono, dulces putat æquoris undas.
 - ‘ Quid faceret Juvenis, quem prensis fata tenebant
 - ‘ Auribus? audito hoc Cantu, non Dædalus ipse
 - ‘ Æquora fugisset, nisi Ceram aptâisset ad aures.
 - ‘ Sic nec Terra satis Sceleri, simul adjicit æquor,
 - ‘ Et juvenem mergens, ipsa quoque polluit undas
 - ‘ Dum late Spatians crimen trans æquora currit.
 - ‘ Sed non ulterius tantum durare sub undis

Sustinuit

Sustinuit facinus, surgit, lucetq; per ipsas
 Crimen aquas: & iusta diu quia pœna Cruentum
 Non rapit, ipse fremit Nereus; quoniamq; moratur
 Vindicta, iratis secum mare murmurat undis.
 Si tamen hæc natura lyræ est, ut Musica mergat,
 Cur fuit in medio pelago tam tutus Arion?
 At Tu, si Juvenem misisti invitus in æquor,
 Saltem etiam poteras Cithara Delphina parasse:
 Nulla igitur fonti remanet defensio: Jura
 Exclamant, contraq; reum juncta omnia Voce
 Justitiam resonant: atq; hæc est Musica Legum

Dixit: at hic tanquam damnato quisque timebat
 Pro lyrico; neque enim quisquam responsa daturum
 Crediderat; verùm res hæc miranda fuisset.
 Musica si taceat, si nil respondeat Eccho

Nec mora, Clamosi Præconis Voce citatus,
 (Quamvis Harmoniam nullam Vox ista ferebat,)

Accedit Fidicen trepidans, timideque labanti
 Voce loquens, (tanquam Termor hic quodque Musicus
 Artis enim sæpe est tremulas effingere Voces;)
 Sic prodit, plectrumque humero lethale sinistro
 Suspendens, Causam dicit; Viramque disertus
 Quam propè Cantando amisit, Dicendo tuetur.
 Haud secus ac Gracchus, qui cùm suggesta Patronus
 Facundus premeret, citharâ post terga Sonanti
 Composuit Vocem; plectroque docente, loquelam
 Formavit Variam. Tandem ipsa silentia servat
 Lex, & Jura tacent: Fidicen dum talia satur

Oratio Fidicinis se defendentis.

DET Misero mihi Voce, precor, Sors mitis Eadem
 Qua rapui alterius, propriam defendere Vitam.
 At quia nulla unquam revocat Palinodia mortem,
 Et pro Demerso lacrymas dare, jure Vocetur
 In mare fundere aquas : nulla revocabilis arte
 Sit mea Culpa licet, forsan tamen Arte tuenda est.
 Et certe cantus morienti impendere, cædem
 Non facere est, querula sed deplorare perempti
 Exequias Cithara : Verum quia Carminis Author
 Phæbus, & Inventor Citharæ, pro more sub undis
 Fertur, & Hesperium tuto descendit in æquor ;
 Crediderim quod aquas simili ratione faventes
 Harmoniæ Dominus, pariterq: Auditor haberet.
 Finge tamen nostro se projecisse Furentem
 Impulsu in Fluctus : hæc Sola est Culpa ? quis unquam
 Navigat Anticyras, Cerebri medicamina quærens,
 Nec tamen intrat Aquas, nec se commiserit undis ?
 At, bene si memini, Viræ cum traditur ortus,
 Harmoniam esse Animam, Veterum mihi dogmata suadent
 Cædem ergo fecisse Lyra, faciliq: cruentam
 Cantu inferre necem, nimia est occidere Vita.
 Esse tamen Lethale potest audire Canentem,
 Cum neque nos unquam Mors ipsa Audita Necaret ?
 Sed quia Mersus erat, cædem Lustralibus æquor
 Purgat aquis ; mortisque genus mortem expiat ipsam,
 Quæ cædem fecitque eadem quoque diluit Unda.
 At Vos ô fluctus, quoniam sic cuncta soletis
 Mergere Crudeles, nostrum quoque mergite crimen.
 Si tamen hoc moriar damnatus crimine quonam
 Extinguar fato ? num quæ me Sylva secuta est,
 Arboreumq; nemus, tandem in suspendia cedant,
 Inque Cruces abeant ? & sic me Sylva sequatur,
 Ut sæpe a tergo sequitur Vindieta Nocentem ?
 Anne etiam terra obruerit ? Lapidisque canenti

Qui fuerant Comites, fient mihi saxa sepulchra ?
 Si mihi causa Necis Lyra sit, tunc instar Oloris,
 Et salutem hoc, videar dicendus, nomine, Cygnus,
 Carmina quod cecini propriæ prænuntia mortis.
 Crimen Ego Audivi, superest audire probatum ;
 An quia Mersus obit Juvenis, nos merfimus ? ipse
 An feci, ut fureret, quia me cantate furebat ?
 Quod si dum canerem cecidisset Stella, quid ergo
 Carmina de Cœlo deducere Sydera credes ?
 Par certe furor est, in me transferre furorem
 Alterius : Musas tam stultum est dicere mortis
 Fortuitæ causas ; Artique ascribere casum.
 Nullum ego Carnifice effudi unquam Vocem cruorem ;
 Vos soli Legum Domini, qui jura tenentis,
 Vos soli miseros, occidere Voce potestis.
 Sic fatus ; Misero, Exclamat, nec fata merenti,
 Parcite clementes : Et Parcite rettulit Eccho.

Dixit ; & hanc, memini, facili candore jocosus
 Imposuit Judex dicto pro crimine pœnam,
 Ut, quoniam Lyricum superaverat Orphea cantu,
 Accepit citharâ Stygias inviseret oras,
 Et simili arte canens, quem demisisset ad Umbras
 Cantu, illum rursus Cantu revocaret ab Umbris.

Si quis fortè roget, mihi cur dementia versùs
 Materiam dederit ; Furor ille Poeticus, inquam,
 Impulit : & prohibens Musarum in Fonte morari,
 Proluere immenso me jussit in æquore Labra.
 Adde, quòd excludit Sanos Helicone Poëta.
 Inclyte Nervorum Rector, citharæque magister,
 Quis Te digna canat ? regiones Musicus Orpheus
 Ibat ad infernas : Tu vertice Sydera tangis :
 Et Lyricus Vates superas mea Carmina, solum
 Diræi Cygni, Calamoque, & Voce sonandus.
 Famæ implere Tubam valet hæc Vox Sola trahebat
 Illa quidem Sylvas ; Lauri te sponte sequuntur.
 Dignus es ut vivas post funera, Memnonis instar,

Vocali

Vocali insignis Statua; tibi ut ipse superstes
 Te Solus recinas, tua ut ipse Epicedia cantes;
 Qui, post Demersum hunc, monumenta perennia Vocis,
 Et citharæ laudes, ipsis inscripseris undis,
 Cum mea, per latum hoc Pelagus laudumq; tuarum
 Æquor, Vela feram, pæne hic immergor & ipse.
 Nam patet in laudes vastus tibi Campus Aquarum;
 Sed præstat regredi, & motos componere fluctus.

FINIS.

*A Catalogue of Poems, &c. Printed and Sold by H. Hills,
in Black-Fryars, near the Water-side; where several
more may be had that are not here Inserted.*

A Congratulatory Poem on
Prince George of Denmark,
&c. on the Success at Sea.
Marlborough Still Conquers.
The Flight of the Pretender.
Honesty in Distress, a Tragedy.
The Kit-Cats a Poem, &c.
Wine, a Poem. &c.
Cyder, with the Splendid Shilling.
The Pleasures of a Single Life, &c.
Faction Display'd.
Moderation Display'd.
The Duel of the Stags. &c.
Coopers-Hill, by Sir J. Denham.
An Essay on Poetry, by the Earl of
Murlgrave.
Abalom and Achitophel.
The Plague of Athens.
A Satyr against Man and Woman.
The Forgiving Husband.
Instructions to *Vanderbank.*
The Temple of Death.
An Essay on Translated Verse, by
the Earl of *Roscomon*
Horace: Or the Art of Poetry.
The History of Infipids.
The Swan-Trip Club.
Lucretius on Death, &c.
The Medal against Sedition.
Bellixarius a great Commander.
Daphnis, or a Pastoral Elegy, &c.
A Poem on the Countess of *Abing-*
don.
Nundinæ Sturbrigences,
Tunbrigialia.
An Ode on the Incarnation, &c.
Hoglandiæ Descripio.
Milton's Sublimity on Cyder.
Bosworth-field, by Sir *John Beau-*
mount, Bar.
Canary Birds Naturaliz'd.
Art of Poetry, by *Beileau.*

Poems on the Death of the late
Queen Mary.
Baucis and Philemon, &c.
Circus, a Satyr: Or the Ring in
Hide Park.
St. James's Park, a Satyr.
The Spleen, a Pindarique Ode, &c.
Philips's Pastorals.
A Letter from *Italy*, to my Lord
Halifax, with other Poems.
Blenheim, a Poem, by *Phillips.*
Mac Flecknoe, by *J. Dryden*; &c.
The Female Reign, an Ode,
A Poem on the Taking *St. Mary's,*
Windsor Castle, a Poem.
The Servitor, a Poem.
The Campaign, by Mr. *Addison.*
The Counter-Scuffle, a Poem.
Don Francisco Sutorioso.
Consolation to *Mira* mourning,
A Panegyrick on *Oliver Cromwel,*
with three Poems on his Death.
A Poem in Defence of the Church
of *England.*
The Apparition, a Poem.
The *Hind* and *Panther* Transvers'd
to the Story of the Country
Mouse and City Mouse.
Dr. Gath's Dispensary.
Memoirs on *John Hall*, the Famous
Robber, &c.
Mr *Shaftoe's* Narrative giving an
Account of the Birth of the Pre-
tended Prince of *Wales*, &c.
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The Husband, a Poem.
The Commoner, a Poem.
A Hymn to the Pillory.
The Rambling Fudle-Caps.
DFee, on the Storm.
The Wife, a Poem.
The Long Vacation.

**A Catalogue of Sermons Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in
Black-fryars, near the Water - aside, where are several
others too numerous to insert.**

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>12 John Tillotson, late Archbishop
of Canterbury.</p> <p>4 Sir William Daws, Bishop of
Chester, 14 his Volume.</p> <p>11 Offspring Blackall Bishop of Ex-
eter (8 Esq; Boyl's Lectures.</p> <p>5 Wedding Sermons.</p> <p>1 William Wake, B. of Lincoln.</p> <p>10 John Sharp Archbish. of York.</p> <p>5 Robert Moss, D. D.</p> <p>5 Tho. Knaggs M. A.</p> <p>5 White Kennet, D D.</p> <p>4 Hen. Sacheverel M. A.</p> <p>1 Rob. Lightfoot, B. D.</p> <p>3 William Beveridge, D. D.</p> <p>3 George Stanhope, Dean of Cant.</p> <p>3 Rich. Willis Dean of Lincoln.</p> <p>2 Phill. Stubs, M. A.</p> <p>1 Mr. Robert Parsons, Earl of Ro-
chester's Funeral Sermon.</p> <p>1 Ralph Lambert, D. D.</p> <p>1 William Savage, B. D.</p> <p>1 Symon Partrick, M. A.</p> <p>6 Fr. Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle
with a Letter, and large Vindica-
tion with a 2d Letter in Answer.</p> <p>3 George Smalldridg, D. D.</p> <p>1 John Hastewood, D. D.</p> <p>1 Dr. Moore, Bish. of Ely.</p> <p>1 Will. Talbot. Bishop of Oxford.</p> <p>2 Will. Nicholson. Bp of Carlisle.</p> <p>3 W. Fleetwood, B. of St. Asaph.</p> <p>1 Anth. Horneck, D. D.</p> <p>6 John Adams, D. D.</p> <p>1 P Downes, M. A.</p> <p>4 Benj. and J. Hoadly, M. A.</p> <p>3 Tho. Tennison, A.B. of Canterbury.</p> <p>4 S. Clark, M. A.</p> <p>1 Blackburn, Dean of Exeter.</p> <p>1 Rich. Jenks, M. A.</p> <p>1 Fran. Gastrell, D. D.</p> <p>1 Mr Cornwallis.</p> <p>1 John Stilesman, B. D.</p> | <p>3 T. Manningham, D. D.</p> <p>1 call'd the Last Century.</p> <p>1 Robert Eyre, D. D.</p> <p>4 Th. Trimmal, D.D. now B. of Norm.</p> <p>1 S. Dunster A. M.</p> <p>1 J. Sharp, A. M.</p> <p>1 T. Sherlock, M. A.</p> <p>1 R. Nelson,</p> <p>2 Bisse, M. A. & D. D.</p> <p>1 J. Trap, M. A.</p> <p>1 J. King, M. A.</p> <p>1 W. Wotton, B. D.</p> <p>3 W. Tilly.</p> <p>1 Willett, M. A.</p> <p>1 H. Stephens.</p> <p>1 Character of a Virtuous Woman,
Christianity in short.</p> <p>2 Sprat, B. Rochester.</p> <p>1 J. Rawson, D. D.</p> <p>1 T. Rennell, M. A.</p> <p>1 W. Whitfield.</p> <p>2 T. Bray, D. D.</p> <p>2 Ed. Stillingfleet, D. D.</p> <p>1 J. Pelling, D. D.</p> <p>1 Fr. Hare, A. M.</p> <p>3 S. Colby, M. A.</p> <p>A Letter from the Pastors and Pro-
fessors of Geneva to the King of
Prussia, with the King's Answer.</p> <p>1 Wheatly's Passing-Bell.</p> <p>1 Jackson</p> <p>1 Nichols, D. D.</p> <p>1 The Virgin Mary.</p> <p>1 Loyd's 30. Jan.</p> <p>1 Peter's Pattern.</p> <p>1 Harrison.</p> <p>1 Lake, D. D.</p> <p>1 Nath. Wheyley, M. A.</p> <p>1 Sam. Hilliard, M. A.</p> <p>1 Hough Bp. of Lichfield.</p> <p>1 Smalbroke,</p> <p>1 Chisbull.</p> <p>1 Buck's 30th. of Jan.</p> |
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Moderation

DISPLAY'D:

A

POEM.

*Neq; tempore in ullo
Esse queat duplici natura, & corpore bino
Ex alienigenis membris compacta potestas.*

Lucret. lib. 5.



By the Author of *Faction Display'd*.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*,
near the *Water-side*. 1709.

P R E F A C E.

AT a Time when we are Celebrating the Successes of our Arms Abroad, and the Wisdom of our Councils at Home; when there seems to be no room left for Complaints, and the Nation is only prepared to receive Panegyrick; I am sensible a Piece of this kind will be severely Censur'd. For those, that are taken up with the present appearances of Things who are, by much the greatest part of the World, will be apt to say it is Unseasonable at least, if not False and Malicious. But, I hope, others who are not content with such superficial Views, (and to such only wou'd write) will see the Reason and Truth of what I have said, and own that it could not be more Seasonably Utter'd than at this very Juncture, when we are lull'd with too much Security, and by that means may give Opportunity to a New Sett of Men to Ruin both Church and State with their New Politicks. But if this Poem came out with all the Advantages imaginable, I am not yet grown so Errand an Author, as to think because the First Part met with a favourable Reception, that I am now therefore Privileg'd to Dictate to the Reader's Judgment, and to ascribe to my own Merit what was only owing to his Candour, or perhaps Partiality. Be that the Business of DEDICATING POETS. I have no Ambition of gaining the Reputation of one. 'Tis the last Thing I should desire.

My Aim is of another sort, and I am abundantly Rewarded, if I have been able to Contribute any thing to the Publick Service, by directing the Principles and Practices of this New Party, who have assum'd to themselves a very Specious Name and Character, and would be thought the only Patriots of their Country. But False Friends are the most Dangerous Enemies, and they are yet much more so, when they are Invested with Power, and the Ministrations of Affairs are put into their Hands.

'Tis to be wish'd there were no Occasion for Invectives of this kind, that Great Men did always Execute their Trusts, and perform the Duty, and were only the Objects of our Esteem and Admiration. But when the Case is quite otherwise, when they become Treacherous and Betray the Authority Delegated to them; 'tis fit they shou'd bear their Faults, and the People be undeceiv'd, who are grossly imposed upon by the servile Flatteries of Hireling Scriblers. A Generation

P R E F A C E.

of Animals, that always Infest the Doors of Men in Power; and tho' one wou'd think their Trash could never pass upon the Moderate, the Grave, and the Wise, yet they are sometimes thought worthy of Pensions, and Places of 1200 l. a Year.

It is indeed the just Prerogative of the Throne to be approach'd with Humility and Petitions, even where the Subjects have Grievances to Represent. But I know of no such Homage due to its Officers. Nor can I yet be convinced, that it is an Arrogant Presumption in private Persons (as some wou'd have it) to examine and censure the Actions of Publick Ministers, who (say they) being nearest the Helm, are consequently best able to judge of what ought, and ought not to be done; whereas Men in a Remote Sphere, and at a distance, cannot possibly enter into the Councils of State, and must therefore determine rashly, and without knowledge. This is a Doctrine necessary to be Preach'd up in Despotick and Arbitrary Governments, where all is Transacted in the Cabinet, where the Will and Choice of the Prince gives a Sanction to his Creatures, and cannot be controverted without Treason. But in a mixt and limited Monarchy, where the deepest Resorts of Policy and Turns of Government are in some measure known to Men of Rank and Condition, and where a right of Impeachment is lodged in the House of Commons, it can never be maintained; for that it wou'd destroy the Constitution, and render the Accusation of Great Officers, tho' never so Guilty, Impracticable. But I would not here be suppos'd to countenance that Scandalous Principle of Appealing to the Mob. I leave such Maxims to the Relations and Friends of a certain Lawyer, who at the Observator's Tryal had the Impudence (as the Attorney-General very justly called it) to insinuate that the Crown was in the Disposal of the People. Nor wou'd I be thought in the least to detract from the Prerogative, which no Man living has in higher Veneration than myself. For I think it never violated but by a profligate abandon'd Nation, and I wish, for the Honour of the English Name, our Annals had Recorded no Instances of that kind.

But after all this New-Moderation Policy is not more pernicious and tending to the Destruction of the Government, than it is Absurd and Ridiculous in it self. For how can Men of Understanding pretend to look Two Ways at once, to blow Hot and Cold, and fancy that every Body does not see thro' the pitiful Disguise and Artifice? They call themselves True Sons of the Church, and yet make no scruple of opposing a Bill, which is absolutely necessary for its Preservation; because forsooth it is offered at an unreasonable time; as if it was not as seasonable to make wholesom Laws, as to engage in a just and

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Honourable War for the Security of our Constitution; Can they hope for a better Opportunity than the Reign we now enjoy? They would be thought great Favourers of the Church Party, when upon all Occasions they take care to Discountenance them, and Encourage only the Profest Enemies of Church and State, under a shallow Pretence, that they are a numerous and formidable Body of Men, and ought therefore to be preferr'd to Places of Honour and Profit, that they may not grow Mutinous and complain of Persecution; which methinks should rather be a strong Argument for using all possible Means to suppress such Turbulent Aspiring Spirits. Nay, so Tender are they of their DISSENTING BRETHREN, that I am told it has lately been deliver'd as Law by a Great Man in W-----r-Hall, that a Notorious Perjur'd Vagabond, with Two Wives at once, being possess'd of a Separate Congregation, tho' without any Licence, or Legal Qualification to Preach to them, shall for that Reason only be exempt from the late Act for listing Vagrants. I must confess I cannot imagine how they would define it, or what Moderation according to these Practices is. The Logicians have stated no Medium that I know of, between Truth and Falshood, nor the Moralists any between Virtue and Vice: Every Proposition and Principle must necessarily fall under one of these Heads.

There is no need of a Propbetick Spirit to foresee, That they will render themselves Odious, and cannot Subsist long. I heartily Pity some young Gentlemen, who are unwarily drawn in; for they will find themselves Deceiv'd by their Crafty Leader, and cannot expect to be receiv'd by their old Friends again. 'Tis much to be Lamented that a late Great Character Stain'd the latter part of his Life.--- but De Mortuis nil nisi bonum.

I hope some Paragraphs in the close of his Poem will at least prove that I have not writ with Partiality, but have equally commended Merit wherever I found it, without any regard to a Party.

Moderation

Moderation

DISPLAY ' D.

A Gain, my Muse—Nor fear the steepy Flight,
Pursue the Fury thro' the Realms of Night;
Explore the Depth of Hell, the secret Cause,
Whence the New Scheme of *Moderation* rose.

Now *Faction* re-assum'd her Native Throne,
Which prostrate Fiends with awful Homage own.
A Crown of Eating Flame her Temples bound,
Darting a Blew Malignant Radiance round.
An Iron Scepter in her Hand she bore,
Emblem of Vengeance and Destructive Pow'r.
A bloody Canopy hung o're her Head,
Where the *Four* falling *Empires* are pourtray'd.
Monarchs Depos'd beneath her foot-stool lie,
And all around is Hell and Anarchy.
Whilst thus she tow'ring sat, the Subject Train
With Shouts proclaim'd the Triumphs of her Reign.
Then they the Chaos sung, and Nature's Jars,
How the first Atoms urg'd their *Medley* Wars,
How Civil Discord and Intestine Rage
Have boil'd in ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age.
They sung Divided *Albion's* hapless State,
Her Clashing Senate's Feuds, her lab'ring Church's Fate:

And as her coming Ruin they exprest,
 A sullen Rapture swell'd in ev'ry Breast.
 For such the Bent of their Distorted Will,
 Only to know Delight in Thoughts of ill.
 But on a sudden, Lo! descending flew,
 A Meagre Ghost, which soon the Fury knew,
Cetbego newly Dead, her Darling Pride,
 Whose Firm Unwav'ring Faith she long had try'd,
 Long in her Secret Councils had retain'd,
 By which her Empire o're our Isle she gain'd.
 No sooner was arriv'd the Welcome Guest,
 But him in soothing Terms, she thus addrest:
 Hail best Belov'd of all my Sons, Receive
 What Praise, what Joy these Gloomy Realms can give.
 For 'tis to thy Successful Arts I owe
 My Reign Above, my Triumph here below.
 This said, th' Unbodied Shade obsequious kneel'd,
 Struck with Amazement, and with Rapture fill'd.
 O Mighty Queen! permit me to Adore
 Thy Awful Shrine, thy all Informing Pow'r,
 Whose nearer Influence my Breast Inspires
 With Glorious Rage, and Mischievous Desires.
 'Twas in Thy Cause I sunk a mouldring Frame,
 Unequal to the Hardy Task of Fame.
 But still my Mind releas'd from Mortal pains,
 Her innate Faculty of Ill retains.
 More he had said, but the surrounding Throng,
 Impatient of delay, pursu'd their Noisy Song.

Mean time the Fiend revolving in her Thought
 The mighty Change *Cetbego's* Death had wrought,
 Resolv'd at length to Summon to her Aid
 Each plotting Devil, each Seditious Shade.
 She gave the Signal, and a Dreadful Sound
 Ran Bellowing thro' all th' Abyss profound.

Then thus she eas'd her anxious Soul——
 O dearest Friends! O faithful Ministers!

Ye mutual Partners of my Joys and Cares,
 New Ways, new Means my restless Thoughts employ,
 How *Albion* to reduce, her Peace destroy.
 Long have I labour'd, but alas! in vain,
 For now Succeeds the Heav'nly *Anna's* Reign;
 Who watchful Guards a Stubborn People's Good,
 By Fears not stagger'd, nor by Force subdu'd.
 Such are the Gifts of her Capacious Mind,
 Where Justice, Mercy, Piety are joyn'd.
 As Motion, Light and Heat, combin'd in one,
 Make up the Glorious Essence of the Sun.
 But still the Mortal is, nor will I cease,
 Till my Revenge be Crown'd with wish'd Success.
 First then, suppose we shou'd develt the Throne
 Of Friends, whose Souls are kindred to her own;
Celsus Disgrac'd, *Hortensio* next appears,
 Whose Vigilance still Baffles all my Cares;
 To whom by Right of Ancestry belong
 A Loyal Heart, and a perswasive Tongue.
 Now Plots are form'd, and publick Tempests rowl,
 He boasts a strong unthaken Strength of Soul.
 Fearless against her Foes the Church sustains,
 Alike their Friendship and their Hate disdains,
 Disdains their Clamour and Seditious Noise,
 Secure in the Applauding Senate's Voice.
 Of Noble Stem, in whose *Collat'ral* Lines
 Virtue with equal Force and Lustre shines.
 When *Suada* pleads, Success attends the Cause,
Suada the Glory of the *British* Laws.
 Not the Fam'd Orators of Old were heard
 With more attentive Awe, more deep Regard,
 When Thronging round them, their Charm'd Audience
 On the attracting Musick of their Tongue. [hung
 Nor Hell to *Laelio* can her Praise refuse,
 Whose Worth deserves his own recording Muse;
 Who in *Sophia's* Court, with just Applause,
 Maintain'd his Sov'raign Rights, his Country's Cause.

For 'tis in him, with Anguish that I find
 All the Endowments of a Gen'rous Mind,
 Whate'er is Great and Brave, whate'er Refin'd
 For 'tis in him Fame doubly does Commend
 An Active Patriot, and a Faithful Friend.
 Then from his near Attendance be remov'd
Urbano, tho' by All Admir'd and Lov'd;
 Tho' his sweet Temper and obliging Port,
 Become his Office, and Adorn the Court
 He seems by Nature form'd Mankind to please,
 So Free, so Unconstrain'd in his Address,
 Improv'd by ev'ry Vertue, ev'ry Grace.
Senato too, who Bravely does deride
Sempronia's little Arts, and Female Pride;
 Whose Lofty Look, and whose Majestick Mein
 Confess the towering God-like Soul within.
 A Speaker of unparallel'd Renown,
 Long in the Senate, long in Council known.
 Ally'd to *Celsus* by the Noblest Claim,
 By the same Principles, by Worth the same.
 Old as he is, still Firm his Heart remains,
 And dauntless his declining Frame sustains.
 So, pois'd on its own Base, the Center bears
 The Nodding Fabrick of the Universe.

Be these, and such as these, discharg'd from Court
 The *Better Genii* that the Crown support.
 Then in their stead, let *Mod'rate* Statesmen reign,
 Practice their new pretended Golden Mean.
 A Notion undefin'd in Virtue's Schools,
 Unrecommended by her sacred Rules.
 A Modern Coward Principle design'd
 To stifle Justice, and unnerve the Mind.
 A Trick by Knaves contriv'd, impos'd on Fools,
 But Scorn'd by Patriot and Exalted Souls.
 For *Mod'rate* Statesmen, like *Camelions* wear
 A different Form in ev'ry different Air.

They stick at nothing to Secure their Ends,
 Careless their Enemies, betray their Friends.
 Their Medley Temper, their Amphibious Mind
 Fraught with Principles of ev'ry kind,
 Nor ever can from Stain and Error free,
 Assert its Native Truth, and Energy;
 As the four Elements so blended were
 In their first Chaos, so united there,
 That since they ne're could fully be disjoyn'd,
 Each retains something of each other's Kind.
 Nor this is wholly Air, nor that pure Flame,
 But still in both some Atoms are the same.

Let *Jano*, second of his Trimming Band,
 Next to *Volpone* deck'd with Honours stand.
 Like him for secret Policy Renown'd,
 Like him with all the Gifts of Cunning crown'd.
 None better can the Jarring Senate guide,
 Or lure the *Flying Camp* to either side.
 Of an inveterate old Fanatick Race,
 Of Canting Parents, sprung this Child of Grace.
 In Show a *Tory*, but a *Whig* in Heart,
 For Saints may safely act the Sinner's part.
 Once he was ours, and will be ours again,
 For Art to stifle Nature strives in vain,
 For ev'ry thing, when from its *Center* born,
 Still thither tends, still thither will return.
 Let him with these Accomplishments supply
Hortensio's steddy Faith, and Loyalty.
Brucius, for he has Wealth to buy a Place,
 Shall wear *Urbano's* Key, his Post disgrace.
 A worthy Son, in whom collected shine
 The Follies of his Mad and Idiot Line.
 Lord of the woful Countenance, whose Skin
 Seems fear'd without, and putrify'd within,
 A Dapper Animal, whose Pigmy Size
 Provokes the Ladies Scorn, and mocks their Eyes.

But

But Balls and Musick are his greatest Care,
 So willing is the Wretch to please the Fair.
 'Tis strange, that Men, what Nature has deny'd,
 Should make their only Aim, their only Pride.
 Let *Britono*, who from the Parent Moon
 Derives his *Welsh* Descent directly down,
 Succeed *Senato* in his High Command,
 And bear the Staff of Honour in his Hand.
 A flutt'ring empty Fop, that ev'ry Night,
 Sits Laughing loud, and Jest'ing in the Pit,
 Whilst a surrounding Croud of Whores and Bawds,
 His sprightly Converse, and his Wit applauds.
 An Atlas proper to sustain the Weight
 Of an Incumber'd and declining State.
 Let these, as Useful Tools, a while possess
 The Court Preferments, and Indulge their Ease,
 But they shall fly, like Mists, before the Sun,
 When my Designs to full Perfection grown, (own.
 Exert their Pow'r, and make the ruin'd World my

When thus the Fury had her Scheme display'd,
 Assenting Hell a low Obeisance paid.

Moloch, Protector of the *Papal Chair*,
 Author of the Massacres and Christian War,
 Was now Convinc'd that Sanguinary Laws
 Could nere the *Reformation's* Growth oppose,
 Could nere in *Albion's* Church advance his Cause.
 He therefore, urg'd with his old constant Hate,
 By *Mod'rate* Means consents to work her Fate.
 He finds how soon by *Toleration's* Aid,
 Her Pow'r is weaken'd, and her Rights Betray'd.
 Nor doubts *Occasional Conformity*
 Will by degrees her Essence quite destroy.
 Then *Satan*, Prince of the *Fanatick* Train,
 Who form'd the Conduct of their *Glorious* Reign.
 Approve the Scheme, not hoping to Restore
 His Subjects to their late unbounded Pow'r.

or well he knew, their Avarice and Pride
 Had wean'd the Bankrupt Nation from their side.
 But these Auspicious *Moderation* Times,
 By not Detecting, Sanctify their Crimes,
 By Baffling Justice, and eluding Law,
 Make Vice insult, and Sin Triumphant grow.
 Nay such th' Effects of *Moderation* are,
 The Guilty to Reward, as well as Spare.
 Hence Foes to Prelacy are Clad in Lawn,
 Hence Rebels are the Fav'rites of the Throne.
 What could they more desire, than thus to pass
 The blest Remainder of their happy Days,
 Sated with Plunder, and dissolv'd in Ease?
 Nor *Belial*, th' *Atheist's* Patron could Complain,
 For *Moderation* would enlarge his Reign,
 Where all unpunish'd Talk and live Profane.
 Where Irreligion Providence denies,
 Nor dreads the Laws of Earth, nor Thunder of the Skies.
Mammon, the *Traders* and the *Courtier's* God,
 No sooner heard the Project but allow'd;
 For hence his two Vor'ries uncontroll'd might live,
 And endless Frauds commit, and endless Bribes receive.
 But most *Cethego* the Design approves,
 Who dead and Living in *Meander's* moves.
 He knew how he deluded hapless *James*,
 By the same wily Arts, and subtle Schemes.
 Proposes then, that he alone be sent,
 To execute the Fury's New Intent.

When he had ended, thus she soon replies,
 Blest be the Shade, that can so well advise,
 On thee thy Goddess smiles, on thee relies.
 Fly, nimbly to thy Native Soil repair,
 Urge and Inforce the well form'd Council there.
 Occasion favours, the *Cabal* is met
 At thy own Mansion, thy belov'd Retreat,
 The Muses Darling Theam, the Graces Seat.

There

There *Clodio's* and *Sigillo's* anxious Thoughts,
 Are brooding o're *Imaginary Plots* :
 Whilst *Bibliopolo* with his awkward Jest
 Deserves his Dinner, and diverts the Guests.
Batbillo, in his own unborrow'd Strains,
 Young *Saccharissa's* Angel Form profanes :
 Whilst her dull Husband, senseless of her Charms,
 Lies lumpish in her soft encircling Arms.
 For he to Wisdom makes a Grave Pretence,
 But wants alas ! his Father's Depth of Sense.
 Howere, supplying all Defects of Wit,
 He shews a true Fanatick Zeal and Heat.

She spoke——the Spectre in a moment gains
Altropia's Balmy Air, and Flowry Plains.
 At his approach the Dome's Foundation shook,
 When 'midst their Revels rushing in he broke.
 Involv'd in Wreaths of Smoak, awhile he stood,
 Seeming at distance an unshapen Cloud.
 But soon, the Cloud ascending to the Skies,
 He manifest was seen before their Eyes.
 Horror and Guilt shook ev'ry Conscious Breast,
 But *Bibliopolo* most his Fears exprest,
 Fainting he tumbled——Pass we ore the rest.
Clodio alone fixt and unmov'd appear'd,
 And what the Phantom said undaunted heard.
 Forbear, my Friends, your Hot pursuits restrain,
 Behold your lov'd *Cerbego* once again.
 From *Faction's* dark unbottom'd Cell I come,
 Fraught with *Britannia's* Fate, and final Doom.
 For, Meditating Vengeance in her Mind,
 At length a Finish'd Plan she has design'd.
 Nor doubts by *Mod'rate* Methods to obtain,
 What she by rougher Arts has sought in vain,
 That *Whigs* should Triumph in a *Tory* Reign.

Thus he began, and then proceeds to tell
 What *Faction* had before reveal'd in Hell.

Clodio was Raptur'd, and in Terms like these,
 His Joy and Approbation did express.
 Since thy *Divided State* permits, be thou
 Once a Friend, a Guardian Genius now.
 Give us to execute this Grand Design,
 Thine be the Conduct, and the Glory thine.
 Attempts that often Baffle Human Care,
 By aiding Spirits soon effected are;
 Their Knowledge in immediate *Intuition* lies,
 Nor does, like ours, from long Deduction rise.

Pleas'd with this Answer, the retiring Ghost
 Condens'd the ambient Air, and in a Cloud was lost.

Here cease thy Satyr, Muse, and from thy Tongue
 To louder Numbers and Heroick Song:
 Here Celebrate, unbyass'd as thou art,
 The Triumphs of *Sempronia's* other Part,
 Nor let her Stain the Hero's High Desert.

Now the *Imperial Eagle* hung her Head,
 Drooping she Mourn'd her wonted *Thunder* fled,
 Now was she fitted for a foreign Yoke,
 Her Sceptre nodded, her Dominion shook.
 Such was the tottering State of Ancient *Rome*,
 When Conqu'ring *Hannibal* pronounc'd her Doom,
 When yet the fatal *Capua* was unknown,
 That blasted all the Laurels *Cannæ* won.
 Where shall she Succour seek? Or whither fly?
 Shall she for ever in Confusion lie?
 Shall the first Kingdom of the *Christian World*
 Be un-reliev'd in endless Ruine hurl'd?
 Not so? her Aid Auspicious *Anna* brings,
Anna the Angel of unhappy Kings.
 She sends *Camillo* with an *English Force*,
 To stem the Ravaging *Invader's* Course.
 France and *Barvaria* now in vain Combine,
 In vain their Fierce unnumber'd Legions joyn,

In vain the Thunderbolts of War oppose:
Eugenio and *Camillo* are their Foes.
 Like *Cæsar*, both for Stratagems Renown'd,
 Like *Alexander*, both with Martial Fury crown'd.

At length the Great Decisive Day drew near,
 On which alone depended all the War.
 At length the Fight began, the Canon roar'd,
 Nor knew the *Empire* yet her Sov'reign Lord.
 But soon *Camillo* with resistless Arms,
 With doubled Rage, the Hostile Troops alarms.
 The Troops, that thought no Valour match'd their own
 Till *English* Courage bore them headlong down.
 Before his Conqu'ring Sword they Vanquish'd fly,
 Or in the Field, or in the *Danube* die.
 The *Danube* reeking ran a Purple Flood,
 Swell'd and distain'd with Deluges of Blood.
 O were I Poet equal to thy Theam!
 The *Future World* should wond'ring read this Stream;
 Where many Thousand Warriors more were slain,
 Or than on *Xanthus* Banks, or the *Pharſalian* Plain:
 Tho' these to all Exploits are far prefer'd,
 One by the *Grecian*, one the *Roman* Bard.
 Hence is the *Empire* to it self restor'd,
 Revolting Nations Recognize the Lord.
Lewis no more shall God-like Titles Claim,
 Nor *Europe* aw'd and Trembling dread his Name.
 Hence a new Scene of Happiness appears,
 A long Successive Train of Golden Years.
 So sav'd *Demetrius* the *Athenian* State,
 Oppress'd by Foes, and sunk with adverse Fate.
 No sooner was the Bloody Battle won,
 But all his Fame with Adoration own;
 But on the mighty Victor they bestow'd,
 The Sacred Stile and Honours of a God.
 But tho' no Altars we profanely raise,
 But tho' a less, we pay a juster Praise,

All but the Blind Idolatry intend,
Which ridicules the Glorious Worth it would com-
(mend.

When with his *Eastern* Spoils, returning home,
Augustus enter'd his applauding *Rome*,
Virgil and *Horace* waited on his Fame,
Glad to record the Muses Patron's Name;
And well could they in everliving Strains,
Describe his Triumphs, and Reward his Pains.
But Modern Heroes, tho' as truly Brave
As those of Old, not equal Poets have.
No *Virgils* now, nor *Horaces* to raise
Trophies proportion'd to their Deathless praise.
An *Addison* perhaps, or *Tate* may write;
Volpone pays them for their *Venal* Wit.
But since my Muse, warm'd with a *Gen'rous* Flame,
Unbrib'd would eternize *Camillo's* Name;
Let him accept such Homage as she brings,
Nor think that wholly uninspir'd she Sings.

But, Goddess, still one Labour more remains,
Still *Nereo* claims thy Tributary Strains;
Tune thy Harmonious Voice to *Nereo's* Praise,
A Subject pregnant with immortal Lays.
'Tis he extends the Heav'nly *Anna's* Reign,
High as the Stars, unbounded as the main.
'Tis he, whose Valour the *Batavian* Wars
Inur'd to Glory, from his greener Years.
'Tis he *Le Hogue's* opposing Ord'nance bore,
Nor fear'd the Lightnings blasts, nor Thunders roar.
'Tis He, with *Scipio* Darling of our Isle,
From vanquish'd *Vigo* forc'd the *Indian* Spoil.
'Tis He the *Streights* Defence so lately storm'd,
A Town by Nature fortify'd and arm'd.
'Tis He, unequal far in force, o'rcame
A Fleet secure of Conquest and of Fame,
A Fleet by vast Expence for Fight prepar'd,
At once the *Spaniards* Terror and their Guard.

For

For what can *English* Bravery withstand,
 When *Nereo* or *Carnillo* do Command?
 It Vindicates the Sea, and Triumphs ore the Land.
 'Tis He Detraction's Baleful Breath has born,
 But with a Noble and Heroick Scorn.
 For let his Foes this just Monition have,
 Envy's the Coward's Homage to the Brave.
 So *Aristides* long with Malice strove,
 Nor could his Virtue win a Faction's Peoples Love.

FINIS.

THE

HIND

AND THE

PANTHER,

TRANSVERS'D

To the Story of the

Country-Mouse and the City-Mouse.

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit. *Hind. Pan.*

Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*,
near the Water-side. 1709.

Price Three Pence.

THE HIND

AND THE

DAUGHTER

TRANSFERRED



Country House and the City House

which Melice mingled with a little Wine. And the

For with Plaster's domine. Our Genu

LONDON

Printed and Sold by J. M. in Blackfriars

near the Water-side 1709

Price Three Pence

THE
PREFACE.

THE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesque'd, and Virgil travestied without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be an exact Poem, tho' 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design Is it not as easie to imagine two Mice bilking Coachmen, and supping at the Devil; as to suppose a Hind entertaining the Panther at a Hermit's Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her Son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable

The P R E F A C E.

and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very Design and Use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries; where they wrote in Signs and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful Stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the vulgar into Understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. And their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or changed, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a Shadow lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to Mankind; they would not say that the Dove who was so proud of her borrow'd Plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the Book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th Chapters, which she stole from him: But this is his new way of telling a Story, and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before the Word was written, said the
Hind,
Our Saviour Preach'd the Faith to all
Mankind.

What

The P R E F A C E.

What relation has the Hind to our Saviour? or what Notion have we of a Panther's Bible? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven-footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the Scene every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the Strain of a Hero, or a Country Wench use the Language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther? To bring 'em in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Though as to the Arguments themselves, those, we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Beasts, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these Matters, she would talk at that Rate.

As to the Absurdity of his Expressions, there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the Terms are sometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledge misunderstood is not at all better Sense than Understanding misunderstood, though 'tis confess'd the Author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

There are other Mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for
Bayes

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Bayes himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any Man could censure the Turks for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee are voluptuous in a Mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the Pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any Man, who had not renounced his Senses, should read Duncomb for Allen: He had been told

Difference
betwixt a
Protestant
and Socini-
an, p. 62.

Pag. 92.

that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, That that magnified Piece of Duncomb's was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez, and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few Mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, and at least what he aimed at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen? do they so much as Rhime?

Pag. 90.

We may have this Comfort under the Severity of his Satyr, to see his Abilities equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother Hind; she Disciplin'd him severely, she commanded him to seem, to Sacrifice his Darling Fame, and to do it effectually he publisht this learned Piece. This is the favourable Construction we would put on his Faults, tho' he takes

THE PREFACE.

care to inform us, that it was done from no ^{Pref.} Imposition, but out of a natural Propensity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mischief. What else could provoke him to Libel the Court, Blaspheme Kings, abuse the whole Scotch Nation, rail ^{Pag. 87.} at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only establish'd Religion? And we must now Congratulate him this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not abused.

Thus far his Arms have with Success been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels look to themselves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second Almanzor, change Sides meerly to keep his hand in ure. This Heroick Temper of his, has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hostility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a Favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Person, or making Religion the Subject of such

The . P R E F A C E .

such a Trifle; so that no Man is here concern'd, but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.

T H E

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER,

Transvers'd to the Story of the COUNTRY
and the CITY-MOUSE.

Bayes, Johnson, Smith.

Johnson. **H**AH! my Old Friend Mr. Bayes,
What lucky Chance has thrown
me upon you? Dear Rogue,
let me embrace thee.

Bayes, Hold, at your Peril, Sir; stand off, and
come not within my Sword's Point: For if you
are not *come over to the Royal Party*, I expect nei- Pref. p. r.
ther fair War, nor fair Quarter from you.

Johnson. How, draw upon your Friend, and as-
sault your Old Acquaintance! O' my Conscience,
my Intentions were Honourable.

Bayes, Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the Deceit of
that Word well enough: Let me have the *Marks* Pref. ib.
of your Conscience before I trust it; for if it be not

B

of

of the same Stamp with mine, Gad I may be knock'd down for all your fair Promises.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villainy hast thou been about, that thou'rt under these Apprehensions? Upon my Honour I'm thy Friend yet thou lookest as sneaking and frighted as a Doe that has been worrying Sheep.

Pref. ib.

Bayes, Ay, Sir, *The Nation is in too high a Ferment for me to expect any Mercy*, or I'gad, to trust any Body.

Smith. But why this to us, my Old Friend, who you know never trouble our Heads with National Concerns, till the third Bottle has taught us as much of Politicks as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah! Gentlemen, leave this Prophaneness I am alter'd since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose Talk now. *Mr. Johnson*, you are a Man of Parts, let me desire you to read *the Guide of Controversy*; and *Mr. Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Considerations on the Council of Trent*, and so Gentlemen your humble Servant. — Good Life be now my Task.

Page 5.

Johns. Nay, Faith, we won't part so: Believe us, we are both your Friends; let us step to the *Rose* for one quarter of an Hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be Men of Honour and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. Well, *Mr. Bayes*, many a merry Bottle have we had in this House, and shall have again, hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, *Mr. Bayes*, have you lost your Pallat? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have so; but *Senses must starv'd*, that the *Soul* may be gratified. Men

Page 21.

your Kidney make the Senses the supream Judge, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the Use and Pleasure of 'em aside.

Smith. What, is not there good Eating and Drinking on both sides? You make the Separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a Fat Rosie-colour'd Fellow, take it from me, he is either a Protestant or a Turk.

Johns. At that rate, Mr. Bayes, one might suspect your Conversion; methinks thou hast as much the Face of an Heretick as ever I saw.

Bayes. Such was I, such by Nature still I am. Page 5. But I hope e'er long I shall have drawn this pamper'd Paunch fitter for the straight Gate.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confessor gives you more severe Rules than he practices; for not long ago a Fat Friar was thought a true Character.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me: I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings: But since you have put me upon that subject, I'll show you a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's the King's Health to thee—Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to say, the exactest Piece the World ever saw, Non Pareillo I faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your Perswasion.

Johns. Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no Bigots.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the Reformation on its Back, I gad, and justify our Religion any way of Fable.

Johns. An apt Contrivance indeed! What do you make a Fable of your Religion?

Bayes. Ay, I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no Man's Steps; and to show you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* Design, but I'gad, have so out-done him, you shall be asham'd for your *Old Friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse*; what a plain limple thing it is, it has no more Life and Spilit in it, I'gad, than a *Hobby-horse*; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like *meer Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the World so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *beighen*, and *elevate a Fable*. I'll bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the Depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils* and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an *Ass* of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked History, I have more *Copiousness* than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *Beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I lanch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you all this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? Is it not great and Heroical? But come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad. I defie all *Criticks*. Thus it begins:

Pag. 1.

*A Milk-white Mouse immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;
Without, unspotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Gin.*

Johns.

Johns. Methinks, *Mr. Bayes*, soft Cheese is a little too coarse Diet for an *immortal Mouse*; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for some *Cælestial Provision*.

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Yet had She oft been scar'd by bloody Claws

Pag. 1.

Or winged Owls, and stern *Grimalkins* Paws

Aim'd at her destin'd Head, which made her fly,

Pag. 2.

Tho' She was doom'd to Death, and fated not to dye.

Smith. How came She that fear'd no Danger in the Line before, to be scar'd in this, *Mr. Bayes*?

Bayes. Why then you may have it chas'd if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being afraid, mayn't he?

Johns. But pray give me leave; how was She doom'd to Death, if She was fated not to die; are not Doom and Fate much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay, Gentlemen, if you question my Skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the Word, know best what I meant by it: I assure you, *doom'd* and *fated*, are quite different things.

Smith. Faith, *Mr. Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to be hang'd, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but small Comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your Head with that, *Mr. Smith*, mind the Business in hand.

Pag. 3.

Not so her young; their Linsy-woolsey Line,
Was Hero's make, half humane, half Divine.

Smith. Certainly these *Hero's*, half Humane, half Divine, have very little of the *Mouse* their Mother.

Bayes. Gadfokers! *Mr. Johnson*, does your friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouse* by all this?

this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*, and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signifie *Priests*, *Martyrs* and *Confessors*, that were hang'd in Oats's Plot. There's an excellent *Latin* Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in. *Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesie*, and I think I have not wrong'd it in the Translation.

Pag. 2.

*Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Whose sanguine Seed encreas'd the sacred Brood;
She multiply'd by these, now rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.*

Pag. 3.

Smith. Was She alone when the sacred Brood was encreas'd?

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the Mouse again; but I hope a *Church* may be alone, tho' the *Members* be encreas'd, mayn't it?

Johns. Certainly, Mr. *Bayes*, a *Church* which is a diffusive Body of Men, can much less be said to be alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnson*, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Israel*, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one Word more Mr. *Bayes*? What could the *Mouse* (for I suppose you mean her now) do more than range in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do! Why She reign'd; had a *Diadem*, *Scepter* and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so encreas'd, She may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. T'gad, and so She may before I have done with Her; it has cost me some pains to clear Her Title. Well, but Mum for that, Mr. *Smith*.

Pag. 3.

The Common Hunt, She timorously pass'd by,
For they made tame, disdain'd Her Company;

The

They grin'd, She in a Fright tript o'er the Green,
For She was lov'd, where-ever She was seen.

Johns. Well said little Bayes, I saith the Critick
must have a great deal of leisure, that attacks those
Verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant him, whoe'er he is,
offendet solido; but I go on.

The Independent Beast.——

Pag. 3.

Smith. Who is that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why a Bear: Pox, is not that obvious
enough?

—— In Groans Her hate exprest.

Which, I'gad, is very natural to that Animal.
Well! there's for the Independent: Now the Quak-
er; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A Bull, for ought I know.

Bayes. A Bull! O Lord! A Bull! No, no, a
Hare, a quaking Hare. —— Armarillis, because
She wears Armour, 'tis the same Figure; and I am
proud to say it, Mr. Johnson, no Man knows how
to pun in Heroics but my self. Well, you shall
hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking Hare
Her cruel Foe, because She would not swear,
And had profess'd Neutrality.

Pag. 3.

Johns. A shrewd Reason that, Mr. Bayes; but
what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars,
tho' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to
bring in two or three such fine things as these, I
don't tell you the Lyon's Peace was proclaim'd till
fifty Pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I
had finish'd my Poem.

Next Her, the Buffoon Ape his Body bent,
And paid at Church a Courtier's Complement.

Pag. 3.

That

That Gauls somewhere; I'gad I can't leave
off, tho' I were cudgel'd every Day for it.

Pag. 4.

The brist'd Baptist Boar, impure as he.

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the Courtier, let 'em e'en take it
they will, I'gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

Pag. 10.

Was whiten'd with the Foam of Sanctity.

The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough Crest rears,

And pricks up. — Now, in one Word, will
abuse the whole Party most damnably — *and*
pricks up. — I'gad, I am sure you'll laugh —

his predestinating Ears. Prethee, Mr. *John*
remember little *Bayes*, when next you see a *Presby*
terian, and take notice if he has not *Predestinating*
in the Shape of his *Ear*: I have studied Men
long. I'll undertake to know an *Arminian*, by
the setting of his Wig.

His predestinating Ears. I'gad, there's ne'er
Presbyterian shall dare to show his Head without
Border: I'll put 'em to that Expence.

Smith. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, if any of 'em should
come over to the *Royal Party*, would their *Ear*
alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would show
their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have just such well
turn'd *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true
Roman Ear, mine are much chang'd for the better
within this two Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chance
fail, you might lose 'em, for *what may change, may*
fall.

Bayes. Mind, mind —

Pag. 11.

These fery Zuinglius, meagre Calvin bred.

Smith. Those, I suppose, are some Out-Lan-
ish Beasts, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Beasts; a good Mistake! Why they were
the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in so bad
Company because they were Enemies to my *Mou*

and anon when I am warm'd, I'gad you shall hear
me call 'em *Doctors, Captains, Horses and Horse-* Pag. 39.
men in the very same Breath. You shall hear how
I go on now.

Or else reforming *Corab* spawn'd *this Class*,
When opening Earth made way for all to pass. Pag. 11.

Johns. For all, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Yes, They were all lost there, but some
of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake* :
As a Catholick *Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross*, and
rose again at *Queenhithe*.

The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark. Pag. 11.

Here I put a Quære, Whether there were any *So-*
cinians before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well
satisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that
the World was drown'd for that *Heresy*; which
among Friends made me leave it.

Quickned with Fire below, these Monsters breed Pag. 12.
In Fenny Holland, and in Fruitful Tweed.

Now to write something new and out of the way,
to elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch, you
see, this *Quickning Fire* from the Bottom of *Bogs*
and *Rivers*.

Johns. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Con-
trivance as the *Virtuoso's* making a Burning-Glass
of Ice?

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing? Let
me perish if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was
never new to me; and I thought no Man had re-
concil'd those Elements but my self. Well Gen-
tlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and
as *Homer* has numbred his Ships, so I have rang'd
my Beasts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear*, and
my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the rest of 'em all
C
against

against my poor *Mouse*. Now what do you think I do with all these?

Smith. Faith I don't know; I suppose you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad, I'd as soon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have play'd their Parts sufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, show'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilst you hope to see 'em bated, and are dreaming of Blood and Battels, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at such Expence in setting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad so it had: And then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the first part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then I'gad sink by degrees, till at last I write but little better than other People. And whereas most Authors creep *servilely* after the Old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em; but I'gad, I won't.

Johns. Could go on with 'em, Mr. *Bayes*: there's no Body doubts that; You have a most particular *Genius* that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I must needs say at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*. I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnson*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot*?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the Coffee-House.

Bayes

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out something of that Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you please to accept it, Mr. *Johnson*?

Johns. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Pension to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang 'em, they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Business, and here I'll give you a delicate Description of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf* and that supposes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtic Wood*: Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Persecution*, and I'gad from all these Thoughts I took occasion to rail at the *French King*, and show that he was not of the same Make with other Men, which thus I prove.

The Divine Blacksmith in th' Abyss of Light,

Page 15.

Yawning and lolling with a careless beat,

Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.

But he work'd hard to Hammer out our Souls,

He blew the Bellows, and stir'd up the Coals;

Long time he thought and could not on a sudden

Knead up with unskim'd Milk this Reas'ning Pud- Page 16.

ding:

Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay

Confessing still the softness of its Clay,

And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day.

Till Pride of Empire, Lust, and hot Desire

Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,

And understanding grown, *misunderstood*,
Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and sour'd his curdled
Blood.

Johns. But sure this is a little prophane, Mr. Bayes

Bayes. Not at all: Do's not *Virgil* bring in his
God Vulcan working at the *Anvil*?

Johns. Ay, Sir, but never thought his Hand
the fittest to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine Him an Earthly
dirty *Blacksmith*? 'Gad you make it prophane in
deed. I'll tell you there's as much difference be-
twixt 'em, I'gad, as betwixt my Man and *Milton*.
But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here
comes my t'other Mouse, the City Mouse.

Page 19.

A *spotted Mouse*, the prettiest next the White,
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty quite,

Pag. 23.

With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead spread,
Crozier in Hand, and *Mitre* on her Head.

Pag. 22.

Three *Steeple*s *Argent* on her *Sable Shield*,
Liv'd in the *City*, and disdain'd the *Field*.

Pag 84.

Johns. This is a glorious *Mouse* indeed! but,
you have dress'd her, we don't know whether she
be *Jew*, *Papist* or *Protestant*.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnson*, for
that; you take it right. She is a meer *Babel* of
Religions, and therefore she's a *spotted Mouse* here
and will be a Mule presently. But to go on.

This Princess——

Smith. What *Princess*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Pag. 20.

Bayes. Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell you
an *Old Lyon* made a *Left Hand Marriage* with her
Mother, and begot on her Body *Elizabeth Schism*,
who was married to *Timothy Sacriledg*, and bore
Issue *Graceless Heresy*. Who all give the same
Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*,
I told you before.

This Princess tho' *estrang'd* from what was *best*,
Was *least Deform'd*, because *Reform'd the least*.

Pag. 23.

There's *De* and *Re* as good *I'gad* as ever was.

She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love,
Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Bacchinals above,
And grub'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.

Pag. 22.

There's a Jolly Mouse for you, let me see any Body
else that can shew you such another. Here now
have I one damnable severe reflecting Line, but I
want a Rhime to it, can you help me, Mr.
Johnson.

She——

Humbly content to be despis'd at Home,
Johns. Which is too narrow Infamy for some.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl.

Pag. 63.

Johns. But does not this reflect upon some of
our Friends, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to
ring my self off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a
damn'd Libel on a whole Party, sheer Point and
satyr all through, I'gad: Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs,
and all the Names I could think of, but with an
exceeding deal of Wit; that I must needs say.
Now it happen'd before I could finish this Piece,
the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and those Peo-
ple were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge
now: Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my
friend? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a
salvo for this: But what do I but write a smooth
elicate Preface, wherein I tell them that *the Satyr*
was not intended to them, and this did the Business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against
whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning
at all.

Bayes.

Bayes. Poh! There's the Trick on't. Poor Fools they took it, and were satisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnably, I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface to Dear Joys Fests.*

Bayes. What a Devil, do you think that I'll steal from such an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read a bad, I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox.*

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as sound Precepts, in the *Delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author could I have found so pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Isgrim*? But prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse*.

Pag. 29. *One Evening, when she went away from Court, Levee's and Couchee's past without resort.*

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives Verse so fine a turn as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Mouse* are too great, especially when she walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad, now have you forgot what I told you that she was a *Princess*. But pray mind; here the two Mice meet.

Pag. 16. *She met the Country Mouse, whose fearful Face Beheld from far the common watering Place, Nor durst approach ———*

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this *Mouse* strangely alter'd, since she fear'd no Danger.

Bayes. Godsokers! Why no more she does not yet fear either Man or Beast: But, poor Creature she's afraid of the Water, for she could not swim as you see by this.

Nor durst approach, till with an awful Roar.

Pag. 30.

The Sovereign Lyon had her fear no more.

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you she fear'd no Danger; and I'gad if you will have no Variation of the Character, you must have the same thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to strike you still with something new. Well, but to proceed.

But when she had this sweetest Mouse in view,
Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!
Here now to show you I am Master of all Stiles, I
set my self down from the Majesty of Virgil, to the
sweetness of Ovid.

Pag. 30.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!
What more ealie and familiar! I writ this Line for
the Ladies: The little Rogues will be so fond of
me to find I can yet be so tender. I hate such a
rough unhewen Fellow as Milton, that a Man
must sweat to read Him; I'gad, you may run over
his and be almost asleep.

Th' Immortal Mouse who saw the Viceroy come
So far to see Her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now for the Spotted Mouse,
the Viceroy!

Smith. But pray why d'e call her so?

Bayes. Why! Because it sounds prettily: I'll
call her the Crown-General presently if I've a mind
to it. Well.

Pag. 55.

———did invite her Home

To smoak a Pipe, and o'er a sober Pot
Discourse of Oates and Bedloe, and the Plot.

Pag. 31.

She made a Court'sy, like a Civil Dame,

And, being much a Gentlewoman, came.

Pag. 32.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my first part finish'd, and
I think I have kept my Word with you, and given
you the Majestick turn of Heroick Poesy. The rest
being matter of Dispute, I had not such frequent oc-
casion for the Magnificence of Verse, tho' I'gad they
speak

ſpeak very well. And I have heard *Men*, and conſiderable *Men* too, talk the very ſame things, and great deal worſe.

Johnſ. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have received no ſmall advantage from the ſmoothneſs of your Numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I liſt: though you muſt not think I have been ſo dull as to mind theſe things my ſelf, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-houſe*, that from their Talk one may write a very good *Polemical Diſcourſe*, without ever troubling one's Head with the Books of *Controverſie*. For we can take the ſlighteſt of their Arguments, and claſſe 'em pertly into four Verſes, which ſhall ſtare any *London Divine* in the Face. Indeed your known Reasonings with a long Train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my Stile; but I gad, I can flouriſh better with one of theſe twinkling Arguments, than the beſt of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouſe*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em ſpeak for themſelves, which they will do extremely well, or I'm miſtaken: And pray obſerve, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the Delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouſe, and in the other all the plain Simplicity of a ſober ſerious Matron.

Pag. 32.

Dame, ſaid the Lady of the Spotted Muff,
Methinks your Tiff is ſour, your *Cates* meer ſtuff

There, did not I tell you ſhe'd be nice?

Your Pipe's ſo foul, that I diſdain to ſmoak;
And the Weed worſe than e'er *Tom. I—s* took.

Smith. I did not hear ſhe had a *Spotted Muff* before.

Bayes. Why no more ſhe has not now: but ſhe has a Skin that might make a *Spotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now unknown to the Ancients.

Leav

Leave, leave († *she's earnest you see*) this hoary
Shed and lonely Hills.

† *Poeta
Loquax.*

And eat with me at *Groleau's*, Imoak at *Will's*.
What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-shelf,
When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himself?
Or to the House of cleanly *Renish* go;
Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Channel-
Row*?

Do you mark me now? I would by this repre-
sent the Vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to
be acquainted at all those good Houses, though
perhaps he ne'er was in 'em. But heark! she
goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our selves we'll treat,
Champain our Liquor, and *Ragoufts* our Meat.
Then hand in hand we'll go to Court, dear Cuz,
To visit *Bishop Martin*, and *King Buz*.
With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the Park,
Finish at *Locket's*, and reel home i'th' Dark.
Break clattering Windows, and demolish Doors
Of *English Manufactures*—*Pimps*, and *Whores*. Pag. 63.

Johns. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd
sort of a *Manufacture*, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I call 'em so, to give the *Parliament* a
hint not to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to
the decay of Trade at home.

With these Allurements Spotted did invite
From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Profelyte*.
Ob! with what ease we follow such a Guide,
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratifi'd.

Now would not you think she's going? But I gad,
you're mistaken; you shall hear a long Argument
about Infallibility, before she stirs yet.

D

But

- Page 69. But here the *White*, by *Observation* wise,
 Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying Eyes.
 With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
 Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.
 Left therefore we should stray, and not go right,
 Through the *brown* *horror* of the Starless Night,
- Pag. 37. Hast thou *Infallibility*, *that* *Wight* ?
 Sternly the *Savage* grin'd, and thus reply'd :
 That *Mice* may err, was never yet deny'd.
 That I deny, said the Immortal Dame,
- Pag. 37. There is a Guide——Gad, I've forgot his Name,
 Who lives in *Heaven* or *Rome*, the Lord knows
 where,
- Spotted
 Mouse Lo-
 quitur. Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.
 But heark you, Sister, this is but a Whim ;
 For still we want a *Guide* to find out Him.

Here you see I don't trouble my self to keep on
 the Narration, but write *white* *Speaks* or *dapple*
Speaks by the side. But when I get any noble
 Thought which I envy a *Mouse* should say, I clap
 Page 69. it down in my own Person with a *Porta Loquitur*
 which, take notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing
 in my Writings, than a Hand in the Magent any
 where else. Well, now says *White*,

What need we find Him, we have certain proof
 That he is somewhere, *Dame*, and that's enough :
 For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,
 Although we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I gad : Well said *White*. You see
 her Adversary has nothing to say for her self, and
 therefore to confirm the Victory, she shall make a
Simile.

Smith. Why then I find Similes are as good after
 Victory, as after a Surprise.

Bayes. Every Jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two ways, either about *Emission* or Pag. 37. *Reception* of Light, or else about *Epsom-waters*, but I think the last is most familiar; therefore speak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the School,
If *Waters* pass by *Urine* or by *Stool*.
Shall we who are *Philosophers*, thence gather
From this Dissention that they work by neither.

And I'gad, she's in the right on't; but mind
now, she comes upon her swop!

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I'gad, if they had been never so good,
this next Line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, that *Guide* Pag. 54.
am I.

There's a Surprize for you now! How sneak-
ingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to
make her ask for a *Guide* first, and then tell her
she was one? Who could have thought that this
little *Mouse* had the *Pope* and a whole *General*
Council in her Belly? Now *Dapple* had nothing to
say to this; and therefore you'll see she grows
peevish.

Come leave your Cracking Tricks, and as they
say,

Use not, that Barber that trims time, delay

Which I'gad is new, and my own.

've Eyes as well as you to find the way.

Then on they jogg'd, and since an Hour of Talk

Might cut a Banter on the tedious Walk;

Pag. 101.

As I remember, said the sober Mouse,
 I've heard much talk of the *Wiss Coffee House*.
 Thither, says *Brindle*, thou shalt go, and see
Priests sipping Coffee, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea*;
 Here rugged Freeze, there Quality well drest,
 These baffling the *Grand-Seignieur*; those the
Test.

And hear shrew'd Gueffes made, and Reasons given,
 Pag. 111. That humane Laws were never made in Heaven.
 But above all, what shall oblige thy Sight,
 And fill thy Eye-Bills with a vast Delight;
 Is the *Poetic Judge* of Sacred Wit,
 Who do's i' th' *Darkness* of his Glory sit.

Pag. 28. *And as the Moon who first receives the Light,*
With which she makes these neither R gions bright;
So does he shine, reflecting from afar,
The Rays he borrow'd from a better Star:
 For Rules which from *Corneille* and *Raspin* flow,
 Admir'd by all the scribbling Herd below.
 From *French Tradition* while he does dispence,
 Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism, a damn'd Offence,
 To question his, or trust your private Sense.

Hah! Is not that right, Mr. *Johnson*? Gad for-
 give me he is fast asleep! Oh the damn'd Stupidity
 of this Age! asleep! Well, Sir, Since you'r so
 drousy, your humble Servant.

Johns Nay, Pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you
 all the while. *The White Mouse*.

Bayes. The White Mouse! ay, ay, I thought
 how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your
 Servant.

Johns. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy Par-
 don, I was up late last Night, Pristhee lend me a
 little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes.

Bayes. Go on! Pox, I don't know where I was,
well I'll begin. Here, mind, now they are both
come to Town.

But now at *Peccadille* they arrive,
And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple Bar* they drive;
But at *St. Clement's Church*, eat out the Back;
And slipping through the *Palsgrave*, bilkt poor
Hack.

There's the *Utile* which ought to be in all Poe-
try, Many a *Young Templer* will save his Shilling
by this Stratagem of my Mice.

Smith Why, will any *Young Templer* eat out
the Back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty
natural for a Mouse.

Thence to the *Devil*, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Of *Clergy kind*, or Counsellor *Chough* was there; Pag. 133.

Or *Mr. Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown,
By his high Crop, and corny Gizzard known, Pag. 126.

Or *Sister Partlet*, with the Hooded Head; Pag. 130.

No, Sir. She's boot'd hence, said *Will*, and fled.

Why so? Because she would not pray a-Bed.

Johns. aside. 'Sdeath! Who can keep awake at
such Stuff? Pray, *Mr. Bayes*, lend me your Box
again.

Bayes. *Mr. Johnson*, How d'e like that Box?
Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a Per-
son of Honour for looking over a Paper of Verses;
and indeed I put in all the Lines that were worth
any thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where
were we? Oh! Here they are, just going up
stairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my White
takes occasion to talk very well of *Tradition*.

Thus

Pag. 45.

Thus to the Place where *Johnson* sat we climb;
 Leaning on the same Rail that guided him;
 And whilst we thus on equal Helps rely,
 Our Wit must be as true, our Thoughts as high.
 For as an *Author* happily compares
 Tradition to a well-fixt pair of Stairs,
 So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
 By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
 Thus every step I take my Spirits soar,
 And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and more.

There's Humour! Is not that the liveliest Image
 in the World of a Mouse's going up a pair of Stairs
 More a *Wit*, and more and more?

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily
 I must be rude, I have a particular Engagement
 at this time, and I see you are not near an end
 yet.

Bayes. Godfokers! Sure you won't serve me so
 All my finest Descriptions and best Discourse is yet
 to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an Extraor-
 dinary concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you shall take a little more
 and here I'll pass over two dainry Episodes of *Swallows*,
Swifts, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johnson. I know not why they should come in
 except to make yours the longest *Fable* that ever
 was told.

Bayes. Why, the Excellence of a *Fable* is in the
 Length of it. *Aesop* indeed, like a Slave as he
 was, made little, short, simple Stories, with a dry
 Moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any
 Noble Design. But here I give you *Fable* upon
Fable; and after you are satisfied with Beasts in
 the first Course, serve you up a delicate Dish of
 Fowl for the second; now I was at all this pains to

abuse one particular Person ; for I'gad I'll tell you what a Trick he serv'd me. I was once translating a very good *French Author*, but being something long about it, as you know a Man is not always in the Humour ; What does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Answer to my Friend before I had half finished the Translation : So there was three whole Months lost upon his Account. But, I think, I have my Revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the World know, that he is a *tall, broad back'd, lusty Fellow*, of a *Brown Complexion, fair Behaviour*, a *Fluent Tongue*, and *taking* amongst the *Women* ; and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself ? But besides, I have nickt his Character in a Name as will make you split. I call him — I'gad I won't tell you unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why, that he was much a *Scholar*, and more a *Wit* —

Bayes. Right ; and his Name is *Buzzard*, Ha ! ha !

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine ; for his true Name begins with a *B*, which makes me slyly contrive him, to begin with the same Letter : There's a pretty Device, Mr. *Johnson* ; I learn'd it, I must needs confess, from that ingenious Sport, I love my Love with an *A*, because she's *Amiable* ; and you could but get a Knot of merry Fellows together, you should see how *little Bayes* would top all at it, I'gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I must leave you, I am half an hour past my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night, and Bird's-Nest ; and here's three hundred more,

Translated

Translated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which the *Spotted Mouse* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czars* of *Muscovy*, and the *Emperour*, which is a piece of News. *White* does not believe, and this is her Answer. I am resolved you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne'er had any *Bibles* at all.

E'er that *Gazette* was printed, said the *White*,
 Our *Robin* told another Story quite;
 This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd,
 My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
 By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
 And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no.
 Words I confess *bound by, and trip so light*,
 We have not time to take a steady sight;
 Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when writ,
 To long Examination they submit.

Pag. 1.

Hard things——Mr. *Smith*., if these two Lines don't recompence your stay, ne'er trust *John Bay* again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear and full,
 Pag. 15. God mends on second thoughts; but Man grows dull.

I'gad, I judge all Men by my self, 'tis so with me, I never strove to be very exact in any thing but I spoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true is it not a little too severe?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these general Reflections are daring, and favour most of a Noble Genius, that spares neither Friend nor Foe.

Job

Johns. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that *daring* of your *Noble Genius*?

Bayes. Afraid! Why, *Lord*, you make so much of a Beating, I'gad, 'tis no more to me than a Flea biting. No, no, if I can but be witty upon 'em, let 'em 'en lay on, I'faith, I'll ne'er baulk my Fancy to save my Carkass. Well, but we must dispatch, *Mr. Smith*.

Thus did they merrily carouse all day,
And like the gaudy Fly their Wings display;
And sip the Sweets, and bask in great Apollo's ray. }

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment; and *Mr. Smith*, if your Affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the best *Bill of Fare* that ever was serv'd up in *Heroicks*: But here follows a Dispute shall recommend it self, I'll say nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you must know was a *Protestant*, all this while trusts to her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does so run her down, that she has not one word to say for her self, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

Sirrah, says *Brindle*, Thou hast brought us Wine,
Sour to my Taste, and to my Eyes unfine.
Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it, ah! says *White*,
What is approv'd by them must needs be right.
'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House
Commend it, I submit, a private Mouse.

Page 38.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum* and Deference,
which our Mouse pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholic* Consent oppose
My erring Judgment, and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick't her, that's up
to thee Hilt, I'gad, and you shall see Dapple
resents it.

Why, what a Devil shan't I trust my Eyes?
Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascal* lyes?
And palms upon us *Catholic* Consent,
To give *sophisticated Brewings* vent.

Page 5.

Says *White*, What ancient Evidence can sway,
If you must Argue thus and not obey? [vey'd
Drawers must be trusted, through whose hands con-
You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the *Trade*.
For sure those *Honest Fellows* have no knack
Of putting off *stum'd Claret* for *Pontack*.
How long, alas! would the poor *Vintner* last,
If all that drink must judge, and every *Guest*
Be allowed to have an understanding *Tast*?
Thus she: Nor could the *Panther* well enlarge,
With weak defence against so strong a Charge.

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's spotted,
which is such a Blot to the *Reformation*, as I war-
rant 'em they will never claw off, I'gad.

But with a *weary Yawn* that shew'd her *Pride*,
Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she *lyed*.
White saw her *canker'd Malice* at that Word,
And said her *Prayers*, and drew her *Delphic Sword*.
T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage* restrain'd:
And thus her *passive Character* maintain'd.
But now alas! ———

Mr. *Johnson*, Pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*
I'll ask you to stay no longer, for this that follow

is so engaging; hear me but two Lines, I'gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
What sad Mischance these pretty things befall
These Birds of Beasts. ———

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*: 'tis
the greatest Affront that you can put upon any
Bird, to call it, *Beast of a Bird*: and a *Beast* is so
fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you can't imagine. Pag. 129.

These *Birds of Beasts*, these learned Reas'ning Mice,
Were separated, banish'd in a trice.
Who would be learned for their sakes, who wise?

Ay, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I'gad, Gen-
tlemen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I
can assure you: But here's the sad thing I was
afraid of.

The *Constable* alarm'd by this Noise,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the Voice,
And speaking to the *Watch*, with *Head aside*, Pag. 135.
Said, *Desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd*.
These *Gentlemen*, for so their Fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once *the But and Peace*. Pag. 115.
When each have separate *Interests of their own*, Pag. 144.
Two Mice are one too many for a Town.

By *Schism* they are torn; and therefore, Brother,
Look you to one, and I'll secure the t'other.

Now whither *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
Or in the *Stocks* all Night her *Fingers blow*,
Or in the *Compter* lay, concerns not us to know. } Pag. 98;
But the *immortal Matron*, *spotless White*,
Forgetting *Dapple's Rudeness*, *Malice*, *Spight*, }
Look'd kindly back, and wept, and said, *Good Night*. }

Pag. 145. *Ten thousand Watchmen waited* on this Mouse,
With Bills, and Halberde, to her Country-House.

This last Contrivance I had from a judicious Author, that makes *Ten thousand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*, and she asleep too, I gad.—

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to pay.

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in such haste? You han't told me how you like it.

Johns. Oh, extreemly well. Here, Drawer.

5 JA 59

F I N I S.

THE

EAGLE and the ROBIN. 15

AN

APOLOGUE.

translated from the Original of *Æsop*,
written Two Thousand Years since,
and now rendred in familiar Verse.

By *H. G. L. Mag.*

With an OLD CAT'S

PROPHECY.

taken out of an Old Copy of Verses, suppos'd to be
writ by *John Lidgate*, a Monk of *Bury*.

L O N D O N.

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars* near
the *Water-side*. 1709.



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THE

PREFACE.

GOOD Precepts and true Gold are more valuable for their Antiquity. And here I present my good Reader with One, delivered by the first Founder of Mythology, Æsop himself. Maximus Planudes takes Notice of it, as a very excellent Part of his Production; and Phœrus, Cameratius, and others, seem to agree, that his Eagle, and five others not yet translated, are equal to any of his that are handed down to us. Tho' Mr. Ogleby and Sir Roger L'Estrange had the unhappiness to be unacquainted with them, yet I had the good Fortune to discover them by the removal of my old Library, which has made me acknowledge for the Trouble of getting to where I now reach. They were Written, or Dictated at least, by Æsop, in the fifty fourth Olympiad: And tho' I designed them chiefly for the use of my School, (this being translated by a Youth design'd for a Greek Professor,) yet no Man is so Wise as not to need Instruction, ay, and by the way of Fable too; since the Holy Scriptures themselves, the best Instructors, teach us by way of Parable, Symbol, Image and Figure; and David was more moved with Nathan's — Thou art the Man. than all the most rigid

Lectures in the World would have done. Whoever will be at the Trouble of comparing this Verse with the Original, let them begin at the tenth Line and they will find it Metaphrastically done, Verbu verbo, as the best way of Justice to the Author.

Those that are meer Adorers of $\Psi\lambda\lambda\omicron\iota$ $\lambda\omicron\gamma\omicron\iota$ will not be angry that it is in this sort of Metre, for which I gave leave, the Lad having a turn to the sort of Measure, which is Pleasant and Agreeable tho' not Lofty. For my own part, I concur with Master Aristotle, that $\rho\upsilon\theta\mu\delta$ $\kappa\alpha\iota$ $\acute{\alpha}\rho\mu\omicron\nu\iota\alpha$, are very far from being unnecessary or unpleasant.

May this be of use to thee, and it will please

Thine in all good Wishes,

Horat. Gram

T H E

EAGLE and the ROBIN.

A

F A B L E.

A Lady liv'd in former Days,
That well deserv'd the utmost Praise;
For Greatness, Birth, and Justice fam'd,
And every Virtue cou'd be nam'd.

Which made her course of Life so even,
That she's a Saint (if dead) in Heaven.

This Lady had a little Seat
Not like a Palace, 'twas so neat,
From ought (but Goodness) her Retreat.

One Morning in her giving way,
It was her Custom ev'ry Day,

To cheer the Poor, the Sick and Cold,
Or with Apparell, Food, or Gold,

There came a gazing Stranger by,
In whom she quickly cast an Eye.

The Man admiring, made a stand;
He had a Bird upon his Hand:

What's that, says she, that hangs its Head,
Sinking and faint? 'Tis almost dead.

Adam, a *Red-Breast* that I found,

In this Wet Season almost drown'd.

Oh! bring him in, and keep him warm;
Robins do never any harm.

A 3

They

They soon obey'd, and chopt him Meat;
 Gave him whatever he wou'd Eat;
 The Lady Care her self did take,
 And made a Nest for *Robin's* sake:
 But he perkt up into her Chair,
 In which he plenteously did fare,
 Assuming quite another Air. }

The Neighbours thought, when this they spy'd,
 The World well mended on his side.

With well-tun'd Throat he whistl'd long,
 And every body lik'd his Song;
 At last, said they, this little Thing
 Will kill it self, so long to sing.
 Well, Closet him among the rest
 Of those my Lady loves the best;
 They little thought, that saw him come,
 That *Robins* were so quarrellsome:
 The Door they open'd, in he pops,
 And to the highest Perch he hops;
 The party-colour'd Birds he chose,
 The *Gold-Finches*, and such as those;
 With them he'd Peck, and Bill, and Feed,
 And very well (at times) agreed:
Canary Birds were his Delight,
 With them he'd Test a Test all Night;
 But the brown *Linnet's* went to pot,
 He kill'd 'em all upon the spot.

The Servants were employ'd each Day,
 Instead of Work, to part some Fray,
 And wisht the aukard Fellow curst
 That brought him to my Lady first.
 At last they all resolv'd upon't,
 Some way to tell my Lady on't.

Mean while he'd had a noble Swing,
 And rul'd just like the *Gallie* King;
 Having kill'd or wounded all,
 Unless the *Eagle* in the Hall;

With whom he durst but only Jar;

He being the very Soul of War:

But hated him for his Desert,

And bore him Malice at his Heart.

This *Eagle* was my Lady's Pride,

The Guardian Safety of her Side:

He often brought home Foreign Prey;

Which humbly at her Feet he lay.

For Colour, Pinions and Stature,

The fairest Workmanship of Nature.

Twou'd do one good to see him move;

So full of Grandeur, Grace and Love:

He was indeed a Bird for *Jove*.

He soar'd aloft in *Brucum's* Field,

And thousand *Kites* and *Vultures* kill'd;

Which made him Dear to all that flew,

(Unless to *Robin* and his Crew)

One Day poor *Bob*, puff'd up with Pride,

Thinking the Combat to abide,

A Goose-quill on for Weapon ty'd,

Knowing by Use, that, now and then,

A Sword less Hurt do's than a Pen.

As for Example — What at home

You've well contriv'd, to do at *Rome*,

A Pen blows up — before you come.

You are suppos'd to undermine

The Foe, — in some immense Design.

A Pen can bite you with a Line;

There's forty ways to give a Sign.

Well, — all on Fire away he stalk'd,

Till come to — where the *Eagle* walk'd.

Bob did not shill I shall I go,

Nor said one word of Friend or Foe;

But flirting at him made a Blow,

As Game-Cocks with their Gauntlets do.

At which the *Eagle* gracefully

Cast a disdaining, sparkling Eye;

As who should say, — What's this, a Flie?

But no Revenge at all did take;
 He spar'd him for their Lady's sake;
 Who ponder'd these things in her Mind,
 And took the Conduct of the *Eagle* kind.
 Upon Reflection now—to shew
 What harm the least of things may do,
 Mad *Robin*, with his curst Flirt,
 One of the *Eagle's* * Eyes had hurt;
 Inflam'd it, made it red and sore:
 But the Affront inflam'd it more.
 Oh! how the Family did tear,
 To fire the House could scarce forbear:
 With Scorn (not Pain) the *Eagle* fir'd,
 Murmur'd Disdain, and so retir'd.

Robin, to offer some Relief,
 In words like these would heal their Grief.
 Shou'd th' *Eagle* die,—which Heav'n forbid,
 We ought some other to provide.
 I do not say that any now
 Are fit, but in a Year or Two.
 And shou'd this mighty Warrior fall,
 They shou'd not want a General.

As Men have long observ'd, that one
 Misfortune seldom comes alone;
 Just in the Moment this was done,
 Ten Thousand Foes in fight were come.
Vultures, and *Kites*, and Birds of Prey,
 In Flocks so thick—they darken'd Day.
 A long-concerted Force and strong,
 Vermin of all kinds made the Throng;
 Foxes, were in the Faction join'd,
 Who waited their Approach to ground.

By every Hand, from common Fame,
 The frightful Face of Danger came.
 One cries, What help now—who can tell?
 I'm glad the *Eagle's* here, and well:

* *ὀφθαλμὸς* amongst the Greeks, signifies Honour as tender
 the Eye.

Another, out of Breath with fear,
 Says, Thousands more near Sea appear;
 They'll swop our Chickens from the Door,
 We never were so set before:
 We are glad the *Eagle* will forget,
 And the Invaders kill or beat.

Reserv'd and Great, his Noble Mind
 Above all petty things inclin'd;
 Abhor'd the Thoughts of any thing,
 But what his Lady's Peace cou'd bring.

Who Blest him first, and bad him do,
 As he was wont, and beat the Foe.

Burning and restless as the Sun,
 Until this willing Work was done;
 He whets his Talons, stretcht his Wings,
 His Lightning, Darts, and Terror flings:
 Tow'rs with a flight into the Sky,
 These Million Monsters to descry,
 Prepar'd to Conquer, or to Dye.

}

The Party, that so far was come,
 Thought not the *Eagle* was at home:
 To Fame and Danger used in Field,
 They knew he'd quickly make 'em yield:
 But on Assurance he was near,
 Incumber'd, Faint, and Dead with fear;
 They made with Hurry towards the Lakes;
 And he his Pinions o'er 'em shakes;
 They had not (with such Horrour fill'd)
 The Courage to let one be kill'd:
 They fled, and left no Foe behind,
 Unless it were the fleeting Wind:
 Only—a Man by Water took
 Two fine young *Merlins*, and a *Rook*.

The Family had now Repose:
 But with the Sun the *Eagle* rose;
 Th' Imperial Bird pursu'd the Foe,
 More Toil than Rest inur'd to know.

He wing'd his Way to *Latian* Land,
Where first was hatch'd this murd'ring Band ;
He darted Death where-e'er he came,
Some of 'em dying at his Name.

Their mighty Foe—a fatal Pledge,
Their Bowels tore thro' ev'ry Hedge:
They Flutter, Shriek, and Caw, and Hiss;
Their Strength decays, and Fears increase: }
But most the *Chevaliers*, the *Geese*.

So many slaughter'd Fowl there was,
Their Carkasses blockt up the Ways;
The rest he drove, half spent, Pell-mell,
Quite to the Walls of *Pontifell*.

Robin at home, tho' mad to hear
He should so Conquer every where,
Expostulated thus with Fear. }

Ungrateful I, that so have stir'd
Against this Generous, Noble Bird, }
Wast thou not first by him prefer'd?

Let's leave him in his Gall to burn,
And back to *Pontifell* return.

There some to Chimney-Tops aspire,
To Turrets some that cou'd fly higher ;
Some 'bove a Hundred Miles were gone,
To Roost them at *Byzantium*.

Alas! in vain was their Pretence,
He broke thro' all their strong Defence:
Down went their Fences, Wires and all;
Perches and Birds together fall.

None hop'd his Power to withstand,
But gave the Nest to his Command ;
They told him of Ten Thousand more,
In Flocks along the *Ganges* Shore:
Safe in their Furrows, free from Trouble,
Like *Partridges* among the Stubble.
He spreads himself, and cuts the Air,
And steady Flight soon brought him there.

Lord, how deceiv'd and vext he was!
 To find they were but meer *Jackdaws*.
 A Hundred Thousand all in fight,
 They all could Chatter, not one Fight.
 I'll deal by them as is their due :
 Shough, cry'd the *Eagle* ; off they flew.
 His flashing Eyes their Hearts confounds,
 Tho' by their flight secure from Wounds ;
 Which was a signal, fatal Baulk,
 To a late swift *Italian Hawk*.

The *Eagle* wou'd no Rest afford,
 Till he had sent my Lady word ;
 Who when she heard the dear Surprise,
 Wonder and Joy stood in her Eyes.

My Faithful *Eagle*, hast thou then
 My Mortal Foes destroy'd again ?
 Return, return, and on me wait ;
 Be thou the Guardian of my Gate ;
 Thee and thy Friends are worth my Care,
 Thy Foes (if any such there are)
 Shall my avenging Anger share.
 So——lest new Hls shou'd intervene,
 She turn'd the *Robin* out again.

The *Samians* now in vast Delight,
 Bless their good Lady Day and Night ;
 Wish that her Life might ne'er be done,
 But Everlasting as the Sun.

The *Eagle* high again did soar,
 The Lady was disturb'd no more,
 But all things flourish'd as before.

Robin

Robin Red Breast, *with the Beasts.*

ONE that had in her Infant State,
 While playing at her Father's Gate,
 Seen, and was most hugely smitten
 With young Dog and dirty Kitten,
 Had took them up and lug'd 'em in,
 And made the Servants wash 'em clean.

When she to a fit Age was grown,
 To be sole Mistress of her own,
 Then to her Favour and strange Trust,
 She rais'd these two; in rank the first
 The Dog: who with gilt Collar grac'd,
 Strutted about. The Cat was plac'd
 O'er all the House to domineer,
 And kept each Wight of her in fear;
 While he o'er all the Plains had pow'r:
 That savage Wolves might not devour
 Her Flocks. She gave him charge great Care
 To take: But Beasts uncertain are.
 Now see by these what Troubles rise
 To those who in their Choice unwise
 Put trust in such; for he soon join'd
 With Beasts of Prey the Dog combin'd,
 Who kill'd the Sheep, and tore the Hind:
 While he would stand, and grin and bark,
 Concealing thus his Dealings dark.
 A Wolf, or so, sometimes he'd take,
 And then, O what a Noise he'd make!
 But with wild Beasts o'er-run yet are
 The Plains: Some die for want of Fare,

Or torn, or kill'd ; the Shepherds find
Each day are lost of ev'ry kind.

Thy silly Sheep lament in vain,
Of their hard Fate, not him complain
The Shepherds, and the Servants all,
Against the Traitor loudly bawl :
But there was none that dar'd to tell
Their Lady what to them besel ;
For Puss, a Fox of wondrous Art,
Brought in to help, and take their part,
By whose Assistance to deceive,
She made her ev'ry Lye believe.

One lucky Day, when she was walking
In her Woods, with Servants talking,
And stop'd to hear how very well
A Red-Breast sung, then him to dwell
With her she call'd : He came, and took
His place next to a Fav'rite Rook.

Where *Robin* soon began to sing
Such Songs as made the House to ring ;
He sung the Loss and Death of Sheep,
In Notes that made the Lady weep :
How for his Charge the Dog unfit,
Took part with Foes, and Shepherds bit ;
Ev'n from his Birth he did him trace,
And shew him Cur of shabby Race ;
The first by wandring Beggars fed,
His Sire advanc'd, turn'd Spit for Bread ;
Himself each trust had still abus'd ;
To steal what he should guard, was us'd
From Puppy : known where-e'er he came,
Both vile and base, and void of Shame.

The Cat he sung that none could match
For venom'd Spite, or cruel Scratch ;

That

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Both vile and base, and void of Shame.

The Cat he sung that none could match
For venom'd Spite, or cruel Scratch ;

That

That from a Witch transform'd she came;
 Who kitten'd three of equal Fame :
 This first, one dead, of Tabby Fur
 The third survives, much Noise of her
 Had been : A Cat well known, with ease
 On Errands dark, o'er Land and Seas,
 She'd Journeys take to Cub of Bear,
 From these intriguing Beasts, who swear
 They'll bring him to defend the Wrong
 That they have done. Again he sung,
 How Tabby once, in Moon-light Night,
 Trotted with Letter Fox did write ;
 In which he sends his best Respects
 To the She-Bear, and thus directs :
 " Madam, said he, your Cub safe send,
 " None shall his Worship soon offend ;
 " It's all I can at present do
 " To serve him, as his Friends well know.

At this the Beasts grew in such Rage,
 That none their Fury could assuage ;
 Nay, Puss her Lady would have scratch'd,
 And tore her Eyes, but she was watch'd ;
 For she'd set up her Back, and mew,
 And thrice ev'n in her Face she flew.
 The Dog, like an ungrateful Spark,
 At her would dare to snarl and bark.
 Her Tenants wondring stood to hear
 That she their Insolence would bear ;
 And offer'd their Assistance to
 Soon make them better manners know :
 But she, to avoid all farther Rout ;
 Her Window opening, turn'd *Bob* out ;
 Hoping that then her Beasts would live
 In Peace, and no Disturbance give.

Yet nothing she can do avails,
 Their Rage against her still prevails ;

Tho'

Tho' Puffs was warn'd to fear their Fate
 In Lines (by old Prophetick Car,
 Writ before her Transformation,
 When she was in the Witch's Station)
 Foretelling thus: "When Beasts are grown
 "To certain heights, before unknown
 "Of Human Race, some shall aloud
 "Inflame and arm a dreadful Croud,
 "Who in vast Numbers shall advance,
 "And to new Tunes shall make them dance;
 "When this begins, no longer hope,
 "For all remains is Ax and Rope.

But not deter'd by this they dar'd,
 With some who of their Plunder shar'd,
 T' affront their Lady, and conspire
 To many with her Money hire,
 Contemning her, to pay undue
 Regards unto this Bestial Crew:
 Tho' these resembled Human Shapes,
 They were indeed no more than Apes;
 Who some in House, and some in Wood,
 And others in high Boxes stood,
 That chatt'ring made such noise and stir,
 How all was due to Fox and Cur:
 Till by their false deluding way,
 She found her Flocks begin to stray.

Still *Robin* does for her his Care
 And Zeal express, on whom yet are
 His thoughts all fix'd. On her he dreams
 Each Night. Her Praises are his Themes
 In Songs all day. Now perch'd on Tree,
 Finding himself secure and free,
 He pertly shakes his little Wings;
 Sets up his Throat: Again he sings,
 That she had left no other way
 To save her Flocks, and end this Fray,

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 Sets up his Throat: Again he sings,
 That she had left no other way
 To save her Flocks, and end this Fray,

But

But soon to her Assistance take
 One who could make these Monsters shake;
 A well-known Huntsman who has Skill
 The fiercest Beasts to tame or kill;
 At her Command he'd come, and he
 Would make her great, and set them free;
 That should these Beasts some evil day
 Bring Cub into her Grounds, she may
 Depend that not her self they'll spare,
 Since to insult her now they dare:
 All she at best can hope for then,
 Is to be safe shut up in Den;
 Since by sure signs all these Ingrate
 Are known to bear her deadly Hate.

He ends his Song, and prays to Heaven,
 That she may have the Wisdom given,
 Before it be too late to take
 Such Resolutions, as may make
 Her safe, and that these Beasts no more
 To ravage in the Plains have pow'r.

5 JA 59

FINIS

A
HYMN
TO
PEACE.

Occasion'd, by the Two Houses
Joining in One *Address* to the
QUEEN.

BY THE
Author of the *True-born English-Man*.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year MDCCIX.



A
H Y M N
T O
P E A C E.

HAIL Image, of th' Eternal Mind,
The only perfect Blessing of Mankind;
Thou Emblem of the Sacred Rest,
And surest Pledge, it shall be once possess'd;
Where e're thou dwellest, 'tis always Calm and Clear,
Bright like thy Glorious self and Fair :

No Clouds thy Heavenly Climates know,
Thou find'st it all Serene, or mak'st it so.
If Nations thou, or Souls hast once possess'd,
From all their Broils and Burthens they're releas'd,
All Human Happiness attends on thee,
In Gaol thou sets the Pris'ner Free,
If thou Unlock'st the Fetters of the Mind,
A spight of Bars and Bolts 'tis unconfin'd.

Tell us, bright Nymph, by what strange Art,
Thou fan'st the heated Souls of Men Oppress'd ;
Cool'st all the Fury of the Heart,
And guid'st the Mind to Light and Rest ?

Tell us, Great Interposing Something, how,
To thy Great Influence, all the Passions bow ;
How thou deny'st the Gust of sweet Revenge,
Can'st all to Calms and Softness change ?

In the least Moment act thy part,
And lock up all the *Lab'rins* of the Heart ?

Fill'd with just Rage, the Furious Sp'rits take Arms,
When Injury and Power to hurt Combine,
What Mind can once resist th' Unhappy Charms,
Where wish'd Revenge, with wish'd Occasion join.

When the Exasperated Passions rage,
And all the Man against himself Engage ;
The mighty Tempests rise within,
And strong Convulsions, act the swelling Spleen.
When Fury leads him to the Fatal Brink,
Thou turn'st him round but once, and mak'st him think
The Ungovern'd Wretch in Arms appears,
Against his Eyes, against his Ears ;
Judges of nothing, Scorns his Sence,
Lampoons his Nature, Bullies Providence ;
Headlong he seeks to give his Fury vent,
Bursting with Rage, and swell'd with Discontent.

Then thy soft showers distill upon the Soul,
And all the Frenzy of the Mind controul ;
Reduce the Wretch, by Rage and Passions blind,
To Exercise the Opticks of his Mind ;
Thy balmy Dews, the raging Storms restrain,
And Cool the Fermentations of his Brain ;
Assisting Reason in her just Defence,
And Hand in Hand, Conduct him to his Sense ;

Disperses all the Vapours that remain,
Brings him to act, and so restores the Man.

Touch'd with thy Scepters Golden point,
The Hypochondraick Poisons lose their Taint;
Th' Infecting Venome of inflam'd desire,
Flows back, and of it self puts out the Fire:
The Soul returns to Rectitude, and shows,
That Heaven within, from whence that Influence flows.
Blest Peace! May every Soul that knows thy Name,
Fan thy just Fires and keep alive the Flame;
Do their due Homage, to thy Blessing pay,
Do banish Storms, and banish Crimes away.

Hail, Virgin Peace, thou Branch of Innocence,
How art thou sunk in early Crimes of Men,
How hard to be restor'd again,
And only art obtain'd in Penitence.

Thou bright *Effluuium*, of the Heavenly Ray,
Great Emanation, from Eternal Day;
The Guilty only from thee run,
Like Storms and Darkness from the Sun;
Darkness and Storms, with Guilty pace,
Flee from the Glorious Lustre of thy Face,
And Hell it self's Enrag'd to know,
Thy Absence helps to make her so.

When Men by Pride, and wild Ambition led,
or wild Ambition, oft distracts the Head;
Contend for Trifles, and make War,
To be less Happy than they are.
When thus against their Native Happiness,
They Fight with *Plenty*, and fall out with *Peace*;
How soon does War, its vile Effects Explain,
And his own Miseries inform the Man;
Damn'd to Repentance, and his Fate
Shows him his Follies, but too late.

With Crowds of consequential Harms Oppress'd,
 He Learns the Sweetness of unvalu'd Rest,
 But Learns it at a price so Dear,
 As makes his Early Follies soon appear :

Both sides well Beaten, call for Peace,
 And find too late their Happiness.
 Their Mutual Mischiefs, Mutual Wits restore,
 And show them both, that both were Fools before,
 Then, Goddess, to thy Courts they sue,
 With Penitence, most likely to be true,
 For none Repent, like those that feel,
 The Smart of doing Ill.

Blest *Peace*! when Heaven, for Crimes of Guilt y Me
 Commands thy Absence, whether do Nations run!
 Kindoms in Tumults, and Confusions Dye,
 And sink in *Undirected Anarchy*.

Societies with Justice cease,
 For what's our Property, without our Peace?
 Contentions all Prosperity invade,
 Like two fixt Stocks, to one *East-India Trade*;
 Both Languish, while they strive and Fight,
 And both Succeed, when they Unite.

Not Heaven it self, could Strife of Parties bear,
 The first Attempt Un-Angel'd *Lucifer*;
 The mighty Seraph from his Glory fell,
 And want of P E A C E made up his Hell.
 That was the Fire and Brimstone of the Place,
 No Thoughts can form a more Distracted Case;
 Not Devils feel worse Punishment,
 Nor Words more Terror represent.
 Nature in no worse Figure can appear,
 'Tis more than Natures self can bear;

Debate no more the Place of Woe,
 'Tis Mystery all, and best it should be so.

I me no more of wild Philosophy,
 Where weak aspiring Nature soars too high;
 Which Handmaid Sense, bewilders and Confounds,
 With Reasons ill adapted Tools:
 Attempts to square th' Extent of Souls,
 Men mark Lands, by Butts and Bounds.

Wou'd the Great *Be*, and *not to Be* Divide,
 And all the Doubts of *Entity* decide;
 The mighty Maze of *Wondrous Nothing* Tread,
 And form the wild Ideas in his Head:
 Wou'd fathom *Chaos*, Life and Sp'rit dissect,
 And all Superiour Light reject.
 Scorn the mean Helps of Speculations,
 And bring down God himself to Demonstrations.
 The two Great Ends of Nature twine,
 And Generation to Corruption join;
 Lift up the Hours beyond *the Death of Time*,
 And make the Humane comprehend Sublime;
 delineate Heaven, the Hills of Glory show,
 And all the Vales of Darkness stretch'd below:
 Describe the Depth of these, of those the Height,
 Give *the Square-Root* of Infinite;
 Unlock the Chain of Cause and Consequence,
 Dismiss Almighty Providence;
 The Bounds of Bright Eternal Day descry,
 And form a Mathematical Eternity.

'Tis all in Vain, too short the Reach of Sense,
 Embrace the high Dimensions of th' Immense:
 No Rules can square, what we call GOD,
 No Geography describe the *Dark* abode.

Bow, mighty Reason, to thy Maker's Name,
 For GOD and PEACE, are just the same;
 Heaven is the Emanation of his Face,
 And *want of Peace*, makes *Hell* in every place.

Tell us, ye Men of Notion, tell us why,
 You seek for Bliss and wild Prosperity,
 In Storms and Tempests, Feuds and War,
 Is Happiness to be expected there?

Tell us what sort of Happiness,
 Can Men in want of Peace possess?

Blest Charm of *Peace*, how sweet are all those Hours
 We spend in thy Society!

Afflictions lose their Acid Powers,
 And turn to Joys when join'd to thee,
 The Darkest Article of Life with Peace,
 Is but the Gates of Happiness;
 Death in its blackest shapes can never fright,
 Thou can'st see Day, beyond his Night;

The Smile of *Peace*, can Calm the Frown of Fate,
 And, spight of Death, can Life Anticipate;

Nay, Hell it self, could it admit of Peace,
 Would change its Nature, and its Name would cease
 The Bright Transforming Blessing would Destroy
 The Life of Death, and Damn the Place to Joy;
 'The *Metamorphosis*, would be so strange, [Chan
 'Twould fright the Devils, and make them blest
 Or else the Brightness would be so intense,
 They'd shun the Light, and fly from thence.

Let Heaven, that Unknown Happiness,
 Be what it will, 'tis best describ'd by Peace.

No Storms without, or Storms within;
 No Fear, no Danger there, because no Sin.

'Tis bright Essential Happiness,
 Because He dwells within, whose Name is PEACE

Who would not Sacrifice for thee,
 All that Men call Felicity!
 Since Happiness, is but an empty Name,
 A Vapour without Heat or Flame;

But what from thy Original derives,
And Dyes with thee by whom it Lives.

When Kingdoms to the Laws of Peace submit,
What mighty Blessings crowd about her Seat !

Under the Ministry of Peace,
How soon will all a Nations Mischiefs cease !
How soon the Mighty Scepter in her Hand,
Scatters the Plagues and Sorrows of a Land !

From her bright Face how soon,
Will all Oppressions, and Injustice run !

The Plots and Parties of a State,
In her bright Book may quickly read their Fate;
Nations and Men, when to their Sense restor'd,
Will set the Scepter up to Rule the Sword.

Even Hypocrites, to thee pay Sacrifice,
Borrow thy Name for their Disguise;
By thee conceal the Seeds of Strife,
And Sanctify the Villanies of Life.

Thou art the great Pretence of War,
When Tyrants in thy Robes appear,
When Kings by Lust of Rule, and Power misled,
Pamper'd by Providence and over fed ;
Fall out for Power to Oppress,
And then pretend 'tis all for P E A C E.

Ambition, that Old Painted Whore of State,
That she may look as Fair as Great ;
Wears thy old Cloaths, and in that Gawdy Dress,
With Ease obtains the Name of Peace.
Cloath'd in thy Robes, how Fair she looks and Bright,
And shines Delusive Beams of borrow'd Light.

Makes gilded Injury appear,
With Charms of Right, and Sanctifies the War ;
As Princes, when they weaker Powers Oppress,
First give them *Poverty*, then call it *Peace*.

War, Devastation, Violence, and Blood,
 As guilty Men would have them understood ;
 All in their turn pretend to *Peace*,
 And cry out Property, when they Oppress ;
 Chast Nymph, how is thy Name Prophan'd,
 When Villains *tack thee* to their wild Designs ;
 Till the Unnatural End's obtain'd,
 And time the mighty Fraud explains !

In strong Alliance, see the World combin'd.
 To Injury and Wrong enclin'd,
 The Embattl'd Squadrons, spread the Field of War,
 The plunder'd Towns in Flames appear ;
 The General Ruin like a Flood,
 Condemns the ravag'd Plains, to Barrenness and Blood :
 The Royal Firebrands o'th' World appear,
 And plead the Conscientious Cause of War,
 Blast Nations with their wild Success,
 And still pretend 'tis all for Peace.

In Ecclesiastick Quarrels 'tis the same,
 Where *Hierarchy's* the thing, and Peace the Name ;
 Th' Enthusiastick Errors mad Men broach,
 All cry the Peace and Union of the Church.
 The mighty Cheat's in strong Delusions drest,
 And Peace becomes the Church's Jest ;
 The Holy Varnish colours the Deceit,
 And *Higb-Church Projects* work beneath the sacred Cheat.
 Thus all the Tyranny of Priests.
 Cover'd with Clouds, and Ecclesiastick Mists,
 In zealous Masks for Conscience sake oppress,
 And damn Mens Souls to purchase Peace.

If Reason prompts an injur'd Land,
 To take their due Defence in hand ;
 If Nations fly to Nature's Laws,
 Howe'er provok'd, or whatsoe'er the Cause :

Wild Power drest up like Justice takes the Sword,
Oppressions the Design, and *Peace* the Word;
The Innocent, as for Rebellion, dye,

The double Mask deceives the Eye:
Nations deluded hunt an empty Name,
Abus'd by Custom, and debauch'd by Fame,
Nature's brought in a Rebel t' her own Laws,
And stoops to wild Pretence instead of Cause.

Yet *Peace* is still the same, the Chaste, the Fair,
Her Native Beauties will appear:

In spite of Clouds and Counterfeits, her Name
Breaks thro' the Cheat, and well secures her Fame;

Where-e'er her Balmy Couch is spread,
Where-e'er she makes her Flow'ry Bed,
Plenty, her Handmaid, brings her Clusters in
The grateful Tribute of the Vine:

Ceres brings loaden Sheaves, and Neptune Fleets,

And Foreign Wealth, with Native meets:

Celestial Odours crown her Spicy Bed,

And Rays of Goodness shine about her Head.

Th' Obsequious Seasons at her Elbow stand,

And Streams of Fulness flow from either Hand.

Th' Enlivening Sun-beams join their chearful Aid,

And wanton Nature sports beneath her Shade.

Blest *Peace*, the highest Treasure Men possess,
How happy are the Nations thou wilt bless!

How doubly Curs'd, if that can be,

And blind to his own Happiness, is he;

That courts eternal Feuds, and loves to Jar;

That sues in native Strife, and feeds on War;

That covets Storms, and seeks to live in Flames,

And shuns the gilded Streams;

The gentle Calms of thy Pacifick Sea,

Where all's Delight and Harmony!

Next

Next her, the very Image of her Face,
 Her Sister *Union* takes her Place ;
 Twin-births of *Wisdom*, he the Son of Time,
 Of Genealogy Sublime :
 God like the Race, and of Inlightned Birth,
 And rarely, *very rarely* found on Earth.

The genial Flame from Heaven impregnate stands
 And all the Kinds of Happiness commands ;
 No Song their Lustre can reherse,
 When hand in hand they gild the Universe :
 They make the meanest Actions shine,
 And *Humane* Wisdom seems *Divine*.

When struggling with the Lusts and Pride of Men,
Peace strives to bless a Land in vain ;
 But, crush'd with Clamour and Ungovern'd Rage,
 She quits th' Embarrass'd Stage :
 When War prevails, *that Frenzy of the Mind*,
 That *General Lunacy* of all Mankind ;
 When thus the *Bloody Scenes* are drawn,
 And all Restraints are gone ;
Reason and *Justice* quit the Stage,
 And Sense it self submits to *Tyrant Rage* ;
 Her Sister *Union* turns the happy Scale,
 'Tis whom she pleases shall prevail ;
 She only can the Strife decide,
 And *byass Victory to the Weakest Side*.

Union is Nature's strong Cement,
 The Life of Power, and Soul of Government :
 Without it, all the World's a Mob ;
 Confusion's Universal Monarch of the Globe ;
 Armies are *Crowds of Lunatics* got loose,
 Whose Power for want of Reason's out of Use ;
 Meer Hoords of *Tartars*, Wild and Rude,
 Dissolv'd in *Mother Multitude*.

Even Government it self must Dye,
 In Wild Uncultivated Anarchy ;
 The Bond dissolves, *what should the Parts retain ?*
 When once the Union of the whole's Destroy'd ;
 The Engine's useless, all the Parts remain,
 Like *Native Chaos*, Vast and Void.

Union's, the mighty Guide of Humane Things,
 The Bond of Nations, and the Power of Kings.
 Crowns *without thee* sit loose, and Tottering show ;
 To what strange Influence they their *Safety* owe :
 The High Precarious gilded Trifles stand,
 Subject to every *Tumult's* Vile Command :
 The dang'rous Precipice of Discord lies,
 The Gulph of Princes, and of Monarchy's ;
 The Ill supported State of Humane Power,
 Destroys it self, and *must it self Devour*.
 Union once broke, the Power Dissolves of Courſe,
 And Laws and Constitutions lose their force.

Chaos Succeeds on either Hand,
 None can Obey, and none Command ;
 The Fate of Government must soon appear,
 Rattle will Govern *here*, or Tyrants *there*.

Bright Charming Sisters, *whither are you Fled ?*

Where is your bright Pavilion spread ?

What *Halcyon* Climates close your blest Abodes ?

'Tis with Men, *you make those Men like Gods !*

There be my Portion, with what-e're Mischance,

No Ills can Countervail the Difference,

No Ills can reach the Mind, that Peace secures,

Unmov'd, he Fortunes *Storms* endures.

And Fortune's *Storms* they shall endure, that Place

In thy bless'd *Smiles* their Happiness :

Peace, while eclips'd with Fear and Doubt,

They that have most within, have least without.

Of all thy blest'd admiring Train,
 'Tis hard that I alone should wish in Vain!
 That I at Distance view thy *Shade*;
 Am Lean with Expectation made!
 When to the World thou mak'st a short return,
 Me only thou hast seem'd to shun!
 Me thou re-visit'st not; but *Storms* of Men,
 Voracious and unsatisfy'd as *Death*,
 Spoil in their *Hands*, and *Poison* in the *Breath*,
 With *Rage* of *Devils* hunt me down,
 And to abate my *Peace*, destroy their own.

Assassins, Men of Fire and Blood,
 And that worst *Murder*, *Slander* and *Reproach*,
 Ages of Time my *Soul* has stood
 The bitter Blasts and *Rage* of such;
 Untainted yet with *Vice*, at War with *Crime*,
 My strong Appeal's to *Truth*, to *Heaven*, and *Time*

Besieg'd, by Men of Cruelty and *Law*,
 Who kill by *Rules*, and call it just,
 Who Right with *Cords* of *Int'rest* draw,
 Till Justice is with *Humane* *Rage* oppress'd:
 That bind the *Hands* from *Industry*,
 Pinion the willing *Wings*, and bid *Men* fly.

These, like the *Hussars* on the *Rhine*,
 Whose *Plund'rings* are *Compassions* all to mine;
Ravage the *Villages*, lay waste the *Land*,
 And still their *Contributions* they *Demand*;
 So first they rifle me the *shortest* *Way*,
 And when they've stript me *Naked*, bid me *Pay*!

In all their *Fury*, *Rage*, and *Heat*,
 My *Morning* *Vows*, even for them I make.
 I neither seek nor wish their *Fate*,
Within my self, I find a safe *Retreat*;
 And *Peace*, no *Power* of *Hell* can shake.

In forty Gaols, this *Halycon Beam* will shine,
The Malice shall be theirs, *the Peace* be mine.

'Tis vain to Conquer me by Fear,
I scorn the baseness of Despair ;
Brought up in Teaching Sorrows——School,
In Peace and Patience, I possess my Soul ;

Am Master of my mind,
And there the Heaven of Satisfaction find.
Let them ten thousand barb'rous Methods try,
When they'll no longer let me live, I'll die ;
Of all their Fury I shall have
An Uncontested Conquest in the Grave.

Till then, blest Angel of Eternal Light,
Soft Peace, be thou the Day's Delight,
Be thou my *solace* in the Night :
'Tis thou alone inspir'st my *Pen*,
And calm'st my *Soul*, and keep'st it smooth within ;
Witness the daily Tribute that I pay,
Witness this very Hymn to thee.

The noise World distracts my Head no more,
Than raging Billows shake the shore ;
The Foam and Froth they leave behind,
Tell us there have been Waves and Wind.
But the eternal Bound remains the same,
Fixt by th' Eternal Voice, and like his Name :
Unmov'd, it all their Watty Rage defies,
And sends them back to quarrel with the Air ;
So I the Rage of Men despise,
Unmov'd by *Desperation*, or by *Fear*.

Firm as the Rocks, in rowling Seas abide,
When Floods of Doubts, and Dangers pass beside :
When Grievs Assault me, or when Comfort flows,
I'm Undepress'd by these, Unrais'd by those ;

Mis-

Mischance can find no Footing to begin,
I'm Calm without, because I'm Clear within.

Enquiring *Poet* search among the dead;
'Tis thither *Peace* and *Union* fled;
However Rivall'd here, they're sure to have,
An uncontroul'd Dominion in the Grave,
There all the *Parties* will unite;
No more for Air and *Shadows* fight,
Enlighten'd by the Change of *Scenes* they see,
Through all our *Politick* Hypocrisie.

All the Religious *Shams* we make,
When we the Nations *Peace*, for trifles break;
Naked and bare Pretences there are seen,
The empty *Shams* of *Weak Wise Men*.

No Mists of State can cloud those *Skies*,
Souls see without the Agency of Eyes:
Mediums and *Hieroglyphick Nature* cease,
And all Men know what all will not possess.
The Vails of thin Mortality withdrawn,
A bright eternal Day begins to Dawn.
A different Face of things appears in View,
And all false glimmering Lights, give way to true:
Actions of Men, howe're conceal'd, must there,
In all their *Native Nudities* appear.

There Hypocrites will freely cease,
To watch for Blood, and cant of *Peace*.

Unhappy *England*! How from thee,
Do crowds of blinded Fools, go there to see;
That Wedded to their Follies, part from hence,
Under the strong Invasions of their Sence.

Hag-rid by party *Prejudice*,
And prompted to depend on Lies;
Are sent to Graves and Darknes for their Eyes:
Cou'd they return from that *Dark shore*,
And talk of what they *Acted* here before,

They'd

They'd be like Men, from *Holland* lately come,
 They that go *High Church* Out, come *Low Church* Home!
 There *Corion's* Picture, will at large be shown,
 Who swears by *forty Gods*, believes in none;
 And all his Cants of Liberty and Church,
 Detected by himself, himself Reproach.

—ly Unmask'd there, in his Native Dress,
 Does what he is appear, not what he does Profess;
 There they the strange *Enigma's* understand,

That harraßs this divided Land.

Must be as Ridiculous as Plain,
 And Mists of Parties interpose in Vain.

What *L* — ly means, when he pretends,
 First to disown the Church that he defends?

And how he'd have that Meaning known,
 When he defends the Church that he'll disown.

Was ever Nation mock'd with Peace like this?
 Peace both our Happiness, and our Disease!

All Men the mighty Benefit pretend,
 And those that mock the Means, will bless the End.

Unhappy *Englishmen*! at last be wise,
 No more your proper Happiness despise;

No more be led by Knaves in Fools Disguise:
 Summon your Reason in to be your Guide,

Or let your Sense the mighty Cause decide.

Can Persecution bring forth Peace?

And Miseries be tack'd to Happiness?

Blaspheme no more the Light of common Sense;

Nor let your Actions clash with Providence;

For Consequence will always Cause obey,

And guide the World, as Light directs the Eye.

Confusions never fail to plague a Land,

Where wild Precipitations go before;

Nature and Providence go Hand in Hand,

And this permits, what that does first procure.

Blest Article of Humane Good,

How wilt thou have thy Name be understood?

Unmask the noisie Clamours of the Age;
 And shew thy dazzling Face upon our Stage.
 How would our Hypocrites avoid thy Face !
 Purple and Scarlet quit the Place !
 How void would be the Pulpit, Bench, and Bar,
 Where all thy Mimicks now appear !
 How would they blush, when thy blest Face they see,
 Withdraw their awkward Pageantry ;
 Pay their just Debt to Guilt in Shame,
 And give due Homage to thy Rev'rend Name !
 In every Province of this Land,
 Heaven stop in Mercy his Revenging Hand !
 What Monsters *thy Commission* bear !
 In thy Defence and Name, what *R--kes* appear !
 That act the Mountebank of State,
 And mock the Name of Magistrate !
 Cover the Bench with Frauds and Vice,
 With boasted Bribes, and Partialities.
 See the Illiterate Wretch enrob'd with Power,
 The poor Man's Property devour ;
 Debauch'd with Pride, and wise by Chance,
 He boasts of Gravity and Ignorance.
 Eternal Violence adorns his Gate,
 The Motto of the Barren Magistrate ;
 Yet when by Law he studies to oppress,
 He's call'd a Justice of the Peace.
Thee Momus, Patron of the half-taught Race,
 To our Surprize, and thy Disgrace ;
 What Rabble hast thou cloath'd with Power and Law
 To keep Inferiour K——s in Awe !
 Exalting Fools to make the Nations Wise,
 And hoodwink Justice with the vile Disguise.
Momus makes Justices, and lifts the Band,
 That should reform the vicious Land ;
 And from the huge *Bordelloes* of the Nation,
 Sets Humane Devils up for Reformation.
 Were all the Rabble of his Magistrates,
 Upon the Stage of Shame do take their Seats ;

Never was such a Cavalcade of Sin,
 So grave without, so black within :
 Never was Peace buffoon'd at such a rate,
 Or Crime so courted by the Magistrate.

See, sleepy *Momus*, see thy chosen Race,
 Hell in the Heart, and Justice in the Face !
 The Country's Scandal, and thy Shame,
 Lewd in their Manners, Vile in Name.

In Aspect Grave, and dissolute in Life,
 Correct the Husband, and debauch the Wife.
 Never was Bench of Justice so supply'd,
 And Peace by her own Sons defy'd !

With Beaus and Boys, with Bullies and Buffoons !
 Just to the *French* reform by their Dragoons.

Momus in strict Confed'racy with Crime,
 Too plain his Project, and too long his Time;
 With sublimated Spleen, and Party-Strife,
 Debauch'd in Politicks, but grave in Life,

The Bench, the Pulpit, and the Bar,
 Supplies with High Church Sons of War :
 The Party, not the Manners, he enquires,
 And thus he kindles High Church Fires.

W——b now no more shall modest Men alarm,
 Debauch'd by Custom, when he thinks no harm;
 Ancient in Vice, and Innocent in Crime,
 And quite worn out with Sin and Time.

Be Hell-born *cb——*, now the Satyr's Mark,
 That swears by Day-light, murders in the dark;
 Supplies his want of Vice by want of Wit,
 And boasts of Crimes he never could commit;

That Balances his old Accounts with Hell
 With *L——s* that no Man but himself can tell;
 Angier, the *Guard*, and thirty Years Debauch,
 Completed him a Champion of the Church;
 Pray for that Town, good People, whose Consent,
 Allow'd his Vices, their's should Represent,
 And strove to send the Wretch to Parliament.

Could stupid *Momus* find no Wretch but this,
 To Bully Justice on a Bench of Peace.
 Our harden'd Sinners are but Fools to him,
 He lives up to the Dignity of Crime,
 Bawdy and Blasphemy supply his Tongue,
 Hurry the vile Distemper'd Wretch along;
 To Villainies of such uncommon size,
 Makes Nature blush, and fills Mens surprize.

And should he thirty Years command the Peace,
 Our Verse secures him this one Happiness;
 The harden'd, self-condemn'd, abandon'd Elf,
 Shall never punish *V*——— *n* like himself.

Such, *Momus*, is thy Chequer-work, and Art,
 So hast thou Spangl'd every part,
 Such Prodigies of Crime possess,
 The high deputed Government of Peace.

Momus himself can never Name,
 Tho' Sleepy *Momus* does not know,
 Whether he can or no,
 In forty Justices, one Man of common Fame.

Some are so scandalous in Lives,
 Their Hist'ry has no Negatives:
 Here from the Bawdy-house, to th' Bench they go,
 And Fine the *W*——s, they first made so.
 There *W*——field Justices, at Sessions meet,
 Sit Drinking o're the Judgment Seat,
 Till Country Squire gets too Drunk to pay,
 Then Bilks the House, and *Quorum* sneaks away.

These *Momus*, are thy blest Reforming Crew,
 For whose Advancement all the Whigs withdrew;
 And you with hard Mouth'd Wretches fill their Place
 That Swear by *Pistol-Light* to Faces,
 That Forge and Bribe, and Perjure all Mankind,
 To carry on the Mischief they design'd.

Yet, *Momus*, all things answer not thy End,
 In *B*——gate's part, the Devil was not thy Friend;
 Satyr, must *B*——gate's Modesty protect,
 Who knew himself too drunk to act;

He blush'd to execute the vast extent
 Of *Power*, that *Momus* never blush'd to grant ;
 'Tis hard his Drink shou'd Sence refine,
 But see the Modesty of Wine ;
 —gate, the first Converting Church Dragoon,
 First mounts his Horse, to pull Dissenters down ;
 See him into the Assembly Ride,
 The Justice tell the *Priest* he Ly'd.
 The Language like the Posture very Wise,
 Just as he acted *Peace*, in Grave Disguise.
 He knows his Name's too scandalous, to bear,
 That Badge of Justice, which he ought to fear ;
 He can't Conform his Vicious Will,
 To exert that Whip, he knows he ought to feel ;
 Some Men have Modesty in Vice,
 And he's a Fool indeed, that's never Wise.
 But we'll no more the Catalogue Survey,
Momus himself, has led the way :
 May the *Black List*, of his infernal Troop,
 Like him to wiser Agents stoop.
 The blushing Nation long has seem'd to wait,
 When Guilt shou'd make him Abdicate ;
 That meaner Men of Justice, may take Place,
 That have it more in Head, and less in Face.
 Nor shall our Verse, examine here the Lists,
 Of his exalted Modern-Priests ;
 How like the rest in Morals and in Sence,
 And how by sadder Consequence :
 Religion Languishes, and Justice Dyes,
 O're run with Vice, and Immoralities ;
 How sacred Oracles decay,
 And Vice pulls down the Church the shortest way.
 Tell us no more of Crown and Church,
 No more our Loyalty Reproach :
 The Men of God pull down your Fabrick more,
 Than all the Sons of Hell, that went before :
 When Laws with Ignorance o're run,
 And Justice Dyes, the State's undone ;

When sacred Vestments, sacred Villains hide,
 And Crime's by Habit sanctify'd.
 Religion prostitute the Text prophan'd,
 Good God, how can we think the *Church* shou'd stand!
 These her Foundations undermine,
 And then to hide the Vile Design;
 The Innocent in Ruder Terms Reproach,
 And cry the Danger of the Church!
 Nor let our Charity be censur'd here,
 Because we Crowds o' Characters forbear.
 The Bead Roll of whose Crimes would show,
 Too black for our Posterity to know;
 And are conceal'd in meer Compassion,
 Not to themselves a one, but all the Nation;
 That Foreign Countries may not see,
 Our Ecclesiastick Nudity;
 And it become a New Proverbial Jest,
To be as Wicked, as an English Priest.

And yet our Lines must to our selves be Just,
 Some Crimes may not be told, but others must;
 When Men cannot their own Disgrace with-hold,
 What cannot be avoided, must be Told:
 Blush, Readers, for a bleeding Nation's Fate,
 When we the Name of *A—e* relate;
 A modest Pen can hardly bear to write,
 The Crimes he never blushes to commit.
 'Tis hard when Men run up to such a Height,
 What Poets would conceal, themselves will write:
 Their Actions such a Vein of Crime contain,
 'Tis their own Satyr, and they're spar'd in vain.
 And should I this one Character forbear,
 The Stones themselves the horrid Facts would speak,
 How he with Hypocritick Pray'r,
 His Peoples Sundays Blessing can prepare,
 And damns them all the Week.

Cover'd with Sacred Robes, he's White and Clean
 But, black with Slander, 's all debauch'd within;

Yet,

Yet, lest the Church's Cause should sink,
 He dares to tread on the Commandments Brink;
 Usurps upon the Keeper of the Fold,
 And swears his Curacy's a good Freehold.

And yet this Wretch with horrid Front pretends,
 To rank himself among the Church's Friends.
 Scandal to all Religions! Were the Church

Once freed from that too just Reproach;
 That she does not such Sons of Crime expel,
 She'd stand in Spight of all the Gates of Hell.

Was ever Nation thus Buffoon'd,
 By her own Teachers she's Lampoon'd.
 Ye Hypocrites! If you can understand,
 Reform your Clergy, and your Church will stand.
 Vice is the Church's Danger and Disease.

'Tis Crime alone destroys her Peace;
 'Tis Crime lets Error in, and Error Strife,
 You'd soon reform her Doctrine in her Life.
 If you would then the Church's Fame restore,

Give her but Peace she asks no more:
 Peace would turn all her Men of Scandal out,
 Tell me the Church that ever stood without!
 'Tis done! Heaven said Amen, the mighty Blow
 Was heard where Discord reigns below.

Th' August Assemblies Hand in Hand proclaim
 Their Homage P E A C E to thy Eternal Fame;
 With Joynt Assent approach the Throne,
 Such Thunder needs must strike the *Hydra* down,
 To think their High Allies had lost the Day,

And must to hated P E A C E give way.
 Hell trembled when the weighty News came down,

It shook the Black Imperial Throne;
 It struck the Fallen Seraph with Surprize,
 He knew the Dying Party ne'er could rise.

When to his Oracle their Crouds repair,
 The best Advice he gives them is, Despair.

He spoke, and all his Party has obey'd,
 Some Trifling Hopes indeed their Fear delay'd;

But when *Britannia's* Sons address'd their Queen;
 Despair, that Mark of Hell, was plainly seen;
 Pale with the Anguish of their Minds,
 Their Envy no Emission finds;
 But dumb with Rage, they view the Hated PEACE
 That fixes *England's* Happiness.
 Pity their weaken'd Rage, and take some Care,
 Watch 'em, Good People all, lest in Despair
 They obey the Dev'l, and hang themselves for Fear
 'Tis done! Bright P E A C E has got the Day
 The Mists of Parties flee away.
 The Dazling Beams of Heavenly Glory shine,
 Immortal P E A C E, the Victory's fairly thine.
 Where are those Sons of *Belial*, bring them down,
 That grudg'd th' Angelick Saint her Crown
 That boldly said she should not Reign,
 Satyr-----produce them, let them all be slain.
 Let all those Sons of God and Men appear,
 Who Levied first this High-Church War.
 Let them the wondrous Declaration read,
 That struck their *Hydra* thro' his Hundredth Head.
 Let them their Pulpit-Ecchoes contradict,
 'Twas there they did just P E A C E reject.
 'Twas there that Noise of Nothing first they broad
 Their Country and their Queen reproach'd;
 Frighted our Children with the uncouth Cry
 Of Danger to the Church and Monarchy.
 'Alarm'd the Nation, rouz'd *Britannia's* Sons,
 Each Hero to the Place of Hazard runs;
 But to their Joy surpriz'd no less,
 They found 'twas all in perfect P E A C E.
 Safety and P E A C E in thriving Posture grow,
 And none saw Danger here, but those that wish'd it so
 Let all those Mountebanks of State
 Receive, for PEACE is to Death to them, their Fate
 Let all the Healing Breezes of thy Air,
 Stagnate their Hopes of Party-War.

Let Men of Strife and Chagrin feel within
The strong Convulsions of Expiring Sin.

The Nation felt it like a Man possess'd,
And strong Exorcisms dislodge the Dreadful Guest.

The Struggles of Departing Feud
Will make perhaps some Ravings in the Blood,
Which vented at the Tongue with Rage and Pain,
May cause long Speeches to be made in vain.

'Tis but the Pangs of their Departing Breath,
Are there no Thunders, Tremblings of the Earth,
Day-Stars, and Comets to preface?

Horror oft stirs when Devils quit the Stage.

All's vanish'd here, the Fiends withdrew,
Their Party-struggles mean and few.
Some small *Vulcano's* belch'd their Stench and Fire,
But 'twas *en passant*, f—t, and so expire.

Like Meteors in the Air that flie,
As soon as they're Inflam'd they die;
Or Guns, where soon as Air has Vent,
Just as the Noise is made, 'tis spent;
So had our Clamours at th' Approach of P E A C E,
Just Life enough to hiss, and then de cease.

They're Dead! The blazing Aspect of thy Face,
Immortal P E A C E, has clear'd the Place.
See daily how their Fugitives come in,
And Crouds of Captives bow before thy Queen;
The Leaders own the fair Defeat,
And all their Bubbl'd Votaries submit;
Pride boils in some, and makes them scorn to yield,
But Shame has bid them quit the Field,
Submit to unexpected Fate,

And own their Party-Fortunes Desperate;
Nor is this all, Misfortune's ne'er alone,
Now they're in Danger to be quite undone,
The Circumstance is very Dark,
They cannot bite and must not bark;
Or if they do, 'tis Frenzy all, and Feud,
And is but laugh't at by the Multitude.

Hard Fate of Madmen, that when they're in Pain,
 No Men regard when they complain.
 Thus Feud and Party-Strife suppress'd and dead,
 Millions of Mischiefs with them fled.

Envy with Teeming Prospects swell'd, and big,
 Does now the Grave of her own Off spring dig.
 Abortive Projects daily come,

The Nauseous Froth of her Miscarrying Womb;
 Like Monsters by their Parents Hands they die,
 And P E A C E does calmly all their Rage defie.

What wild Effort? What strange delirious Dreams?

What undigested half-drawn Schemes?

What Inconsistent unsubsisting Thought

Have they from unperforming Envy brought?

What Brainless unconcocted things proceed,

Th' Effects of Windmills in the Head?

What Engines without Form or Shape

The Great Machine of Government to ape?

What Shifts, what Shams, what artless Terms of State,

That hasten rather than prevent their Fate?

Have all our Men of Speeches try'd

Before their sick'ning Party dy'd?

Was ever Head with Brain and Learning stor'd,
 That did of old such wondrous things afford?

At one half Turn so gravely mad!

So many mean Incongruous Nethings said:

How weak are all Disguises to conceal,

That Folly which its own Defects reveal!

Nonsense infallibly affords

Something that cannot be conceal'd by Words;

And Inconsistence will in Spight of Rule,

If it conceals the K—e, betray the F---l.

Therefore to judge them Termagant and Mad,

Are the *best Natur'd things* that can be said;

For he that can his Native Country curse,

If he is not Distracted, must be worse.

Soft Gentle P E A C E, peculiar to thee,

How mild, how bloodless, is thy Victory!

The Rebels that withstand thy Law,
 Are only bound from Harms, and kept in Awe.
 Their Schemes indeed are baulk'd, their Projects slain,
 Their Persons all in Life remain,
 Are safe in their Subjection to thy Name,
 Only receive their Punishment in Shame.
 Nor does the Gentle Conqu'ror only spare
 Her Rebels, but those Rebels taste her Care;
 Under her Soft and Gentle Shade,
 She keeps them happy that her Realms Invade;
 Prevents them only of that Harm
 They'd do themselves, and with her Gentle Charm
 She lets them all her Subjects Blessings Share,
 And learns them thus the Difference of Peace and War.
 Victorious P E A C E, how happy are those Lands
 Where willing Princes bow to thy Commands!
 No Nations are by far so blest as they
 That seek to stoop to thy Eternal Sway;
 Thy Kingdom Form, and thy Commands obey. }
Britannia, yet a Stranger to thy Fame,
 How does she Glory now she knows thy Name.
 In vain shall War remoter Empires pierce,
 And Men of Terror vex the Universe;
 Thy blest Scepter Governs U S at home,
 Nations will here to pay thee Tribute come;
 The Wealth of all the World will round thee flow,
 And Empires to *Britannia's* Scepter bow.
 Nations with Envy shall our Safety see,
 While *Britain's* Glorious Q U E E N shall rule by thee.

C O N

CONCLUSION.

TO THE

QUEEN

HAil, Queen of PEACE, the Nation's best Defence
 Terror of Crime, and Shade of Innocence;
 The Joy, the Pride, the Pleasure of the Land,
 Which You in Plenty guide, in PEACE command
 Calm as that Heaven whose Circle bounds the Eye,
 And bright from true Celestial Majesty.

You Reign admir'd, the Helm with Glory steer,
 And give us PEACE amidst the Storms of War.

When we the Course of *England's* Fate review,
 We find no Monarch guided right like You;
 Your Majesty by Heaven's securer Hand,
 Has learnt the True *Arcana* of Command.

Your Ancestors by Policy or Power,
 Strove our resign'd Subjection to secure,
 And made th' Obedient Nation tamely bear
 Some Loads for Quietness, and some for Fear.
 The Tottering Throne was Canker like maintain'd
 By feeding on the Vitals of the Land;
 The feeble Carcass of the Government,
 By Tyranny and wild Oppression rent,
 Dy'd of that Hectick Fever, DISCONTENT.

Reviv'd in You, its Resurrection shows,
 What Government to Application owes:
 How Justice calls a Nation from the Dead,
 And how the Body's influenc'd by the Head?

They Rul'd by Politicks and studied Arts,
 But You have found the Passage to our Hearts.
 Despotick Rule can there do Grievance prove,
 For Arbitrary Power's no Crime in Love.
 M A D A M, this Title makes yon absolute,
 Where Love's the Bondage, Subjects ne'er Dispute;
 Prerogatives and Laws are Foreign things,
 The Hearts of Subjects are the Strength of Kings.
 Your Majesty when You Invite to P E A C E,
 Proves that You can, Heaven Grant You due Success;
 Both seek and understand our Happiness.
 'Tis Peace and Union, makes the Nation Thrive,
 Give Laws their Birth, and keeps those Laws alive;
 Union's the Nation's Life, and Peace the Soul;
 Union preserves the Parts, and Peace the whole;
 'Tis Peace and Union that Support the Throne,
 Union the Peoples Part, and Peace the Crown;
 When Bodies Politick seem Sick and Dead,
 Union revives the Members, Peace the Head;
 The Sisters always Hand in Hand proceed,
 Union to fortifie, and Peace to feed.
 No Nation can our Happiness Invade,
 Union our Hearts secures, and Peace our Trade;
 Religion shares the Blessing these procure,
 This will Dissenters, That the Church secure;
 And Christian Graces in Conjunction move,
 Peace, Charity procures; and Union, Love.
 Union is Freedom join'd to Government,
 And Peace is Property in due Extent.
 In every Article the Blessing's seen,
 Union's a Parliament, and Peace the Q U E E N :
 Where Peace and Union once a Land possess,
 The Houses always Join, when they Address.
 From the same Cause, to the same End they move,
 They aim at Safety, and commence in Love;
 The Constituted Parts make up one whole,
 Different in Body, but the same in Soul.
 Union's your Lords and Commons Hand in Hand,
 Maintaining the steady Posture of the Land.
 Peace is the People's Joy, which they express,
 Shouting a loud Amen to that Address.
 Union's your Living Spring, of Means and Ways,
 And Peace an unexhausted Fund of Praise;
 Union with Hands up lift, seeks Aid from Heaven,
 And Peace returns with Thanks, for Aid that's given.

Union's a People, willingly in awe,
 And Peace a Princess, Governing by Law.
 Union's a People, join'd with just Assent,
 To bless their Maker for the Government;
 Peace is a Prince, that Joys in that Success,
 Of which his People all the Fruits possess.
 Thus Princes, when they Invite a Land to Peace,
 Both seek and understand their Happiness.

M A D A M, when You our Party Peace propose,
 You Strab the Mighty Projects of your Foes;
 Your Healing Words, as from your Lips they fall,
 Are Wounds struck deep, into their Party-Gall;
 But when you stoop to argue and persuade,
 Your Words like Darts, the very Soul invade;
 The moving Eloquence in Words of Peace,
 When Princes Court their Peoples Happiness,
 Having something so Unusual, and so Great,
 Such soft Impressions in the Soul Create;
 As leave no room to Speak, but wonder at.

Peace like the Sun, when it draws near the Pole,
 This melts the Frozen Zone, and that the Soul;
 Mountains of Party-Feud and Rage give way,
 And flie from Peace, as Night absconds the Day.
 The strange Transforming Power of Peace appears,
 And while You Speak, You mould the Soul that hears:
 Thus, M A D A M, Heaven it self You imitate,
 And while You talk of Peace, Your Words Create:
 Legions of Human Dev'ls Your Voice Transforms,
 And at one Word You laid Three Nations Storms.

Even Satyr feels the Sov'raign Influence,
 Satyr provok'd, in Vertue's just Defence;
 Engag'd with Devils and the Crimes of Men,
 Yet while I Write of Peace, it Calms my Pen.
 The Whips and Scorpions, M A D A M, thrown away,
 You call for Peace, and Satyr must Obey;
 What tho' with Injury and Crouds Oppress'd,
 Unhappy only as by You Unblest'd;
 Yet in his Breast he Crushes his Designs,
 And Writes for Peace in his Serenest Lines.
 Your Majesty the Pen it self reforms,
 And makes him Write of Peace, that Lives in Storms.
 Compass'd with Parties, and the Rage of Men,
 You Check the just Resentment of his Pen;
 To Temper turns, and with the calmest Air,
 He sings that Peace, of which he reaps no Share.

Peace is the Basis of Your Glorious Throne,
 And Peace, the Brightest Jewel in your Crown,
 'Tis Peace would make your Enemies Despair;
 'Tis Peace they more than all your Armies fear.
 Union and Peace, Compose the high Intent,
 This th' End of Justice, That of Government,
 Kings that to any other purpose Reign,
 The Sword they bear is always born in Vain,
 By differing ways your Government's secur'd,
 You by the Scepter Reign, and they the Sword.
 These we call Tyrants, tho' a King's the Name,
 A Mask of Glory, on a Mock of Fame.

Your MAJESTY, while You to Peace Encline,
 Has made your Scepter really Divine;
 Kings that like You, the Ends of Ruling know,
 Are truly Sacred, Heaven Declares them so:
 While Heaven and You the self same thing intend,
 You Bless the Means, as You pursue the End.
 The Royal Scepter which You timely bore,
 And none e'er Grac'd that Royal Scepter more:
 So far's Divine, as by the High Decree,
 The Means and End Join in Your Majesty;
 For Crowns and Dignities are giv'n in Vain,
 Where Kings for any End but Justice Reign;
 Power thus concurs to General Happiness,
 For Justice always ends in Calms and Peace.

Suffer the Poet, MADAM, to aspire,
 And bear the Blaze, where You have rais'd the Fire;
 Propheetick Ardour makes the strong Impress,
 'Tis You gave Pinions to his Artless Verse,
 Humble and Mean, he never us'd to soar,
 And ne'er could say, he was Inspir'd before.

That Secret Hand, that did your Thoughts incline,
 For Heaven both mov'd the Act and the Design;
 Has join'd Your own, to all Your Peoples Peace.
 And on their Blessings, rais'd Your Happiness;
 Nor is this all, for Heaven ne'er acts by Parts,
 But forms at once his Empire in our Hearts.
 That Hand that thus Your Soul to Peace must move,
 Will ne'er deny the Peace he made You Love.
 The Calm You move us to, You'll feel within,
 There, MADAM, Your Celestial Crowns begin;
 Heaven there Anticipated You'll Enjoy,
 That Peace must all Your meaner Joys Destroy;
 The Satisfaction that may there be known,
 Surpass the Envy'd Pleasures of Your Crown:

That

That Heaven has form'd You his Blest Instrument;
 To Heal this Heart-sick Nation's Discontent,
 That all their Happiness comes handed down,
 From Him that gave, by You that wear the Crown;
 That Heaven reserv'd this Hour, till You should Reign,
 And Chose You from the Bright Descended Train;
 And suffer'd *WILLIAM*'s self to aim at it in Vain.
 That he reserv'd the Glory and Success
 For You, whom he Delights and has resolv'd to Bless;
 What Transports, *MADAM*, must possess your Mind!
 What Prospects of the Glories still behind!
 What Wonders Heaven has yet for You to do!
 What vast Rewards of Glory to bestow!
 No Pen the soft Impressions can present,
 Numbers are vastly short, and Language faint;
 No Simile due Parallel affords,
 The Thoughts surpass the Agency of Words;
 The Poet that conceives it can't rehearse,
 'Tis above the Inspiration of his Verse;
 The Wings of Fancy never soar'd so high,
 'Tis only Sacred to Your *MAJESTY*.
 'Tis You alone can feel th' amazing Joy,
 Which like the Sun, does fainter Fires Destroy;
 No Heart but Yours the Mystry can unfold,
 The Story must be felt, it can't be Told.
 'Tis all a Heaven, as it from Heaven descends,
 And only where that Heaven begins, it ends.
 For Peace within is Heaven Anticipate,
 And does Similitude to Heaven Create;
 'Twill open that Bless'd Peace at once, and show
 That Presence there, whose Glory makes it so.
 'Twill Fire Your Soul with Beams of Sov'rain Grace,
 And You'll grow Ripe for Heavenly Crowns apace:
 There in Your Brightest Glory You'll appear,
 And You that give us *PEACE*, shall find it there.

5 1A 59

F I N I S.

T H E

Female Reign: ⁽¹⁴⁾

A N

O D E,

Alluding to *Horace*, B. 4. Od. 14.

Quæ Cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium, &c.

Attempted in the Style of *Pindar*.

Occasion'd by the wonderful Successes of
the Arms of Her Majesty and Her Allies,

With a LETTER to a Gentleman in the University.

By *Samuel Cobb*, M. A.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *H. Hills*, and Sold by the Booksellers
of *London* and *Westminster*, 1709.

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A LETTER to a Gentleman in the University.

S I R,

THIS comes to Congratulate You on the agreeable News of some late extraordinary Successes, which have bless'd the Arms of Her Majesty, and Her Allies. I leave you to the Printed Papers for a particular Account of those Actions, which have surpriz'd the World; and, we hope, given the last Stroke to the languishing Power of the Common Enemy of Europe. They will furnish noble Topics for the Wits of an University, like yours, who can embellish (if that can be done) the Glories of a Female Reign with a juster Sublimity of Verse, than what you will find in the following Performance, which was written several Months ago, and not run over with a hasty Negligence. The Ode, from whence I take my Hint, is accounted by some Critics not inferior to the 4th of the same Book, which begins thus,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

And was written in Complement to Augustus, on occasion of a famous Victory gain'd by Tiberius, as this, which I have aim'd to imitate, was written on the Praise of Claudius Nero. I need not inform Men of your Reading and Letters what occasion'd both. The Poet, as he does in almost all his Odes, has shewn a peculiar Artfulness and Elegance, and turns all the Panegyric on the Emperor (who was not in the Action) with *Te concilium, & tuos Præbente Divos*. If You ask wherein I have trod in the Steps of Horace, You will find it in the Beginning. I have only kept him in view, and us'd him only where he was serviceable

to my Design. He took the same liberty with Alcæus, as appears from some Fragments of that Greek Lyriac, quoted by Athenæus. In my Digressions and Transitions I have taken care to play always in sight, and make every one of them contribute to my main Design. This was the Way of Pindar, to read whom, according to Rapin, will give a truer Idea of the Ode, than all the Rules and Reflections of the best Critics. I will not pretend to have div'd into him over Head and Ears, but I have endeavour'd to have made my self not the greatest Stranger to his Manner of Writing; which generally consists in the Dignity of the Sentiments, and an elegant Variety, which makes the Reader rise up with greater Satisfaction than he sat down. And that which affects the Mind in Compositions of any sort, will never be disagreeable to a Gentleman of Ingenuity and Judgment. I have avoided Turns, as thinking that they debase the Loftiness of the Ode. You will easily perceive whether I have reach'd that acer Spiritus & Vis, recommended by Horace, as the Genius of Poetry. Whether you will call the following Lines a Pindaric Ode, or Irregular Stanza's, gives me no Disturbance: For however the seeming Wildness of this sort of Verse ought to be restrain'd, the Strophe, Antistrophe, &c. will never bear in English, and it would shew a strange Debauchery in our Taste, if it should, as may be witnessed by the servile Imitation of the Dactyles and Spondees used by Sir P. Sidney. But to make an end of this tedious Epistle; you will see thro' the Whole, that Her MAJESTY is the Chief Heroine of the Ode; and the Moral, at the End, shews the solid Glories of a Reign which is not founded on a pretended Justice, or Criminal Magnanimity.

Yours, &c.

S. C.



THE
FEMALE REIGN:
AN
ODE.

I.

WHAT can the *British Senate* give
To make the Name of *ANNA* live?
By Future People to be sung,

The Labour of each grateful Tongue.

Can faithful Registers or Rhyme

In charming Eloquence, or sprightly Wit,

The *Wonders of her Reign* transmit

To th' unborn Children of succeeding Time?

Can *Painter's Oil*, or *Statuary's Art*

Eternity to Her impart?

No——Titled Statues are but empty things

Inscrib'd to *Royal Vanity*,

The Sacrifice of Flattery

To Lawless *Nero's*, or *Bourbonian Kings*.

True Virtue to Her kindred Stars aspires,

Does all our Pomp of Stone and Verse surpass;

And mingling with *Ætherial Fires*,

No useless Ornament requires

From *Speaking Colours*, or from *Breathing Brass*.

II.

Greatest of Princes ! where the wand'ring Sun
 Does o'er Earth's habitable Regions rowl,
 From th' *Eastern Barriers* to the *Western Goal*,
 And sees Thy Race of Glory run
 With Swiftneſs equal to his Own :
 Thee on the Banks of *Flandrian Scaldis* ſings
 The jocund Swain, releas'd from *Gallie* Fear ;
 The *Engliſh Voice* unus'd to hear,
 Thee the repeating Banks, Thee every Valley rings.
 The *Gaul*, untaught to bear the Flames
 Of thoſe who drink the *Maefe* or *Thames*,
 From the *Britannick* Valour flies,
 No longer able to withſtand
 The Thunderbolt launch'd by a *Female Hand*,
 Or Lightning darterd from Her Eyes.

III.

What Treble Ruin *Pious ANNA* brings
 On False *Electors*, Perjur'd Kings,
 Let the *twice Fugitive Bavarian* tell,
 Who from His *Airy* Hope of *better State*
 By Luſt of Sway, *irregularly* Great,
 Like an *Apoſtate Angel*, fell.
 Who, by *Imperial* Favour rais'd,
 I'th' higheſt Rank of Glory blaz'd ;
 And had till now, unrival'd, ſhone
More than a King, contented with His Own.
 But *Lucifer's* bold Steps he trod,
 Who durſt Affault the Throne of GOD,

And

And for contented Realms of blisful Light;
 Gain'd the *sad Privilege* to be
 The *First* in *Solid* Misery,
 Monarch of *Hell*, and *Woes*, and *Endless Night*.
Corruption of the Best is Worst,
 And foul Ambition, like an Evil Wind,
 Blights the fair Blossoms of a Noble Mind;
 And if a *Seraph* fall, He's *doubly* Curs'd.

IV.

Had *Guile* and *Pride*, and *Envy* grown
 In the black Groves of *Styx* alone,
 Nor ever had on Earth the *baleful Crop* been sown:
 The Swain, *without Amaze*, had Till'd
 The *Flandrian* Glebe, a guiltless Field:
 Nor had He wond'ring, when He found
 The Bones of Heroes in the Ground.
 No Crimson Streams had lately swell'd
 The *Dyle*, the *Danube*, and the *Scheld*.
 But *Evils* are of *Necessary* Growth
 To Rouse the Brave, and Banish Sloth.
 And some are Born to win the Stars
 By Sweat, and Blood, and *Worthy* Scars.
 Heroic Virtue is by Action seen,
 And Vices serve to make it keen;
 And as *Gigantick Tyrants* rise
NASSAU'S and *ANNA'S* leave the Skies
 The *Earth-born Monsters* to Chastise;
 While *Cerberus* and *Hydra* grow
 For an *Alcides*, or a *MARLBOROUGH*.

V:

If, Heav'nly Muse, you burn with a Desire
 To Praise the Man whom all admire:
 Come from thy *Learn'd Castalian Springs*,
 And stretch aloft thy *Pegaseian Wings*;
 Strike the loud *Pyndaric Strings*,
 Like the Lark, who soars and sings:
 And as you sail the Liquid Skies,
 Cast on * *Menapian* Fields your weeping Eyes:
 (For weep they surely must
 To see the *bloody Annual Sacrifice*;
 To think how the *neglected Dust*
 Which, with contempt, is basely trod,
 Was once the Limbs of Captains, Brave and Just;
 The *Mortal Part* of some Great DEMY-GOD:
 Who for thrice Fifty Years of stubborn War,
 With slaught'ring Arms, the Gun and Sword,
 Have dug the *Mighty Sepulcher*,
 And fell as Martyrs on Record
 Of Tyranny Reveng'd, and Liberty Restor'd.)

VI.

See, where at *Audenard*, with Heaps of Slain
 Th' *Heroic Man*, inspir'dly Brave;
 Mowing a-cross, bestrews the Plain,
 And with *new Tenants* crowds the *wealthy Grave*.
 His Mind unshaken at the frightful Scene,
 His Looks as chearfully serene

* The *Menapii* were the ancient Inhabitants of *Flanders*.

The routed Battle to pursue,
 As once adorn'd the *Paphian Queen*,
 When to Her *Thracian Paramour* she flew.
 The gath'ring Troops He kens from far,
 And with a Bridegroom's Passion and Delight
 Courting the VVar, and *Glowing* for the Fight,
 The new *Salmoneus* meets, the *Celtic Thunderer*.
 Ah cursed Pride! Infernal Dream!
 Which drove him to this wild Extream
 That *Dust* a *Deity* should seem.
 Thought, as thro' the wond'ring Streets he rode,
 Th' *Immortal Man*, or *Mortal God*.
 With rattling Brass, and trampling Horse
 Should counterfeit th' *Inimitable Force*
 Of *Divine Thunder* : horrid Crime!
 But *Vengeance* is the *Child of Time*,
 And will too surely be repay'd
 On his prophane, *Devouted Head*,
 Who durst affront the Powers above,
 And their *Eternal Flames* Disgrace,
 Too Fatal, brandish'd by the *Rightful Jove*,
 Or (a) *Pallas*, who supplies his place.

VII.

The *British Pallas* ! who as (b) *Homer's* did
 For her lov'd *Diomed*,
 Her *Heroe's* Mind with Wisdom fills,
 And *Heavenly* Courage in his Heart instills.

(b) *Homer* in his *Fifth Iliad*, because the *Heroe* of that Book is to do
 wonders beyond the Power of Man, premises in the beginning, that *Pallas*
 peculiarly fitted him for that Day's Exploits.

Hence

Hence thro' the thickest Squadrons does He ride,
 VVith *ANNA*'s Angels by his side.
 VVith what uncommon Speed
 He spurs his foaming, fiery Steed !
 And pushes on thro' midmost Fires
 VVhere *France's Fortune* with *Her Sons* retires.
 Now here, now there, the *sweepy Ruin* flies ;
 (c) As when the *Pleiades* arise,
 The *Southern Wind* afflicts the Skies.
 Then, muttering o'er the Deep, buffets th' *unruly* B
 Till Clouds and Water seem to joyn.
 Or as a *Dyke*, cut by *malicious* Hands
 O'erflows the *Fertile Netherlands* ;
 Thro' the wide Yawn, th' *Impetuous Sea*
 Lavish of his *new Liberty*,
 Bestrides the Vale, and with tumultuous Noise
 Bellows along the delug'd Plain,
 Destructive to the ripening Grain
 For as th' *Horizon* he destroys : (Rei
 The weeping Shepherd from an Hill, bewails the *Wa*

VIII.

So rapid flows th' *unprison'd* Stream !
 So strong the Force of *MINDLEHEIM* !
 In vain the Woods of *Audenard*
 Would shield the *Gaul*, a fenceless Guard.

(c) *Indomitas prope qualis undas*
Exercet Auster, Pleaidum choro
Scindente nubes, impiger hostium
Vexare turmas, & frementem
Mittere equum medios per ignes.

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufida
Qui regna Dauni praefluit Appuli
Cum saevit, horrendamq; cultis
Diluvium meditatur agris.

As soon may Whirlwinds be with-held
As His Passage o'er the *Scheld*.

In vain the Torrent would oppose,
In vain *arm'd* Banks, and numerous Foes,
Who with inglorious haste retire,
Fly faster than the River flows,
And Swifter than our Fire.

Conde from far upbraids their *nimble Shame*,
And pleads his *Royal Master's* Fame.

By *Conde's Mighty Ghost*, he cries,
By *Turenne*, *Luxemburg*, and All
Those Noble Souls, who fell a Sacrifice
At *(a) Lens*, at *Fleurus*, and at *Landen* Fight,
O' top, I conjure, your ignominious Flight :
But *Fear* is deaf to *Honour's* Call.
Each frowning Threat and soothing Prayer
Is lost in the regardless Air.

As well He may
The Billows of the Ocean stay,
While *CHURCHILL*, like a driving Wind,
Or *High Spring-Tide*, pursues behind,
And with redoubled Speed urges their forward Way.

IX.

Nor less, *Euginious*, Thy Important Care,
Thou *Second Thunderbolt of War* !
Partner in Danger and in Fame,
With *Marlborough's* the Winds shall bear
To distant Colonies Thy conqu'ring Name.

(a) Near this Place the Prince of Conde gave the Spaniards a very great
throw, 1648.

Nor

Nor shall the Muse forget to sing
 From Harmony what Blessings spring:
 To tell how Death did *enviously* repine
 To see a *Friendship* so Divine.

When in a Ball's destroying shape she past,
 And mark'd Thy threatned Brow at last.
 But durst not touch that Sacred Brain
 Where the Concerns of *Europe* Reign;
 For straight she bow'd her ghastly Head,
 She saw the *Mark of Heaven*, and fled.

As Cruel *Brennus* once, *insulting Gaul*,
 When he, at *Allia's* fatal Flood,
 Had fill'd the Plains with *Roman* Blood,
 With *conscious* Awe forsook the *Capitol*,
 Where *Jove*, Revenger of Prophaneness, stood

X

But where the Good and *Brave* Command,
 What *Capitol*, what Castle can withstand?

Virtue, as well as Gold, can pass

Thro' Walls of Stone, and Towers of Brass.

LISLE, like a Mistress, had been courted long,
 And always yielded to the Bold and Young:

The fairest *Progeny* of *Vauban's* Art,

Till *Savoy's* Warlike Prince withstood

Her frowning Thunders, and thro' Seas of Blood
 Tore the bright Darling from th' Old Tyrant's Head

Such (a) *Buda* saw Him, when Proud (b) *Apti* fell
 Unhappy, *Valiant Infidel*!

(a) He bore a considerable share in the Glory of that Day on which *Buda* was taken.

(b) He was *Bassaw* of the City, and lost his Life on the Breach.

Who, Vanquish'd by superior Strength,
Surrendred up his haughty Breath,
Upon the *Breach* measuring his manly Length,
And shun'd the *Bow-string* by a Nobler Death.

XI.

Such (c) *Harsbam's* Field beheld Him in his Bloom;
When *Victory* bespoke Him for her Own,
Her Favourite, immortal Son,
And told of better Years revolving on the Loom:
How He should make the *Turkish Crescent* wane,
And choak (d) *Tibiscus* with the Slain.
While *Viziers* lay beneath the lofty Pile
Of slaughter'd *Bassaws* who o'er *Bassaws* rowl'd)
And all his numerous Acts she told
From *Latian Carpi* down to *Flandrian L I S L E*.
Where every Day new Conquests should produce,
Labour for Envy, and a Muse.
Where with her rattling Trumpet's sound
Fame should shake the Hills around;
Should tell how *W E B B*, nigh woody *Wynendale*.
Argu'd each Inch of the important Ground.
So much in Virtue's Scale

(c) *Vicem gerit illa Tonantis.*

(d) This was a fatal Battle to the *Turks* in the Year 1687. Prince *Eugene* the Regiments of his Brigade was the first who enter'd the Trenches, for that reason had the Honour to be the first Messenger of this happy news to the Emperor.

(e) This Battle was fought on the 10th of *October* 1697; where Prince Eugene Commanded in Chief; in which there never happen'd so great and terrible a Destruction to the *Ottoman Army*; which fell upon the Principal Commanders more than the Common Soldiers; for no less than Fifteen Generals, (Five of which had been *Viziers* of the Bench) were kill'd, besides the Supreme *Vizier*.

True

True Valour Numbers can out-do,
 And *Thousands* are but *Cyphers* to a Few.

XII.

Honour with open Arms receives at last
 The Heroes, who thro' *Virtue's* Temple past.
 And show'rs down Lawrels from Above
 On those whom Heav'n and *ANNA* Love.
 And some, *not sparingly*, she throws
 For the *Young Eagles*, who could try
 The *Faith* and *Judgment* of the Sky,
 And dare the Sun with steady Eye,
 For *Hanover's* and *Prussia's* Brows,
Eugenes in bloom, and future *Marlboroughs*.
 To *Hanover*, *Brunswiga's* Second Grace,
 Descendant from a long *Imperial* Race,
 The Muse directs an unaffected Flight,
 And Prophecies, from so serene a Morn,
 To what clear Glories He is Born,
 When blazing with a full *Meridian* Light
 He shall the *British* Hemisphere adorn.
 When *Mars* shall lay his batter'd Target down,
 And He (since Death will never spare
 The Good, the Pious, and the Fair)
 In his ripe *Harvest* of Renown,
 Shall after his *Great Father* sit,
 (If Heav'n so long a Life permit)
 And having swell'd the flowing Tide
 Of Fame, which he in Arms shall get,
 The Purchase of an *Honest* Sweat,
 Shall safe in stormy Seas *Britannia's* Vessel guide.

XIII.

Britania's Vessel, which, in *ANNA's* Reign
 And prudent *Pilocy*, enjoys
 The Tempest, which the World destroys,
 And rides Triumphant o'er the Subject Main,
 O may She soon a quiet Harbour gain !
 And sure the *Promis'd Hour* is come,

When in soft Notes the *Peaceful Lyre*
 Shall still the Trumpet and the Drum,
 Shall play what Gods and Men desire,
 And strike *Bellona's* Musick dumb.

When *War*, by Parents curst, shall quit the Field
 Unbuckle his bright Helmet, and to rest
 His weary Limbs, sit on his *idle* Shield

With Scars of Honour plow'd upon his Breast.

But if the *Gallic Pharoah's* stubborn Heart

Grows fresh for Punishment, and hardens still,

Prepar'd for th' *irrecoverable Ill*.

(Part :

and force th' *Unwilling* Skies to act the Last *Ungrateful*

Thy Forces, *ANNA*, like a Flood, shall whelm

If Heav'n does *Scepter'd Innocence* maintain)

His famish'd, desolated Realm,

and all the Sons of *Pharamond* in vain

(Who with *dishonest* Envy see

the sweet *forbidden* Fruits of *distant* Liberty)

Curse their rigid *Salic Law*, and wish a *Female Reign*.

XIV.

A *FEMALE REIGN*, like Thine,

O *ANNA*, *British* Heroine !

To

To Thee afflicted Empires fly for Aid
 Where e'er Tyrannic Standards are display'd,
 From the wrong'd *Iber* to the threatned *Rhine*.
 Thee, Where the *Golden-sanded Tagus* flows
 Beneath fair (a) *Ulyssippo's* Walls
 The frighted *Lusitanian* calls ;
 Thee, they who drink the *Sein*, with those
 Who plow *Iberian* Fields, implore
 To give the lab'ring World Repose,
 And *Universal Peace* Restore .
 Thee *Gallia*, mournful to survive the Fate
 Of her fall'n Grandeur, and departed State,
 By sad Experience taught to own
 That *Virtue* is a safer Way to Rise,
 A shorter Passage to the Skies
 Than *Pellion* upon *Ossa* thrown :
 For they who by deny'd Attempts presume
 To reach the *Starry Thrones*, become
 Sure Food for Thunder, and condemn'd to howl
 In (a) *Aetna*, or in (b) *Arima* to rowl
 By an inevitable Doom,
 Gain but a Higher Fall, a *Mountain* for their Tomb.

(a) The Old Name of *Lisbon*, said to be Built by *Ulysses*.

(b) Two Mountains where *Jupiter* Lodg'd the Giants.

THE

MEDAL.

A

SATYR

AGAINST

SEDITION.

By the Author of ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

*Per Graiûm populos, mediæque per Elidis Urbem
lbat ovans; Divûmque sibi poscebat Honores.*

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*,
near the Water-side, 1709.

Price One Penny.

THE
MEDAL

SATYR

AGAINST

SEDITION



By the Author of *ANATOMY AND ANATOMY*

The Greatest of all, and the most perfect of all
the human body, and the most perfect of all

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by H. KILGILL, in York-Street,
near the Water-Door, 1753.
Price One Penny.

UPON THE
AUTHOR of the MEDAL.

ONCE more our awful Poet Arms, & engage
The threatning Hydra-Faction of the Age:
Once more prepares his dreadful Pen to wield,
And ev'ry Muse attends him to the Field:
By Art and Nature for this Task design'd,
Yet modestly the Fight he long declin'd;
Forbore the Torrent of his Verse to pour,
Nor loos'd his Satyr till the needful Hour:
His Sov'reign's Right by Patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his Avenging Genius to its Aid.
Blest Muse, whose Wit with such a Cause was Crown'd,
And blest the Cause that such a Champion found.
With chosen Verse upon the Foe he falls,
And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc'd to engage,
Secure of Conquest he rebates his Rage;
His Fury not without Distinction sheds,
Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:
To less infected Members gentle sound,
Or spares, or else pours Balm into the Wound.
Such gen'rous Grace th' ingrateful Tribe abuse,
And trespass on the Mercy of his Muse;
Their wretched dogrell Rhimers forth they bring
To snarl and bark against the Poets King;
A Crew, that scandalize the Nation more
Than all their Treason-canting Priests before;
On these he scarce vouchsafes a scornful Smile,
But on their Pow'rful Patrons turns his Style.
Style so keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
The vital Poyson, stabs to the Heart their Cause.
Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raise;
Except our Thanks, for you transcend our Praise.

N. TATE.

EPISTLE

TO THE

WHIGS.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with so much Justice as to you? 'Tis the Representation of your own Heroe: 'tis the Picture drawn at length, which you prize and admire so much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Land/cap of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor the Anno Domini of your Ne Sovereign's Coronation. This must needs be a grateful Undertaking to your whole Party: Especially to those who have not been so happy to purchase the Original. I hear the Graver has made a good Mark of it: all his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the Remainder so increas'd, that many a poor Poland, who would be glad to worship the Image, is not able to go to the Cost of him: But must content to see him here. I must confess I am no great Artist; but Sign Post painting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your Comfort the Lineaments are true: and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to you, yet I have consulted History; as the Italian Painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and fetch out the Colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spar'd one side of your Medal: the Head would be seen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer the Sun. Which would then break out to better purpose. You tell us in your Preface to the No-Protestant Plot, that you shall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to Rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practis'd such a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Establish'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if the were Virtue in his Bones to preserve you against Monarchy. Yet this while you pretend not only Zeal for the Publick Good, but a due Veneration for the Person of the King. But all Men, who can see an

before them, may easily detect those gross Fallacies. That it is necessary for Men in your Circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a Faction. But I would ask you one civil Question, what right has any Man among you, or any Association of Men, (to come nearer to you,) who out of Parliament, cannot be consider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in Factionous Clubs, to vilify the Government in your Discourses, and to libel it in all your Writings? Who made you Judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your Zeal of the Publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your Definition of Loyal, which is to serve the King according to the Laws, allow you the Licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the Love and Confidence of his People; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies, to make him lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the Patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it; for no sober Man can fear it, either from the King's Disposition, or his Practice; or even, where you would odiously lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the Benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees of the publick Liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a Crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the Management of Affairs; or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable Man will believe you respect the Person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflections on him? If you have the Confidence to deny this, 'tis easie to be convinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers; and to shew you that I have, the third part of your Non-Protestant Plot is much of it stolen from your dead Author's Pamphlet call'd the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's Defence of the English People, is from Buchanan *de jure regni apud Scotos*: or your first Covenant, and new Association, from the holy League of the French Gulsards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your Practices all along. There were the same pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the same Aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot, murder'd Francis Duke of Guise by the Instigations of Theodore Beza: or that it was a Hugonot Minister, otherwise call'd a Presbyterian, (for our Church abhors so devilish a Tenet) who first writ a Treatise of the Lawfulness of a posing and murdering Kings, of a different Persuasion in Religion: But I am able to prove from the Doctrine of Calvin, and Principles of Buchanan, that they set the People above the Magistrate; which if I mistake not, is

your own Fundamental ; and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your liking. When a Vote of the House of Commons goes on your side you are as ready to observe it, as if it were pass'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament you declare that in some Cases, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Passage is in the same third part of the No-Protestant Plot; and is to plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn: But, as the Papists, when they are oppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantries of Worship; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments, ly close intrench'd behind the Council of Trent: So, now, when your Affairs are in a low Condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whenever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'tis the proper time to say any thing, when Men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you wou'd fain be nibbling at a Parallel betwixt the Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's Approbation, and Conjunction as Head of it; the other without either the Consent, or Knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contrived by your Enemies, and shuffled into the Papers that were seiz'd: when yet you see the Nation is not so easie to believe as your own Jury: But the Matter is not difficult, to find 12 Men in Newgate, who wou'd quit a Malefactor.

I have one only Favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you wou'd employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much Success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you may assure your selves of a clear Victory, without the least Reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a Custom, do it without Wit: By this Method you will gain a considerable Profit, which is wholly to waive the Answer of my Arguments. Never own the bottom of your Principles, for fear they shou'd be Treason. Fall severely on the Miscarriages of Government; for if Scandal be not allowed you are no free born Subjects. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make use of my poor Stock and welcome: let your Verses run upon my Feet: and for the utmost Refuge of notorious Blockheads, reduc'd to the last extremity of Sense, turn my own Lines upon me, and in utter Despair of your own Satyr, make me Satyrize myself. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; but above all, I rest commend me to the Non-Conformist Parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the Piece deserves, because the Bookseller is every Week crying help at the end of his Gazette, get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a Kindness, and

it may be publish'd as well as printed; and that so much Skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Waste-Paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his Learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which are printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signifie the Brother of a Fool, the Author of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of Kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the Kindness. Whatever the Verses are; buy 'em up I beseech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and the Brother of Achitophel out of Service.

Now Footmen, you know, have the Generosity to make a Purse, for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: and even Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of Veneration to the Name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense and English, will make as good a Protestant Rhimer, as a Dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant Parson. Besides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his Style a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane and sawcy Jack and Atheistick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the Fit of Enthusiasm is strong upon him: by which well-manner'd and charitable Expressions, I was certain of his Sett before I knew his Name. What would you have more of a Man? he has damn'd me in your Cause from Genesis to the Revelations: And has half the Texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to your selves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for Irish Witnesses. After all perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him only for the opening of your Cause, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more Reply than his Predecessors, you may either conclude, that I trust to the Goodness of my Cause, or fear my Adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble Servant, whatever your Party says or thinks of him.

The Medal:

A

S A T Y R

A G A I N S T

S E D I T I O N

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry,
 Which *English* Idiots run in Crouds to see,
 The *Polish Medal* bears the Prize alone:
 A Monster more the Favourite of the Town
 Than either Fairs or Theatres have shown.
 Never did Art so well with Nature strive;
 Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive?
 So like the Man; so golden to the sight,
 So base within, so counterfeit and light.
 One side is fill'd with Title and with Face;
 And, lest the King shou'd want a regal Place,
 On the reverse, a Tow'r the Town surveys;
 O'er which our mounting Sun his Beams displays.
 The Word pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval Voice,
Lætatur, which, in *Polish*, is *rejoyce*.
 The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd,
 And a new Canting Holiday design'd.
 Five Days he sate, for every Cast and Look;
 Four more than God to finish *Adam* took.

But who can tell what Effence Angels are,
 Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer* !
 Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every Grace,
 And plough'd such Furrows for an Eunuch Face,
 Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,
 The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill !
 A Martial Hero first, with early Care,
 Blown, like a Pigmy by the Winds, to War.
 A Beardless Chief, a Rebel, e'er a Man :
 (So young his Hatred to his Prince began.)
 Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer !)
 A Vermin, wriggling in the Usurper's Ear.
 Bar'ring his venal Wit for Sums of Gold
 He cast himself into the Saint-like Mould ;
 Groan'd, sigh'd and pray'd, while Godliness was Gain ;
 The loudest Bag-pipe of the Squeaking Train.
 But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
 His open Lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.
 There split the Saint : for Hypocritick Zeal
 Allows no Sins but those it can conceal.
 Whoring to Scandal gives too large a scope :
 Saints must not trade ; but they may interlope.
 Th' ungodly Principle was all the same ;
 But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
 Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack :
 His nimble Wit out-ran the heavy Pack.
 Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay ;
 Whole Drovers of Blockheads choaking up his way :
 They took, but not rewarded, his Advice ;
 Villain and Wit exact a double Price.
 Power was his aim : But, thrown from that pretence,
 The Wretch turn'd Loyal in his own Defence ;
 And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
 Him, in the Anguish of his Soul he serv'd ;
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 He hold him now exalted into Trust ;
 His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
 'Tis in the most sincere Advice he gave,
 But he had a grudging still to be a Knave.

The

The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatick Years
 Made him uneasie in his Lawful Gears.
 At best as little honest as he cou'd :
 And, like white Witches, mischievously good.
 To his first Byass, longingly he leans ;
 And *rather* wou'd be great by wicked means.
 Thus, fram'd from Ill, he loos'd our Triple hold ;
 (Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.)
 From hence those Tears ! that *Ilium* of our Woe !
 Who helps a pow'rful Friend, fore-arms a Foe.
 What Wonder if the Waves prevail so far,
 When He cut down the Banks that made the Bar ?
 Seas follow but their Nature to invade ;
 But he by Art our Native Strength betray'd.
 So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confest ;
 And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her Breast.
 But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,
 Expos'd its Author to the publick Hate ;
 When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,
 Cou'd be seduc'd to Arbitrary sway ;
 Forsaken of that Hope, he shifts the sail ;
 Drives down the Current with a pop'lar Gale ;
 And shews the Fiend confess'd without a Veil.
 He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
 But not convey'd to Kingly Government ;
 That claims successive bear no binding force ;
 That Coronation Oaths are things of course ;
 Maintains the Multitude can never err ;
 And sets the People in the Papal Chair.
 The Reason's obvious ; *Int'rest never lyes* ;
 The most have still their Int'rest in their Eyes ;
 The Pow'r is always theirs, and Pow'r is ever wise.
 Almighty Crowd, thou shorten'st all dispute ;
 Power is thy Essence ; Wit thy Attribute !
 Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,
 Thou leap'st o'er all Eternal Truths, in thy *Pindarique* way
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
 When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd :

As righteously they did those dooms repent,
 Still they were wise, whatever way they went.
 Crouds err not, though to both Extreameis they run;
 To kill the Father, and recal the Son.
 Some think the Fools were most, as times went then;
 But now the World's o'er-stock'd with prudent Men.
 The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test;
 The *Turks* is, at *Constantinople*, best;
 Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;
 And our own Worship only true at home.
 And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to day, and that to-morrow burns;
 So all are God a'mighties in their turns.
 A Tempting Doctrine, plausible and new:
 What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true!
 Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil War,
 Inherent Right in Monarchs did declare:
 And, that a lawful Pow'r might never cease,
 Secur'd Succession, to secure our Peace,
 Thus Property and Sovereign Sway, at last
 In equal Balances were justly cast:
 But this new *Jehu* spurs the hot-mouth'd Horse;
 Instructs the Beast to know his Native Force:
 To take the Bit between his Teeth and fly
 To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.
 Too happy *England*, if our good we knew;
 Wou'd we possess the Freedom we pursue!
 The lavish Government can give no more:
 Let we repine; and plenty makes us poor.
 God try'd us once; our Rebel-fathers fought:
 He glutted 'em with all the Pow'r they fought:
 Till, master'd by their own usurping Brave,
 The free-born Subject sunk into a Slave.
 We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails;
 What is Man, when his own Wish prevails!
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in Ill;
 Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will

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The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatick Years
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 We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails;
 Ah, what is Man, when his own Wish prevails!
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in Ill;
 Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will

That

That Kings can do no wrong we must believe :
 None can they do, and must they all receive ?
 Help Heav'n ! or soon we shall see an Hour,
 When neither wrong nor right are in their Pow'r !
 Already they have lost their best Defence,
 The Benefit of Laws, which they dispence.
 No Justice to their righteous Cause allow'd ;
 But baffled by an Arbitrary Croud.
 And Medals grav'd, their Conquest to record,
 The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord.

The Man who laugh'd but once, to see an Ass
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd Thistles pass :
 Might laugh again, to see a Jury chaw
 The Prickles of unpalatable Law.
 The Witnesses, that, Leech-like, liv'd on Blood,
 Sucking for them were med'cinally good ;
 But, when they fasten'd on *their* fester'd Sore,
 Then, Justice and Religion they forswore ;
 Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore.
 Thus Men are rais'd by Faction, and decry'd ;
 And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side.
 They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their Cause ;
 And plead a Call to preach, in spite of Laws.
 But that's no News to the poor injur'd Page,
 It has been us'd as ill in every Age ;
 And is constrain'd, with Patience, all to take ;
 For what Defence can Greek and Hebrew make ?
 Happy who can this Talking Trumpet seize ;
 They make it speak whatever Sense they please !
 'Twas fram'd, at first, our Oracle t' enquire ;
 But, since our Sects in Prophecy grow higher,
 The Text inspires not them ; but they the Text inspire.

London, thou great *Emporium* of our Isle,
 O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful *Nile*,
 How shall I praise or curse to thy Desert !
 Or separate thy Sound, from thy corrupted part !
 I call'd thee *Nile* ; the parallel will stand :
 Thy Tides of Wealth o'erflow the fatten'd Land ;

Yet Monsters from thy large Increase we find,
 engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'st behind.
 Corruption has not wholly seiz'd on thee;
 Thy nobler Parts are from Infection free.
 Of Israel's Tribes thou hast a numerous Band;
 But still the *Canaanite* is in the Land.
 Thy Military Chiefs are brave and true;
 Nor are thy disenchanted Burghers few.
 The Head is Loyal which thy Heart commands;
 But what's a Head with two such gouty Hands?
 The wise and wealthy love the surest way;
 And are content to thrive and to obey.
 But Wisdom is to Sloth too great a Slave;
 None are so busie as the Fool and Knave.
 Those let me curse; what Vengeance will they urge,
 Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge;
 Nor sharp Experience can to Duty bring,
 Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving King!
 In Gospel-phrases their Chapmen they betray:
 Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.
 The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoil;
 They boast e'en when each other they beguile.
 Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
 That 'tis their Charter to defraud their King.
 All hands unite of every jarring Sect;
 They cheat the Country first, and then infect.
 They, for God's Cause their Monarchs dare dethrone;
 And they'll be sure to make his Cause their own.
 Whether the plotting Jesuit lay'd the Plan
 Of murthering Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
 Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides out-go;
 And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murther too.
 What means their Trait'rous Combination less,
 Too plain t' evade, too shameful to confess.
 But Treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd;
 Successful Crimes alone are justify'd.
 The Men, who no Conspiracy wou'd find,
 Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd.

Join'd,

Join'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of Defence;
 At first withour, at last against their Prince.
 If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they scan,
 The same bold Maxim holds in God and Man:
 God were not safe, his Thunder cou'd they shun
 He shou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.
 Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
 The rich Possession was the Murth'ers own.
 In vain to Sophistry they have recourse:
 By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worse;
 Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force,
 Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may see
 'Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be;
 For, from pretended Grievances they rise,
 First to dislike, and after to despise.
 Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Flesh to deal,
 Chop up a Minister, at every Meal;
 Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King;
 But clip his Regal Rights within the Ring.
 From thence t' assume the pow'r of Peace and War;
 And ease him by degrees of publick Care.
 Yet, to consult his Dignity and Fame,
 He shou'd have leave to exercise the Name;
 And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the Game.
 For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink,
 To live at Ease, and not be bound to think?
 These are the cooler Methods of the Crime;
 But their hot Zealots think 'tis loss of time:
 On utmost Bounds of Loyalty they stand,
 And grin and whet like a *Croatian* Band;
 That waits impatient for the last Command.
 Thus Out-laws open Villainy maintain;
 They steal not, but in Squadrons scour the Plain:
 And, if their pow'r the Passengers subdue,
 The most have right, the wrong is in the Few.
 Such impious Axiomes foolishly they show;
 For, in some Soils Republicks will not grow:
 Our Temp'rate Isle will no Extreame sustain,
 Of pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign:

But slides between them both into the best;
Secure in Freedom, in a Monarch blest.

And though the Climate, vext with various Winds,
Works through our yielding Bodies on our Minds,
The wholesome Tempest purges what it breeds;
To recommend the Calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Pander of the Peoples Hearts,
(O Crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts,) Whose Blandishments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord;
What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall!
Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call;
For all must curse the Woes that must descend on all.

Religion thou hast none: thy *Mercury*
Has pass'd through every Sect, or theirs through Thee.
But what thou giv'st, that Venom still remains;
And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their Brains.
What else inspires the Tongues, and swells the Breasts
Of all thy bellowing Renegade Priests,
That preach up thee for God; dispence thy Laws;
And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting Cause?
Fresh Fumes of Madness raise; and toil and sweat
To make the formidable Cripple great.

Yet, shou'd thy Crimes succeed, shou'd lawless Pow'r
Compass those Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd be;
Thy God and Theirs will never long agree.
For thine, (if thou hast any,) must be one
That lets the World and Humane Kind alone;
Jolly God, that passes hours too well

To promise Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell.
That unconcern'd can at Rebellion sit;
And wink at Crimes he did himself commit.
Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Priesthood paints;
Conventicle of gloomy sullen Saints;
Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, flowingly and sad;
Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false Religion mad.

Without a Vision Poets can fore-shew
That all but Fools, by common Sense may know:

If

If true Succession from our Isle thou'd fail,
 And Crouds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
 Not thou, nor those thy Faction's Arts engage
 Shall reap that Harvest of Rebellious Rage,
 With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age.
 The swelling Poison of the sev'ral Sects,
 Which wanting vent, the Nation's Health infects,
 Shall burst its Bag; and fighting out their way
 The various Venoms on each other prey.
 The *Presbyter*, pufft up with spiritual Pride,
 Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:
 His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy;
 And parcel out Republick Prelacy.
 But short shall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke
 And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
 And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
 Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring Crane.
 The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall jar,
 In sharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War:
 Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they pretend,
 Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend
 About their impious Merit shall contend.
 The surly Commons shall Respect deny;
 And juggle Peerage out with Property.
 Their Gen'ral either shall his Trust betray,
 And force the Crowd to Arbitrary Sway;
 Or they suspecting his ambitious Aim,
 In hate of Kings shall cast a new the Frame;
 And thrust out *Collatine* that bore the Name.

Thus in-born Broils the Factions wou'd engage;
 Or Wars of Exil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,
 Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age:
 And our wild labours, wearied into Rest,
 Reclin'd us on a rightful Monarch's Breast.

————— *Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
 Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.*

Love given over :

OR, A

SATYR

AGAINST THE

Pride, Lust, and Inconstancy, &c.

OF

WOMAN.

WITH



SYLVIA'S REVENGE,

OR, A

SATYR

AGAINST

MAN,

In Answer to the *Satyr* against *Woman*.

Amended by the AUTHOR.

L O N D O N.

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars* near
the *Water-side*. 1710.

To the Reader.

THE Pious Endeavours of the Gown, have not proved more ineffectual towards reclaiming the Errors of a vicious Age, than Satyr (the better way, tho' less practis'd) the Amendment of Honesty, and good Manners among us. Nor is it a wonder, when we consider that Women, (as if they be the ingredient of Fallen-Angels in their Composition) the more they are lash'd, are but the more hardned in Impenitence: As as Children in some violent Distemper, commonly spit out the cherishing Cordials, which, if taken, might chase away the Malady: So they (inspir'd as 'twere with a natural averseness to Virtue) despise that wholsom Counsel, which is Religiously design'd for their future good, and happiness. Judge then if Satyr ever had more need of a sharper sting than now: when he can look out of his Cell on no side but sees so many objects beyond the reach of indignation. Nor is it altogether unreasonable for me (while others are lashing the Rebellious Time into Obedience) to have one fling at Woman, the Origin of Mischief. I'm sensible I might as well expect to see Truth and Honesty uppermost in the World, as think to be free from the bitterness of their Resentments: But I have no reason to be concern'd at that; since I'm certain my Design's as far from offending the good, (if there are any amongst 'em that can be said to be so) as those few that are good, would be offended at their Reception into the Eternal Inhabitations of Peace, to be Crown'd there with the Sacred Reward of their Labours. for those that are ill, if it Gall them, it succeeds according to my wish; for I have no other design but the Amendment of Vice, which if I could but in the least accomplish, I should be well pleas'd; and not without reason too; for it must needs give some satisfaction to a young unskilful Archer, to hit the Mark he ever aim'd at.

Love given over :

O R, A

S A T Y R against W O M A N.

AT length from Love's vile Slav'ry I am free,
 And have regain'd my ancient Liberty :
 I've shook those Chains off which my Bondage wrought,
 I'm free as Air, and unconfin'd as Thought ;
 Nor Faithless *Sylvia* I no more adore,
 I kneel at her Feet, and pray in vain no more :
 No more my Verse shall her fled Worth proclaim,
 And with soft Praises celebrate her Name :
 Her Frowns do now no awful Terrors bear,
 Her Smiles no more can cure or cause Despair.
 I've banish'd her for ever from my Breast,
 I banish'd the proud Invader of my Rest,
 I banish'd the Tyrant-Author of my Woes,
 That robb'd my Soul of all its sweet repose :
 Not all her treach'rous Arts bewitching Wiles,
 Her Sighs, her Tears, nor her deluding Smiles,
 Shall my eternal Resolution move,
 Or make me talk, or think, or dream of Love :
 The whining Curse I've banish'd from my Mind,
 And with it, all the Thoughts of Womankind.
 Come then my Muse, and since the Occasion's fair ;
 Against that Sex proclaim an endless War ;
 Which may renew as still my Verse is read,
 And live, when I am mingled with the dead.
 Woman ! by Heav'n's the very Name's a Crime,
 Enough to blast, and to debauch my Rhyme.
 Sure Heav'n it self (intranc't) like *Adam* lay,
 Or else some banish'd Fiend usurp't the sway
 When *Eve* was form'd ; and with her usher'd in
 Plagues, Woes, and Death, and a new World of Sin.

The fatal Rib was crooked and unev'n;
 From whence they have their Crab-like Nature giv'n;
 Averse to all the Laws of Man and Heav'n.

O *Lucifer*, thy Regions had been thin,
 Wer't not for Woman's propagating Sin:
 'Tis they alone that all true Vices know;
 And send such Throngs down to thy Courts below:
 Nay there is hardly one among 'em all,
 But envies *Eve* the Glory of the Fall:
 Be cautious then, and guard your Empire well;
 For should they once get Power to rebel,
 They'd surely raise a Civil-War in Hell,
 Add to the Pains you feel, and make you know,
 W'are here above, as Curst as you below.

But we may thank our selves; is there a Dog,
 Who when he may have Freedom, wears the Clog?
 But Man, vain Man, the more imprudent Beast,
 Drags the dull weight when he may be releas't:
 May such, (and, ah! too many such we see)
 While they live here, just only live, to be
 The Mark of Scorn, Contempt and Infamy.
 But if the Tide of Nature boistrous grow,
 And would Rebellionously its Banks o'erflow,
 Then chuse a Wench, who (full of lewd Desires)
 Can meet your Floods of Love with equal Fires;
 She only damns the Soul: but an ill Wife
 Damns that, and with it all the Joys of Life:
 And what vain Blockhead is so dull, but knows,
 That of two Ills the least is to be chose?

But now, since Woman's Lust I chance to name,
 Woman's unbounded Lust I'll first proclaim:
 And show that our lewd Age has brought to view,
 What *Sodom*, when at worst, has blusht to do.
 True, I confess, that *Rome's* Imperial Whore,
 (More Fam'd for Vice than for the Crown she wore)
 Into the publick Stews (disguis'd) wou'd thrust,
 To quench the raging Fury of her Lust;
 And by such Actions bravely got her Name,
 Born up for ever on the Wings of Fame:

et this is poor, to what our Modern Age
 has hatch'd, brought forth, and acted on the Stage:
 Which for the Sex's Glory I'll rehearse;

and make that deathless, as that makes my Verse.

Who knew not (for to whom was she unknown)

our late prodigious *Bewley*? (true, she's gone

to answer for the num'rous Ills she's done;

or if there is no Hell for such as she,

Heav'n is unjust, and that it cannot be.)

As *Albion's* Isle fast rooted in the Main,

does the rough Billows raging force Disdain,

Which tho' they foam, and with loud Terror roar,

yet they can never reach beyond the Shore.

So she with Lust's Enthusiastick Rage,

sustain'd all the salt Stallions of the Age.

Whole Legions she encounter'd, Legions tyr'd;

insatiate yet, still fresh Supplies desir'd.

Austrious Bawd! may thy Name live, and be

abhor'd by all, as 'tis abhor'd by me;

Thou foremost in the Race of Infamy!

But Bodies must decay; for 'tis too sure,

There's nothing from the Jaws of Time secure,

yet when she found that she could do no more,

When all her Body was one putrid Sore,

studded with Pox, and Ulcers quite all o'er;

then then, by her delusive treach'rous Wiles,

for that's most specious still, which most beguiles)

enroll'd more Females in the List of Whore,

than all the Arts of Man e'er did before.

Rest with the pond'rous Guilt, at length she fell,

and through the solid Centre sunk to Hell:

The murmur'ing Fiends all hover'd round about,

and in hoarse Howls did the great Bawd salute;

amaz'd to see a sordid lump of Clay,

surpass'd with more various bolder Crimes than they:

or were her Torments less; for the dire Train,

sent her howling through the rowling Flame,

to the sad Seat of everlasting Pain.

Creswel, and *Stratford*, the same Path do tread,
 In Sin's black Volume so profoundly read,
 That whensoever they die, we well may fear,
 The very Tincture of the Crimes they bear,
 With strange Infusion may inspire the Dust,
 And in the Grave commit true Acts of Lust.

And now, if so much to the World's reveal'd,
 Reflect on the vast stores that lie conceal'd,
 How oft into their Closets they retire,
 Where flaming Dil — does inflame Desire,
 And Gentle Lap-d — s feed the am'rous fire.
 How curst is Man! when Brutes his Rivals prove,
 Ev'n in the Sacred Business of his Love!
 Unless Religion pious Thoughts instil,
 Shew me the Woman that would not be ill,
 If she conveniently could have her will.
 And when the Mind's corrupt, we all well know,
 The Actions that proceed from't must be so.
 Their Guilt's as great who any ill wou'd do,
 As their's who actually that ill pursue,
 That they would have it so their Crime assures;
 Thus, if they durst, most Women would be Whores.
 That is, (and 'tis what all Men will allow)
 There's many wou'd be so, that yet seems vertuous now

Forgive me, Modesty, if I have been,
 In any thing I have mention'd here, obscene;
 Yet stay——Why should I ask that Boon of thee,
 When 'tis a doubt if such a thing there be?
 For Woman, in whose Breasts thou'rt said to reign,
 And show the glorious Conquests thou dost gain,
 Despises thee, and only courts the Name:
 (Sounds, tho' we cannot see, yet we may hear,
 And wonder at their echoing through the Air)
 Thus, led by what delusive Fame imparts,
 We think thy Throne's erected in their Hearts;
 But w're deceiv'd, as faith we ever were,
 For if thou art, I'm sure thou art not there:
 Nothing in those vile Mansions does reside,
 But rank Ambition, Luxury and Pride.

Pride is the Deity they most adore,
 Hardly their own dear selves they cherish more :
 Survey their very Looks, you'll find it there;
 How can you miss it when 'tis ev'ry where?
 Some through all hunted Natures Secrets trace,
 To fill the Furrows of a wrinkl'd Face;
 And after all their toyl (pray mark the Curse)
 They've only made that which was bad much worse,
 As some in striving to make ill Coin pass,
 Have but the more discover'd that 'twas Brass.
 Nay, those that are reputed to be fair,
 And know how courted, how admir'd they are,
 Who one would think God had form'd so compleat,
 They had no need to make his Gifts a Cheat;
 Yet they too in Adulteration share,
 And wou'd in spite of Nature, be more fair.
 Deluded Woman! tell me, where's the Gain,
 In spending Time upon a thing so vain?
 Your precious Time, (O to your selves unkind!
 When 'tis uncertain you've an hour behind
 Which you can call your own: For tho' y'are Fair,
 And beautiful as Guardian Angels are?
 Adorn'd by Nature, fitted out by Art,
 In all the Glories that delude the Heart:
 Yet tell me, tell; have they the pow'r to save?
 Or can they privilege you from the Grave;
 The Grave, which favours not the Rich or Fair;
 Beauty with Beast lies undistinguish'd there.

But hold——methinks I'm interrupted here,
 By some vain Fop I neither Love nor Fear:
 Who in these words his weakness does reveal,
 And hurts that Wound which he shou'd strive to heal.

' Soft, Sir, methinks you too inveterate grow;
 ' And more your Envy than Discretion show.
 ' Who'd blame the Sun because he shines so bright,
 ' That we can't gaze upon his dazzling Light,
 ' When at the same time he cheers the Earth,
 ' And gives the various Plant and Blossoms Birth?
 ' How does the Winter look, that naked thing,
 ' Compar'd to the fresh Glories of the Spring?
 ' Rivers adorn the Earth; the Fish, the Seas;
 ' Flowers and Grass, the Meadows; Fruit, the Trees;
 ' The Stars, the Fields of Air thro' which they ride;
 ' And Woman all the Works of God beside;
 ' Yet base detracting Envy won't allow
 ' They should adorn themselves; then pray, Sir, now

' Produce some Reasons why you're so severe;
 ' For, envious as you are, you know they're fair.
 And so were *Sodom's* Apples heretofore,
 But they were still found rotten at the Core.
 Nature without dispute made all things fair;
 And dress'd 'em in an unaffected Air:
 The Earth, the Meadows, Rivers, ev'ry Flower,
 Proclaim the Skill of their great Maker's Pow'r;
 But they, as they were made at first, remain,
 And all their ancient Lustre still retain.
 Nothing but vain fantastick Woman's chang'd;
 And through all Mischiefs various Mazes rang'd:
 Yet that they're beautiful is not deny'd;
 But tell me are the Unhandsome free from Pride?
 No, no; the Strait, the Crooked, Ugly, Fair,
 Have all, promiscuously, an equal share.
 Thus, Sir, you see how they're estrang'd and stray'd,
 From what by Nature they at first were made.

Already many of their Crimes I've nam'd,
 Yet that's untold for which they most are Fam'd:
 A Sin (tall as the Pyramids of old)
 From whose aspiring top we may behold
 Enough to damn a World! ——— what should it be,
 But (Curse upon the Name!) *Inconstancy*?
 O tell me, does the World those Men contain,
 (For I have look'd for such, but look'd in vain)
 Who ne'er were drawn into that fatal Snare:
 Fatal I call it, for he's curst that's there.
 Inspir'd then by my Fellow-sufferers wrongs,
 And glad I am, the Task to me belongs;
 I'll bring the Fiend unmask'd to humane sight,
 Tho' hid in the black Womb of deepest Night.
 No more the Wind, the faithless Wind, shall be
 A Simile for their Inconstancy,
 For that sometimes is fixt; but Woman's Mind
 Is never fixt, or to one Point inclin'd:
 Less fixt than in a Storm the Billows are,
 Or trembling Leaf the *Aspen*-Tree does bear,
 Which ne'er stand still, but (ev'ry way inclin'd)
 Turn twenty times with the least breath of wind.
 Less fixt than wanton Swallows while they play
 In the Sun-beams, to welcome in the Day:
 Now yonder, now they're here, as soon as there,
 In no place long, and yet are ev'ry where.
 Like a toss'd Ship their Passions fall and rise
 One while you'd think it touch'd the very Skies,
 When straight upon the Sand it groveling lies.

Ev'n she her self, *Sylvia*, th' lov'd and Fair,
 Whose one kind Look cou'd save me from Despair;
 She, she whose Smiles I valu'd at that rate,
 To enjoy them I scorn'd the Frowns of Fate;
 Ev'n she her self, (but Ah! I'm loth to tell,
 Or blame the Crimes of one I lov'd so well;
 But it must out) ev'n she, swift as the Wind,
 Swift as the airy Motions of the Mind,
 At once prov'd false, and perjur'd, and unkind.
 Here they to Day invoke the Pow'rs above,
 As Witnesses to their Immortal Love;
 When (lo!) away the airy Fantom flies,
 And e'er it can be said to live, it dies:
 Thus all Religious Vows they break,
 With the same Ease and Freedom as they speak.
 Nor is that sacred Idol, Marriage, free,
 Marriage! which musty Drones affirm to be
 The tye of Souls, as well as Bodies! nay,
 The Spring that does through unseen Pipes convey
 Fresh Sweets to Life, and drives the bitter Dregs away!
 The Sacred Flame, the Guardian Pile of Fire,
 That guides our Steps to Peace! nor does expire,
 Till it has left us nothing to desire!
 Ev'n thus adorn'd, the Idol is not free
 From the swift turns of their Inconstancy.
 Witness th' *Ephesian* Matron——

Who to the Grave with her dead Husband went,
 And clos'd her self up in his Monument;
 Where on Marble she lamenting lay,
 In sighs, she spent the Night; in Tears, the Day,
 And seem'd to have no use of Life, but mourn it all away.
 The wond'ring World extoll'd her faithful Mind,
 Extoll'd her as the best of Woman-kind:
 But see the World's Mistake; and with it, see
 The strange effect of wild Inconstancy?
 For she her self, ev'n in that Sacred Room,
 With one brisk, vig'rous On-set was o'ercome,
 And made a Brothel of her Husband's Tomb:
 Whose pale Ghost trembl'd in his Sacred Shroud,
 Wond'ring that Heav'n th' Impious Act allow'd:
 Horror in Robes of Darkness stalkt around;
 And through the frighted Tomb did Groans resound,
 The very Marbles wept, the Furies howl'd,
 And in hoarse Murmurs their Amazement told,
 All this shook not the Dictates of her Mind,
 But with a Boldness, suited to her kind,

She made her Husband's Ghost, (in Death, a Slave!)

Her necessary Pimp ev'n in his Grave!

What need I fetch these Instances from old?

There now live those that are as bad, and bold,

Of Quality too, Young, Vig'rous, Lustful, Fair;

But for their Husbands sakes their Names I spare.

Are these (ye Gods) the Virtues of a Wife?

The Peace that crowns a Matrimonial Life?

Is this the Sacred Prize for which we fight,

And hazard Life and Honour with delight?

Bliss of the Day, and Rapture of the Night?

The Reins, that guide us in our wild Careers,

And the Supporter of our feeble Years?

No, no, 'tis Contradiction; rather far

They are the cause of all our Bosom War:

The very Source, and Fountain of our Woe,

From whence Despair, and Doubt for ever flow:

The Gall, that mingles with our best delight;

Rank to the Taste, and nauseous to the Sight:

A Days, the weight of Care that clogs the Breast,

At Night the Hags that does disturb our Rest,

Our mortal Sickness in the midst of Health;

Chains in our Freedom; Poverty in Wealth:

Th' Eternal Pestilence, and Plague of Life;

Th' Original, and Spring of all our Strife;

These rather are the Virtues of a clam'rous Wife!

O why, ye awful Pow'rs, why was't your Will?

To mix our solid Good with so much Ill?

But you foresaw our Crimes wou'd soar too high,

And so made them your Vengeance to supply:

For not the wild destructive waste of War,

Nor all the endless Lab'rins of the Bar,

Famine, Revenge, perpetual loss of Health,

No, nor that grinning Fiend, Despair it self,

When it insults with most tyrannick sway,

Can plague or torture Man so much as they.

But hold——don't let me blame the Pow'rs Divine;

Or at the wondrous Works they made, repine.

All at first was good, form'd by the unerring Will,

Tho' much has since degen'rated to ill.

Ev'n Woman was (say they) made chaste and good;

But Ah! not long in that blest State she stood;

Swift as a Meteor glides thro' Air she fell,

And shou'd, to love that Sex too much, is one sure way to Hell.

But stop my Pen; for who can comprehend,

Or trace those Crimes, which ne'er can have an end?

The Sun, the Moon, the Stars that gild the Sky,
The World, and all its Glories too must dye,
And in one universal Ruin lye:

But they ev'n Immortality will gain,
And live——but must for ever live in pain;
For ever live, damn'd to eternal Night,
And never more review the Sacred Light.

Beware then, dull, deluded Man, beware;
And let not vicious Women be the Snare,
To make you the Companions with 'em there;
Scorn their vain Smiles, their little Arts despise,

And your Content at that just value prize,
As not to let those rav'nous Thieves of Prey
Rifle, and bear the sacred Guest away;
'Tis they, 'tis they that rob us of that Gem;
How could we lose it were it not for them?

Avoid 'em then, with all the gaudy Arts,
They daily practise to amuse our Hearts;
Avoid 'em, as you wou'd avoid their Crimes,
Or the mad Follies that infest the Times.

But now shou'd some (for doubtless we may find
Many a stupid Ass among Mankind,)

Shou'd such condemn the wholesome Rules I give,
And in contempt of what I've spoke, still live
Like base soul'd Slaves, and Fetters chuse to wear,
When they may be as unconfin'd as Air,
Or the wing'd Race that do inhabit there;
May all the Plagues an ill Wife can invent,
Pursue 'em with eternal Punishment:

May they——but stay, may Curses I forestall;
For in that Curse I've comprehended all——

But say, Sir, if some Pilot on the Main
Shou'd be so mad, so resolutely vain,
To steer his Bark upon that fatal Shore,
Where he has seen ten thousand wrack't before,
Tho' he shou'd perish there; say, wou'd you not
Bestow a Curse on the Notorious Sot;
Trust me, the Man's as much to blame as he,
Who ventures his frail Bark out wilfully,
On the Wild, Rocky, Matrimonial See;
When round about, and just before his Eyes,
Such a destructive waste of fatal Ruine lies.

The Epistle Dedicatory to the Snarling Curs the CRITICKS.

AND why all this Noise and Splutter against the Women, Harmless Creatures! What have they done to deserve so many Lampoons, Libels, Satyrs? But methinks Gentlemen, 'tis not fair Dealing to commit Acts of open Hostility before you proclaim a War. And we know what Feats you brag have been done, by our little Fire-ship call'd the Satyr against Woman: This Preface therefore is only to let you know, that we have rig'd out a Female Man of War (if that been't Nonsense) with 30 Guns of a side, which I'gad Gentlemen, (as Mr. Bays has it) we hope will maul you: and so much for that Point.

But Now——what now? why, it seems 'twas Nero, and not Caligula, that made such a With, mention'd in Page 2d. Why Gentlemen, I hope you'll excuse the want of Learning in a Woman; since upon my word, I never read Suetonius nor Trauquills, for you all know, That a Box of Marmalade, Culpepper's Midwifery, a Prayer-Book, and two or three Plays, is all the Furniture of a Woman's Study,

If any of the Characters suit with some Persons to me unknown, I solemnly profess, there is not one of them levell'd against any Person whatsoever, but a Skilful Painter may by the strength of Fancy, draw a Face representing some Body, tho' no Body fit for the Picture.

Madam,

TH' Invasion first with fierce Assaults began,
 And scatter'd wild Disorder as it ran,
 It was a War betwixt our Sex and Man.
 With haughty Pride the bold Triumphers boast,
 And cry the weaker Vessel's sunk and lost;
 Trophies along the gaudy Strand display'd,
 And never such insulting Pœans made.
 Yet true it is, without a Blush we own,
 Our Force in part was scatter'd and o'erthrown:
 With Fright surpriz'd we knew not then the Foe,
 With Noise they hurry'd on, and flash't with show;
 Yet still unmov'd our Body did remain,
 They only took some Straglers on the Plain.
 To you the News with winged haste we bore,
 You smil'd, and bid us stand, and said no more.
 Long you delay'd indeed to aid us there,
 And they mistook your Scorn of them, for fear.
 You sent one Muse to view their Strength, she came
 And told you 'twas but Noise and babling Fame.
 Unguarded, and how loose the Forces lay,
 And would you then advance you'd win the Day.
 With this alarm'd your God-like Genius rose,
 Lord! how agast appear'd your frightened Foes?
 At your approach, foil'd and disarm'd they yield,
 And scatter strange Confusion o'er the Field.
 With Numbers sweetly rank't you brought us Aid,
 And shew you can defend us and invade:
 Submissive at your Feet their General craves,
 And you at Pleasure wound the baffl'd Slaves.

S A T Y R

against M A N.

THEN must it thus, Ye Heavens for ever be,
 Will no kind Fate our Sex from Censure free?
 Must ill-bred *Satyrs* chase us through the World,
 And shall no Thunder at the Slaves be hurl'd?
 Ye Gods! how long shall injur'd Virtue groan?
 How long shall Innocence be trampled on?
 Shall a bold Scribling Fop whose Head contains,
 A Thousand Maggots for One Dram of Brains,
 In Doggrel Rhime, and much more Doggrel Sense;
 Vomit six Pen'worth of Impertinence;
 Thrust it abroad, and in a Style not common,
 Call it forsooth—*A Satyr against Woman?*
 A pretty Title—sure the Book must sell,
 Cries a Clapt-Spark, and likes it wondrous well,
 Another Laughs, and Snuffing in the Nose,
 E'gad (says he) the Subjects rarely chose;
 A third,——but hold, the Slaves I must engage,
 Inspire me *Juno* with a Woman's Rage,
 A Rage like that, when you by Spies were told,
 How finely *Jupiter* intreagu'd with Gold;
 Or when the Shape of Bull and Swan put on,
 To get some Mortal Maiden-Head was gone:
 Assist dear Goddess, teach me how to write,
 Inform my Satyr when, and where to bite,
 That all the Race of lewd inconstant Men,
 May curse the time they rous'd a Woman's Pen.
 'Tis done,——a glowing heat my Breast inspires,
 Revenge inflames me with its eager Fires;
 Oh were the Race of Mankind in my Power,
 By all my Hopes, they should not live an hour,

By

By Heaven, *Caligula*, 'twas bravely done,
 To wish all Necks in *Rome* were shrunk to one,
 That at one blow they might receive their Fate,
 Yet *Cæsar*, you were moderate in your hate,
 A part of *Mankind*, at your Rage would fall,
 But mine, (*would Heaven would grant it*) flies at all.

Fear not my *Muse* the *Monster* to engage,
 But slight the passes of a *Scribler's* Rage;
 What tho' he struts in big affected Notes,
 You know the *Muses* still wear Petticoats,
 Those *Darling Shes*; their Sexes Cause will own,
 Shall *Angel-Woman* be by *Man* o'erthrown?
 — *Man*, the ignoble word of Tell-tale Fame,
 My Paper blisters as I write the Name,
Man, must I then the hated Name rehearse,
Lord! how it stains my Ink and spoils my Verse,
Man, by some angry God in passion hurl'd
 Down, as a Plague to vex the Female World.
 A Spirit of Air and Flame may be withstood,
 But who can shun a *Devil* of Flesh and Blood?
Man! hold my *Muse*, thy Epithets give o'er,
 A Nobler Task will soon employ thy Store,
 Expose the Wretch in all his vicious Shapes,
 Trace him through all Disguises, all Escapes,
 For tho' his Vices are become his Trade,
 Yet Vice will sometimes Act in Masquerade.
 Let no fond pity thy Resentments spare,
 Let nought of *Woman* make the Lash forbear;
 Let him be *Fop*, *Pimp*, *Cully*, *Fool*, or *Knave*,
 Lash till he fly for shelter to the Grave:
 That undeluded Females may be shown,
 What a choice Creature 'tis they dote upon.

Nature has scarce wrote *Man* upon his Chin;
 But strait to Love the Stripling does begin.
 Tho' what it is he understands no more,
 Than *Sailors* did the *Compass* heretofore.
 Whether the *Play-house*, *Church*, or *Boarding-School*,
 Did with a *Mistress* furnish the young *Fool*,

We cannot tell—but one at last is found,
 Whose Charms the Heart of young *Philander* Wound
 The Trifle humbly at her Feet he lays,
 And has the Way of Courtship now a days :
 Some *Present*—for a Bribe does slyly use,
 Or by a Gift—his want of Gifts excuse ;
 And that his Plot be more securely laid,
 He gets an Interest in the *Chamber-Maid* ;
 But if from's Vows she turns her Scornful Eyes,
 And with disdain his formal Courtship flies ;
 A Lunatick transform'd he then despairs,
 Looks wild, storms, rages, and devoutly swears,
 That if his *Sylvia* sends another Frown,
 Himself, himself, the Wretch himself will drown
 Before th' arrival of the next days Sun,
 And the next Tavern sees the *Business* done.
 Follow my *Muse*, you may if not too Clamorous,
 In a *Red-Sea* of *Claret* find Sir *Amorous*.
 Where powerful Love, yields to more powerful *Wine*,
 And prompts his Fancy to some new Design :
 His former *Mistress* like a Cast off Suit,
 Thrown by—another does his Heart recruit,
 To whom obliging Nature has been kind,
 In all the Gifts of *Body* and of *Mind*,
 Nor must her Fortune be forgot behind ;
 With her he uses all the little Arts,
 Invented to surprize unguarded Hearts.
 No Tears are wanting that may bribe her Sense,
 And to her Heart convey soft Love from thence.
 To Balls and Plays she's daily usher'd in,
 Tell me *St. James's Park* how oft you've seen
 The perjur'd Wretch conduct her through the *Grove*,
 And whisper Tales of his pretended Love.
 How oft he kist her hand, and softly ~~she~~ *she*,
 That she, and none but she he could adore,
 When the same time he Ogl'd at a Whore.
 His vig'rous Courtship overcomes the *Fair*,
 She can no longer such brisk Sallyes bear.
 With blushes which too well the Heart discover,
 The cred'lous *Phillis* owns her self a Lover,
 Which mighty Secret when the *Wretch* has known
 Retires, and all his Passion does disown.
 Disown't said I ?—Ah certainly he'd none ;
 And 'tis a part of his Diversion made,
 To tell the World how th' *Fair One* was betray'd,
 Your *Thunder Gods* ! to strike the Villain dead,

O could my Pen dart Lightning at the Slave,
 A Fate deserv'd his Perjuries should have :
 But a Curst Impotence attends me still,
 And Men must for the Deed accept the Will ;
 But yet to show how far a Woman's Passion
 Exceeds that Modish Raillery now in fashion.
 For once let cheated *Ariadne* speak,
 And if you any sense of Shame partake :
 Know perjur'd Men, will make your Hearts to ake.
 And will oblige our injur'd Sex to know it,
 The Story's true, no matter who's the Poet.

When *Theseus* false by unexpected Theft,
 Had *Ariadne* on black *Naxos* left,
 By him and this kind Sex expos'd a Prey
 To Wolves and Tygers milder Beasts than they,
 Long her low Love and Nature's servile Chain,
 Her just, her pious Curses did restrain :
 But when far off his Perjur'd Gally flies,
 And rising Billows screen her following Eyes,
 All *Woman* in her's banish'd by despair,
 Leaving a brave a dreadful Angel there ;
 Thus did She all his treacherous Sex engage,
 And thus curst on, inspir'd with Heav'nly Rage.

Fly Villain, Monster, Traytor, if I can,
 I'll call thee more than all, I'll call thee Man.
Man——Nature's Blush, Medly of Lust and Blood,
 All *Man*——degen'rate from thy Native Mud,
 Pure Sedement of Chaos, Devil all o'er,
 Thy self thy self, what need I call the more ;
 Perjur'd, and Treach'rous, Monstrous, and Ingrate,
 Deadly's your Love, more deadly than your Hate.
 Your charming Eyes are those which have betray'd,
 A tame, an easie, fond believing Maid.
 Find me one Wretch in all your Hellish Bands,
 Whole Tongue han't done more Murders than his Hands.
 Crocadile are your Tears, fly silent Lycs,
Hyena's Voice, and Cockatrices Eyes.
 Angels before you've cheated us, and then,
 The Cloven-foot peeps out, and you'r all Devils agen.
 When I my own weak Soul and Sex review,
 I hate my self and them as much as you.
 Why has black Destiny oblig'd us thus,
 To dote upon a Mortal-*Incubus* ?
 Oh that I could on the tame Fools prevail,
 We'd die to make their vip'rous Off-spring fail !

'Twould be but one curst Age before they fell,
And moulder'd back into their native *Hell*.

By Heaven, 'twas nobly wisht and bravely thought,
Were all our *Sex* with such Intentions fraught,
Hell would not long the treacherous Vermin spare,
For slighted Love who can with Patience bear?
And tho' our *Spark* was Perjur'd once before,
He'll tick with *Hell* for one false Promise more,
And a whole Race of feigned Vows run o'er.

No *Woman* shall monopolize his Heart,
But every *Female* shall pretend a part.
Inconstancy the Practic'd Vice of th' Age,
Makes him all *Women* that he sees engage.

One *Woman* takes him with her charming Air,
This 'cause she's *Black*, the other 'cause she's *Fair*.

Now now he dies for *Sylvia's Charming Eyes*,
Till *Celia's* Singing did his Soul surprize;
His trifling Heart she for a while possest,
Till 'twas remov'd to *Rosalinda's Breast*:

She could not long of her new Treasure boast,
The Skittish thing soon took another Post.

Harvia next would the Gay *Bubble* claim,
But still for *Daphne* he'd a greater Flame;

For her he languisht in soft fond Desire,
Till *Florimena* set his Heart on fire.

A while indeed he revel'd in her Arms,
But soon was captiv'd with *Almeria's* Charms:

For full six hours she held her *Aiery* Lover,
Till *Arabella* did new Charms discover:

Her welcome Guest she did not long enjoy,

But *Lydia* was presented with the Toy;

And tho' she'd Magick that might cause its stay,
Yet *Claristilla* beckon'd it away:

In two hours time the inclination fled,

And *Belvedira* reigned in her stead;

As Mistress long she had not bore Command,

But th' Scepter was resign'd to *Flora's* Hand,

False as the Wind, inconstant as the Weather,

It ran away from her the Lord knows whither.

His Love being thus in various Channels cut,

Old Lust flows in, as fast as Love ebbs out.

Lust, like a Fiend his Soul doth haunt and vex,

Lust, the Familiar *Devil* of the Sex;

All sense of Reputation once abhorring,

He lists himself a Protelyte for Whoring.

Whoring———what pleasure does the sound afford?

Whoring, that lovely fine delicious Word,

A Virtuous Woman's troubled with Ill-Nature,
 But yet a Whore's a most obliging Creature,
 With her all his broken Vows repeats,
 With her he values no Expence in Treats.
 Whatever her fond Appetite can crave,
 Tis but to ask, and she as soon shall have.
 The *Park* and *Play-house* see 'em still together,
 And he's her *Cully* for all sorts of Weather;
 And tho' some Years before the *Nothing* fled,
 Yet he'll be thought to have her *Maiden-head*.
 A vicious Constancy he now will own,
 And is not weary of her Service grown;
 While in her Lap th' enchanted Coxcomb rocks,
 She lovingly requites him with a P——

But hold a-while m'unwary head-strong Muse,
 In taxing *Men* I my own Sex Accuse,
 The Dart which at the other Sex was thrown,
 Recoils with all its Force upon our own:
 And while the *Cully* I would fain explore,
 In lively Colours I display the *Whore*.
 Like *Sampson's* Foxes tail to tail they're ty'd,
 And who, the Loving Couple would divide?
 Yet this for *Filts* must in excuse be said,
 'Twas false, base treach'rous *Man* that them betray'd,
 And if some Hellish Arts and Tricks they know,
 To you kind Men, they all their Knowledge owe,
 They were not Devils till you made 'em so.

From *Fluxing* or from private *Hot House* come,
 For our last mentioned *Cully* make some Room.
 Who tho' severely chastened for his Sins,
 His much lov'd Trade of Whoring soon begins,
 So Flood-gates which have long stop't Water-course,
 When opened make it fly with greater force.
 Not virtuous Ladies in his Lust he'd spare,
 Did not their Frowns make the bold Wretch forbear.
 His Lust all manner of distinction Damns,
 'Twixt *Country nut-brown*, or fine *Court Madams*.
 Ugly or handsome, fair, black, brown, or yellow,
 Tall, short, fat, lean, he swears she's not her fellow.
 Abroad he fastens upon all he meets,
 The Sexes common *Scare crow* in the Streets.
 Where Widows, Wives, and Maids, he boldly seizes,
 Ones Breast, and t'others Hand he rudely squeezes.
 But if he finds 'em civil or not right,
 Damn 'em, says he, they're, Virtuous out of spite.
 He roves not long till some kind *Jenny* pass,
 And she with him takes one refreshing Glass.

Some poultry *Chink* to tempt her he'll expose,
 And she on him a swinging *Clap* bestows.
 Who in few days finding his old Guest come ;
 At some *Quack Doctors* takes a private Room,
 The *Quacks* those lewd Impostors of the times,
 Fam'd for their *Pills*, their *Spirits*, and their *Rhimes*.
 With promis'd hopes, expecting Fops betray,
 And send them more Distemper'd thence away,
 Coll'd of their Health, and cheated of their Pay.
 Death through the Town is scatter'd in their Bills,
 And Execution swallow'd with their *Pills*.
 'Twould blast a modest Muse t'approach too near,
 A Dire Infection stains the neighbouring Air.
 Here draw the Veil and let the Wretches lie,
 Curfing the effects of their base Leachery.

What Gaudy thing from *China* or *Japan*,
 Is this appears?—it cannot sure be Man.
 And yet it talks, and looks, and walks like one,
 Of those we call the modish Sparks o'th' Town.
 Man's the least part about him that appears,
 Sure he was got between some *Tailors* Shears.
 Oh! what a breadth, what mighty Port he bears ;
 A dozen Farms upon his back he wears.
 Point *de Venise* must now adorn his Knees ;
 Whose Ancestors wore nought but homely Frieze.
 In a long *Wig* must our Sir *Taudry* strut ;
 Whose Father wore the old *Geneva*-cut.
 Dressing himself till noon the Fop must be,
 The *Royal Sovereign's* sooner rig'd than he.
 Each day he spends some hours before the Glass,
 To make himself a most accomplish'd *Ass*.
 Studies new Smiles and Cringes when alone,
 And practices abroad what there was done ;
 Pride is the *Mistress* he does hourly serve,
 His Ear is bor'd and he must never swerve :
 Pride, which to learn the *Women* but begin,
 In *Men* is grown a most habitual Sin.
 Along the *Park* methinks I see him pass,
 With formal steps he traverses the Grass ;
 If any *Ladies* Eyes but towards him move,
 He thinks, (*Vain Fool*,) that they're with him in Love.
 But if t'advance, and to him come but nigh,
 He gives 'em the kind squint and passes by ;
 Indeed he does it most judiciously.
 Then *Spanish Smush*, to *Modish Nose* is put,
 At which Perfum'd *Handkerchiefs* drawn out ;

T'adjust some bold disorder in the Face,
 And put the *Chin-patch* in its proper place.
 Then hums a Tune passing through the Streets
 With his dear Friend, the brisk Sir *Fopling* meets ;
 With open Arms they embrace—Dear *Jack* how is't ?
 Welcome from *France*, and then I think they kist.
 What News from *Paris* ? Are the *Ladies* fine ?
 Shall we at *Locket's* Ordinary Dine ?
 What Novels, Songs, or Fashion hast brought over,
 Are th' *Ladies* kind, I prithee *Jack* discover ?
 And thus does more Impertinence run thro'
 Than ever Gossips at a *Christning* knew.

Nay——'tis not all his Huffing shall excuse,
 The *Bully* from the Lash of angry *Muse* ;
Bully, how great i'th' Mouth the *Accent* sounds ;
Bully who nothing breaths but *Bl---d* and *W-----ds* ;
 Some *Devil* did sure on Nature act a Rape,
 And his own Likeness get in humane shape ;
 More Oaths and Curses not the Damned Vent,
 Than from the *Bully's* *Brimstone-Lungs* are sent.
 The *Devil* himself is all amaz'd to see,
 A Wretch more impiously bold than he ;
 He for one daring Act was sent to *Hell*,
 But th'others loud G----d D----m's who can tell ?
 Like *Tom a Bedlam* he invades the Streets,
 And Quarrels, Huffs, and Fights with all he meets.
 But if that one whose Valour seems to stoop,
 To Noise and Nonsense, take the Villain up ;
 And satisfaction for the Affront demand,
 Sir *Fright-All* lowers his *Top-sail* to your hand.
 Your Pardon Sir, says he, I must request,
 By G---- I thought you'd understood a Jest,
 His *Bilboe* shag'd he decently retires,
 Tutor to young raw *Fops* and Country *Squires*.

Would you my *Muse* of *Hell* the Picture view,
 And what distracted Looks the Damned shew ;
 Go to some Gaming-Ordinary where,
Shamwell and *Cheatly* and such Rooks repair,
 To sharp the City *Prigg* or Country-*Heir*.
 Oaths loud as Thunder, shake the trembling Room,
 And pointed Curses sign each others Doom.
 The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and all the Ills that fall,
 On wretched Mortals on themselves they call ;
 While they by the uncertain chance of *Dice*,
 Lose Mannors, Lands, and Lordships in a trice.
 And what Old *Gripe well*, Scores of Years was getting,
 Is lost at *Hazard* in an Hour's sitting :

The loss of *Guineas* proves the loss of sense.
 For against Chance how can there be Defence?
 Anger, Despair and Fury fill the Face;
 And *Passion* justles *Reason* out of Place.
 At last a Wretch with whom the *Furies* dwell,
 By a fatal thrust dismiss'd to Hell.
 Inform old *Nick*, that all the rest agree,
 Shortly to come and bear him Company.
 The keeping Spark should next have been expos'd,
 But that's a Text has one great *Poet* pos'd,
Satyr cannot fright him into shame,
 Whose Presence damn'd the well-wrote *Lianber ham*.
 Might have told what Arts and Tricks are laid,
 To snare the vertuous young unthinking Maid.
 That sly decoys are us'd to intrap the Fair?
 That trusty Pimp did in the Office share?
 That Rev'rend *Bands* made use of to intice,
 The Fair One's liking of that modish Vice?
 How she at last is guided to his Arms;
 Where Victor like he triumphs in her Charms.
 How long she does the Airy Title hold,
 And how her Joys are scarce a twelve Month old,
 Before kind *Keeper* takes another Miss;
 But sad experience knows too much of this.
 My Task were endless, I should never stop;
 Were I oblig'd to expose each sort of *Fop*.
 The rambling *Fop* from *France* but newly come,
 That went out sound and brought Diseases home.
 The squeamish *Fop* so nice in all things grown,
 For Courtly has his fellow *Fools* in Town.
 The Lazy *Fop* that lies a Bed till Noon,
 And wonders how he chanc'd to rise so soon:
 The *Fop* which does to business make pretence,
 Yet never guilty known of too much Sense;
 The City *Fop* that modish would appear,
 And puts on Sword and Wig at *Temple-bar*.
 The Cringing *Fop* that does to all Men bow;
 The Sharping *Fop* that lives the Lord knows how,
 The Noisy *Fop* would talk a Man to Death,
 The Swearing *Fop* that lives on perjur'd Breath:
 But hold—I might as well attempt to show
 That various Weeds on Banks of *Nilus* grow:
 That sorts of Monsters *Africks* Desarts bear,
 As tell how many sorts of *Fops* there are;
 We need not long be puzzl'd how to call Men,
 For *Fop* is grown a common Name for all Men.

Forgetful *Muse* that 'mongst the Slaves that vex,
 And daily torture our too harmless Sex,
 You should forget that hateful Plague of Life,
Husband, the Constant Jaylor of a Wife ;
 Husband---the curst Alotment of our Fate,
 Husband, the thing which of all things we hate ;
 Fops plague us but by turns, and then they've done,
 But *Husbands* Plagues are ever but begun ;
 And tho' each Day, we wish the Slav'ry done,
 We find our Chains as constant as the Sun.

If *Jealousie*, That Maggot of the Pate,
 Possess the Sor, how violent is his Hate ?
 What curst Suspicions haunt his tortur'd Mind,
 And make him look, for what he would not find ?
 To th' *Looking-glass* he dare not cast an Eye,
 For fear he should his *fine Brow-Antlers* Spy,
 Nothing but Females must i'th' House appear,
 And not a Dog or Cat that's Male be there :
 Nay lest th' unhappy Wife should have her Longings,
 He cuts out all the Men i'th' *Tapstry-Hangings*.
 If but a harmless Letter to her's sent,
 He'll make it own worse than e'er it meant,
 And e'er the Letter from his hands be cast,
 He'll make it speak some deadly Crime at last.
 In a curst Garret cloyster'd up for Life,
Lives Female-Innocence miscall'd a Wife.
 Deny'd those Pleasures are to Virtue granted,
 Yet by the *Devil* of a *Husband* haunted:
 For a Release, she cannot hope nor pray,
 Till milder Death take him, or her away :
 If her she's happy---and if him she's blest ;
 Till to her Arms she takes a second Guest :
 But where's a Woman of all Sense so void,
 Won't shun———

That Gulph wherein she'd like t've been destroy'd
 If Beauty, Wit, or Complaisance could do,
 Here's Woman that can all these Wonders shew ;
 Beauty that might new Fire to *Hermits* lend,
 And Wit which serves that Beauty to defend.
 When courted, she did Wonders with her *Charms*,
 Till *Parson* conjur'd her to *Husbands Arms*.
 And tho' the same Perfections still remain,
 Yet nothing now can the Dull Creature gain ;
 No Looks can win him, nor no Smiles invite ;
 The Wretch does her and her Endearments slight ;
 And leaves those Graces which he should adore,
 To dote upon some ugly *Suburb Whore* ;

Whilst poor neglected Spouse remains at home,
 With discontent and sorrow overcome.
 No Prayers nor Tears, nor all the Virtuous Arts,
 Which Women use to tame Rebellious Hearts
 Can the Incurable Husband move,
 And make him own his once so promis'd Love.
 Consider, Lord! 'twould make his Head grow giddy,
 He says he is not yet for *Bedlam* ready :
 But the next time that you thro' *Ludgate* pass,
 Through Grates you'll see the loving *Spend-All's* Face :
 And 'twill some Pleasure be the *Wretch* to view,
 Angling for single Money in *a Shoe*.

Tell me you grave Disputers of the Schools,
 You Learned *Cox Combs*, and you well-read *Fools* :
 You that have told us *Man* must be our Head :
 And made Dame Nature *Pimp* to what you've said.
 Tell me when *Husband* drencht in *Claret* reels,
 And slips by th' Motion of his treach'rous *Heels*.
 That Head he has we all confess and own,
 But what's the Head, when once the Sense is gone?
 Oh! she's a happy, too too happy Bride,
 That has a *Husband* snoring by her side :
 Belching out *Fumes* of undigested *Wine*,
 And lies all Night like a good-natur'd *Swine* :
 Whose snoring serves for Musick to her Ears ;
 And keeps true Consort with her silent Tears :
 That can himself no more than *Chaos* move,
 And still neglects the great Affair of *Love*.
 He may indeed assume the Name of *Wife*,
 But others know she's but a Nurse for *Life*.

A Drunken *Husband* may pretend good Nature :
 But here's a *Sullen Matrimonial-Creature* ;
 Will, and will not, will ask, and will deny ;
 Peevish, Cross, and cannot tell for why.
 Not one kind Look he will to Spouse afford,
 Not one kind Smile, perhaps not one good Word.
 All the obliging Arts that she can use,
 To reconcile this angry peevish Spouse ;
 Avail no more, than if she took delight
 In washing Bricks, or swarthy *Negroes* white,
 Whom and *Tygers* Men have learnt to tame,
 Retaining nothing frightful but their Name :
 With low Submission have their Keepers own'd,
 And trembled when their Masters have but frown'd.
 But *Man*, unruly *Man*, that Beast of Reason,
 Against Woman still continues in his Treason :

Whilst

No Charms his damn'd ill-nature can release,
Satan, must only *Satan* Dispossess.

Are these ye *Gods*, the *Sov'reigns* we must own?
 Must we before these golden Calves bow down?
 Forgive us Heaven if we renounce the *Elves*,
 We'll make a Common-Wealth among our selves:
 Where, by the Laws that we shall then Ordain,
 We'll make it Capital to mention *Man*.
Man, we'll for ever banish from our sight,
 Not talk by day, nor think of them by night:
 We'll shun their Courtship, as we'd do the Plague,
 And loath 'em more, than they a toothless-Hag:
 'Tis not their Sighs, their Cringing nor their Prayers,
 Their supple Whinings, nor their treach'rous Tears.
 That shall one kind Return for ever gain:
 But when t' oblige us they've done all they can,
 We'll laugh, deride, and scorn the *Foppish* Sex;
 And wrack Invention for new ways to vex.
 Till they to shun us, prompted by Despair;
 Or drown themselves, or hang in cleanly Air.
 Thus when to Hell by Shoals the *Men* are hurl'd.
Women will Reign as Monarchs of the World.

But if amongst us there should chance to be,
 One fitly fond regardless foolish *She*:
 That spight of all our *Edicts* will maintain,
 A League with that detested Creature *Man*:
 Good Counsel first shall strive to bring her off;
 But if the Fool will that good Method scoff;
 We'll try what next our heavy Threa'nings do,
 But her curst Treasons, if she still pursue.
 If she the freedom of her Sex will leave,
 And love a Wretch she knows that will deceive?
 From Pity we'll exempt the Female Sor;
 That wretched thing, a *Husband* be her Lot.
 Jealous by Day, and Impotent by Night;
 Have neither shape nor mein to please the Sight.
 Disceas'd in Body and deform'd in Soul,
 Conceited, Proud, yet all the while a Fool.
 Poor to a Proverb, Lazy, yet as Poor,
 And still want Credit for to run on Score.
 May she with him spin out a tedious Life;
 Blest with that much admir'd Title *Wife*.
 And may no *Female* better Fate partake,
 That dares profane the wholesome *Laws* we make.

THE

20

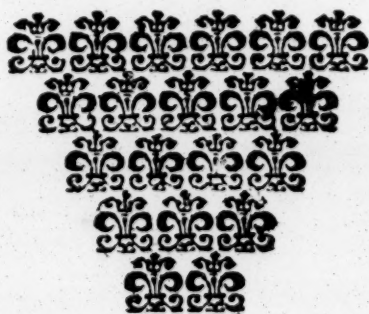
Long Vacation:

A

SATYR.

Address'd to all

Disconsolate Traders.



L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*,
near the Water-side. 1709.



THE PREFACE.

TO all you Gentlemen (if so I may stile you, since you are hardly well-bred, and tell so many Lies every Day behind the Counter) who are born Cockneys, and live within the Sound of Bow-Bell, I make these following Papers as a Present, well knowing, that you now sit biting your Fingers in your Shops, or toying with your Wives, and have little or nothing to do. All the fine Birds are flown, the Beau Monde have forsaken you, and what you get now, I believe, in a whole Summer's Day, you may put in your Eyes, and 'twill no ways hinder you from seeing your Horns, unless you are fond of those Vipers which you hug in your Bosoms; and are so wonderfully complaisant to your Wives that you will give them no manner of Occasion to think you any ways troublesome and impertinent, by having jealous Pates, or encroaching upon that Liberty and Freedom, which your Wives, as Citizens think, they have a Charter for.

Perhaps the following Lines may give you some Entertainment, or serve to amuse you a While, 'till Fame's loud Trumpet shall eccho a Victory to our Shore, which will be more agreeable to you, than those stollen Delights, which your Help-mates are now enjoying your absence, are to them. But, alas! that most of you are hornify'd, is no more News, (tho' you wittily enough put the Disgrace in your Pockets) than if any one should say, there is Bribery us'd in Elections; that some of the Parliament House are wiser than others; or that a young Widow, who has had the Pleasure of the shaking of the Sheets, wants to be marry'd again. Come, come, take Heart of

A 2

Grace,

Grace, my Lads; don't be disconsolate; i make no Doubt, but that you will shortly hear of a Battle, that will find you Talk enough for all the Vacation, and set your Tongues a moving as nimbly in every Coffee-house you come at, as that of a Court-Lady somewhat overtaken with drinking Harts-horn and Brandy.

As I said before, seeing you have little or nothing to do, tho' you had rather be accounted Cuckolds, than jealous Husbands, yet it would not be amiss to visit your Wives once Week, that so by the Beating of their Pulse, you may discover whether their Blood be in a Ferment or no, or when last their Bodies had some unlawful Agitations. Besides, since Nature is very craving, and her Wants must one Way or other be supply'd, it would be better for you to enjoy the lawful Embrace of your own Spouses, than engender with that fulsome Crap which at this dead Time of the Year is left in Town.

I protest I almost pity you, and am sorry, that your Wives should so impose upon you. Some roaring Bully, or recruiting Officer in the Country, makes his own Game with them; and Women are in one Respect the Reverse of the Turkey-Cock, they are wonderfully affected with a Red Coat. Since the your Shops are so empty of Customers, and your Trade is so dead, I would advise you to repent of all the Lies that you told behind your Counters last Term, to make your Accompts up between God and Man; go to Church with a safe Conscience, read the News chearfully; and since your Circumstances at present will not allow you to drink Wine, fancy Tea and Coffee, Burgundy and Campaign.

T H E

Long Vacation.

BLESS us! how silent is the noisy Gown?
 How quiet are the *Temples, Park, and Town?*
 As if *Astræa* (Great in *Anna's* Reign)
 Had banish'd Law to some deserted Plain.
 No Gouty J——ce sits upon the Bench;
 Indulgent to a Bottle and a Wench;
 Altho' his Rev'rend Garb, and Brow severe,
 Promise his Morals, and his Soul austere.
 Now sacred Peace, finds a secure Retreat
 Where Laws and Justice held their awful Seat:
 Not on Demurrers now the Serjeants drudge,
 Nor crabbed Pleas detain the hungry Judge.
 Each S—— now may rest in Elbow-Chair
 His veterane Limbs, broke with nocturnal Care,
 In turning over Volumes, and the Fair.
 No knotty Doubts his solid Ease beguile,
 His Rev'rend Coke the dusty Cobwebs spoil:
 Grave *Littleton*, and *Leveing* too, lie idle,
 He reads them now no oftner than the *Bible*.
 The jangling Laws, tho' insolently rude,
 Dare not upon his peaceful Hours intrude.
 Wine cheers his Soul, and his obliging Eyes
 Shew he's not dead to charming Mistresses;
 Tho' at the Bar, in Term you'd hardly think,
 That he had Pow'r enough to whore or drink;
 But that the charming Beauties of the Fair,
 Were far above his Notice, or his Care,
 Such Furrows in his aged Cheeks appear:

}
 }
 Yet

Yet tho' his Looks, an Air most solemn shew;
His powder'd Wig discovers he's a Beau;
And that when serious Business don't intrude,
His Worship can be both gallant and lewd.

The C——r's *Kitchen*, as his Brains is cold,
No longer now litigious Crowds make bold
To knock him up, and buy their Peace with Gold.
No more he sees his Chambers like a Fair,
Of Clients full, and nev'r a Pauper there.
No longer now he props with noblest Wines
His Age, and at the *Devil* sups and dines.
Nor does the Porter light him to his Bed
'Twixt Twelve and One, by trusty Drawers led.

The Petty-fogger, who keeps such a House
Would starve a Church, or ancient College Mouse,
Hangs down his Ears, and now begins to miss
His sumptuous Meals, and Term-time Luxuries:
Just as his Looks, so does his Purse grow thin,
Paleness without, and Emptiness within.
Quickly he thinks it prudent to repair
To some convenient Seat for Country Air;
Carrying himself with Paultry present down,
His Board he sponges on some Rural Clown,
'Till the kind Term returns him to the Town.
Trusting in Impudence, which seldom fails,
Some silvane Nymph, perchance, the Fop assails.
The ruddy Maid at first receives his Flame,
And vows her Spark's a *pretty Gentleman*;
Tho' whatsoe'er he to his Mistress says,
Is stoll'n from *D'Urfey's*, or from *Settle's Plays*:
In vain he shews th' abundance of his Sense,
And charms the Fair with borrow'd Eloquence.
For soon malicious Fortune makes it clear,
That he's som paultry tricking *Wappineer*:
Good Gods! how dull his Courtship is! How lame!
How soon he quits his bold presumptuous Flame!

Wing

Wing'd with Disgrace, he flies the Hills and Groves;
 And Vallies, conscious of his slighted Loves;
 He hastes to Town, there meets what he deserves,
 And twice two Months the Scoundrel Scribler starves;
 Till the returning Winter cheers the Laws,
 And the glad Term, a Scene of Business draws.
 Thus, when the Woods, by some Autumnal Blast,
 Their verdant Leaves, and shady Honours cast,
 The sick'ning Trees, their ravish'd Beauties mourn,
 Till circling Hours the joyful Spring return;
 Till the warm Sun, with his resplendent Beams,
 Thaws Nature's Bolts, and soon unlocks the Streams:
 His vital Heat, the flowing Rills enlarge,
 And the glad Fish from Icy Nets discharge.
 So at th' Appearance of the blooming Spring,
 The Feather'd Quoiristers rejoyce and sing:
 While they in Fields, their tuneful Notes prepare,
 And with soft Musick, bless th' harmonious Air.

The weary Press, at Ease in Safety sleeps,
 No supple Oil the Polish'd Iron keeps,
 The Hawkers now we very rarely meet,
 Faction and Treason venting in the Street.
 From *Will's* and *Tom's*, the well-dress'd Youths are fled,
 And Silence there with Poppies binds her Head.
 To Country-Seats the Men of Sense go down,
 And for their rural Joys neglect the Town.
 Some few sham Battles bellow'd out at Night,
 And Apparitions now the Mob affright.
 Commets and Armies, fighting in the Air,
 Seen by the Lord knows whom, the Lord knows where.

Our tuneful Bards, and Pamphleteers are fled,
Morpheu and *Bragge* protest their Trade is dead.
 Upon the Stage no new-born Scenes arise,
 No Lightnings flash from *Imoinda* Eyes.
 The Bastard's Blood not injur'd *Edgar* spills,
 To save a Father, nor a Brother kills:

Nor yet blind *Gloucester's* sad Intent defeats;
 And his rash Sire with pious Falshood cheats;
 Near *Elfenore*, nor *Hamlet's* regal Ghost,
 Speaks to his Son on young *Horatio's* Post;
 Themselves, not *Ætius*, or *Lucina* kill,
 The passive Subjects to a Tyrant's Will.
 With lawless Fires, nor does not *Barry* burn;
 And lewdly act the Daughter of the Sun.
 No captive *Bajazet*, or Heroes storm;
 No *Desdmona*, with Angelick Form,
 Is doom'd (most lovely as she is) to die,
 For her *Othello's* hot-brain'd Jealousy.
 No lost *Statira*, with her blooming Charms,
 Ensnares Great *Phillip's* from Wars and Arms:
 No diff'rent passions now the Hero move,
 And wreck his Soul 'twixt Empire and Love.
 Here no Sir *Fopling*, with his modish Dress,
 Laughs at the Age's monst'rous Fopperies,
 No merry Beggars here their Revels keep;
 The Poets starve, and the nine Sisters sleep.
 Far from the Town the fair *Camilla* fled,
 To *Tunbridge*, there the rural Grass to tread.
Arfinoe, the Theatre forsakes,
 And from *Augusta* far her Lodging takes.

The Actors too, must take the pleasant Air,
 To *Oxford* some, to *Sturbridge* some repair,
 And quite debauch the hopeful Students there.
 There in some Country Shed, ———
 The Tinsel Kings contentedly lie down,
 And quite forget the Business of a Crown.
 No costly Wines, their wond'ring Gust surprize;
 Brandy and Ale their Royal Thirst suffice;
 And when their Hearts by nappy Bowls made light,
 Some ruddy Blouze sprawl in their Arms at Night;
 Whose vig'rous Race are well by Fate decreed,
 To help our Peers, and mend *St. —*'s Breed.

The *British* Beauties, now in Crowds resort
 Within *Vinſoria's* Walls, or *Hampton-Court*,
 Where Royal *Anna* keeps her ſtately Seat,
 And free from Crowds, enjoys a ſoft Retreat:
 Some to the *Bath* moſt cautiously repair,
 To keep their Beauties from polluted Air;
 And blooming Nature Fence from fatal Shocks;
 Both of the leſſer and the greater Pox:
 There they a thouſand Pangs and Joys impart,
 And with ſure Arrows wound the boldeſt Heart:
 There they diſplay the Glories of their Eyes,
 And make unguarded Man a Sacrifice;
 Between their Bed, the Toylet and their Glaſs,
 And giving Viſits, all their Moments paſs:
 Th' admire the Beaus and are by them admir'd,
 With equal Charms the wanton Crowd is fir'd:
 They laugh, they ſport, they dance, they toy and ſing,
 No days nor Hours the Fops to Reaſon bring.
 Here *Clœ* once moſt inſolently coy,
 Who hated Love, and Love's ſurprizing Joy;
 She, who in Town, the fierceſt Storms withſtood,
 Plainly diſcovers now ſhe's Fleſh and Blood,
 And gives her Virgin-Treasure, which before
 She valu'd higher than the glitt'ring Store
 Of *Tagus* Golden Sands. — — —
 Athieſts and Parsons here, alike repair,
 To drink the Waters, and imbibe the Air:
 Bawds, Matrons, Punks, commend the pregnant Steech;
 But ſomething elſe the fertile Ladies feel.
 Sharpers, at Dice, conſume the waſting Day;
 The Fair for ſomething elſe than Money play:
 And when vaſt Sums theſe lovely Loſers ſet,
 They, with their Perſons, pay the deſperate Debt.
 They Cit to *Epfom* brings that Chain of Life,
 That ſawcy, ſcolding Termagant, his Wife;
 Where,

Where, for two Months, that she may gay appear,
 He spends the future Gains of half a Year.
 Whate'er the Hills or richer Vales produce,
 The Swains prepare for her luxurious Use.
 Mutton the Downs, *Cafe-Hanton* Trouts afford,
 And ev'ry *Park* finds Ven'son for her Board.
 But little thinks the wild expensive Fair,
 What fertile Ills her Vanities prepare.
 Twice e'er the fiery Coursers of the Sun,
 Have view'd each Pole, (their annual Labour done)
 In the *Queen's-Bench* we shall her Husband meet,
 In *Ludgate* lock'd, or Pris'ner in the *Fleet*.
 Commission'd Harpies his Effects shall claim,
 And the *Gazette* shall publish thrice his Name.
 But fearless now of Dangers unforeseen,
 He haunts the Walks, the Coffee-house, and Green.
 Waters and Wine do all his Hours divide,
 Heated and cool'd by their alternate Tide.
 With Mirth and Wine th' uxorious Coxcomb drunk,
 Little Regards his dear dissembling Punk,
 Who, to the crowded Play-house, 'mongst the Beaus,
 Resorts, or else to *New Spring-Garden* goes:
 For here the famous * *Roscins* of the Age,
 In tragick Buskins treads the rural Stage.
 The ancient Bards in long lost Plays revive,
 And by their Wit, th' industrious Actors thrive.
 Each conscious Scene th' am'rous Jilt admires,
 And in her Bosom, feels extinguish'd Fires.
 For some loose Actor's brawny Back she burns,
 Is lewd again, and her hot Fit returns.
 Gods! how she praises *Valentinian's* Shape,
 And sighing, wishes chaste *Lucina's* Rape!
 With that fierce Joys could she † *Antonio* meet,
 Was he not quite so lewd, and more discreet!
 For bold *Almanzor's* Strength the Wanton dies,
 And views his Action with desiring Eyes.

* *Powell*.

† One of the Libertines Companions.

When the gay Scenes are o'er, the Fair retreat
To silent Shades, where they their Lovers meet;
And in fresh Raptures, all their Joys repeat. }

The Country 'Squire makes his Acquaintance drunk,
And falls enamor'd on some *London* Punk,
Who sets the rustick Coxcomb all on Fire,
And Warms his Breast with impudent Desire.

Hither the *Covent-Garden* Crack repairs,
With bought Complection, and with borrow'd Hairs:
And while her Spark whole Towns to Ashes turns,
His Dam'sel here intriguing Coxcombs burns.
At first, my Lord, with a reluctant Frown,
Pulls up her Cloaths and throws the Wanton down.
But when Necessity and Want assail,
Interest and Gain above her Pride prevail:
On easy Terms she'll on the Grass be still,
And let his Lordship's Butler kiss his Fill.

The smiling Sempstress now her Shop forsakes,
Here vents her Ware, and better Bargains makes.
Here in unlawful Joys, and stoll'n Delight,
Both Rich and Poor spend the polluted Night.

The Bankrupt Vintners starve for want of Trade,
Few Payments now are to the Merchants made.
Score in the Bar, the Master seldom bawls,
Nor little Bell, the tardy Drawer calls.
Rarely the Cook now Cutlets broils of Veal,
But unemploy'd, into the Cellar steals:
There she and *Tom*, to broach a Cask combine,
And 'gainst a Butt she spills her Master's Wine.
Few drunken Catches now at Night we hear,
Sad pensive Looks in ev'ry Post appear:
Their *Dragon*, *Horns*, and *Fish* neglected lie,
And all the Rubies in their Faces die,

No dirty Feet pollute their cleanly Floors;
 Nor three for two the sleepy Mistress scores:
 Whilst new-come Guests, past one, disturb her Nap;
 And to get in, at the clos'd wicket rap.
 Their Brewings, Mixtures, all are at a Stand,
 And their Prick'd Cyder, frets upon their Hand.

The Merchant now to rural Village runs,
 Enjoys the Country Air, and scapes his Duns;
 Who only now can tease him by the Post,
 For Goods exported in the *Tygar*, lost.

The buzzing *Change*, and *Gresham's* Walks grow thin,
 Catch-poles without, and Brokers sweat within.
 Few others to the stately Dome repair,
 Now unfrequented as a House of Pray'r.

Guy's Infantry unarm'd, and idle stands,
 No Quarts or Glasses tire their trembling Hands:
 To *Jonatban's* but few Stock-Jobbers go,
 They only meet to forge good News, or so.
 The Quack forbears to swell the Weekly Bill's,
 And avaritious Death but slowly kills.
 Fevers can scarce the Doctor's Room supply,
 And cheap and honestly the Vulgar die.

The Sexton groans to view his rusty Spade,
 And greedy Curates moan their Want of Trade:
 The Bearers sigh, and the sad Passing-Bell
 But rarely now the Deads Departure tell.

Late to the *Park* no whining Beaus repair,
 And tell their Passion to th' am'rous Fair:
 No burning Flambeaux light the dolesome Shade,
 Nor Waxen Beams strike thro' the verdant Glade.
 The fierce Patroul, which march the Rounds by Night,
 Wild Ducks and Geese their sole Spectators fright.

Round

Round the Canal no new-made Prints appear;
 No cooing Lovers in the Grove we hear;
 The waking Soldiers only guard the Deer.

}

On the Parade no haughty Col'nels meet,
 In Order to consult where they may eat;
 Or to advise who sells the noblest Wine,
 And where from Duns they may securely dine.

Young Ensigns now at *Man's* no longer swear,
 Nor cully'd Gamesters fret and wrangle there.
 Trick-track and Basset now no longer please,
 And Cards are banish'd, but from Refugees.

The Parson in a melancholy Tone
 Harrangues at Church, now half his Flock is gone.
 Each Rev'rend Accent now neglected falls,
 C—— prays, and P——d to little purpose bawls.
 His num'rous Parish various Journeys take,
 These for the *Bath*, and those for *Tunbridge* make;
 And the lost Sheep their past'ral Lord forsake.

}

The B——s to their proper Sees repair,
 For Conscience some, and some for Country Air,
 And grace with Lawn, their rich Cathedral-Chair.

}

B——, whose Tongue is merry and divine,
 Can't to the Town, his wand'ring Lambs confine.
 His pretty Audience crowd to *Hudsons-Lane*,
 And the Saint-Player, yields to the Prophane.
 The godly, conscientious Holder-forth,
 For rural Pleasure, leaves the *Bull and Mouth*,
 And lodges at some Country Quaker's Inn,
 Mov'd by the Spirit, and the Light within,
 Where holy Sister, with religious Seed
 Is fructify'd, and bears a pious Breed.

Others

Others to *Bristol's* noted Fair retreat,
 And with a pious Fraud, th' Ungodly cheat.
 But nobler Youth, a lovelier Game pursue,
 And at *St. Edmund's* Virgin-Beauties view,
 Whose nat'ral Blushes raise ungovern'd Fires,
 And warm the Wildest with sincere Desires.
 From Hills and Vales a Tide of Beauty flows,
 And a new Spring the glitt'ring Meadow shows.
 Their lovely Bloom takes the most guarded Heart,
 And Nature fram'd 'em in Despight of Art.
 The love-sick Beaus with real Passion burn,
 Unhurt they came, but wounded Home return.
 Wisdom nor Pow'r the Great or Wise secure,
 Where Beauty wounds, and Fame denies a Cure.
 No wanton Arts their firm Affections win,
 Scorn rules without, and Honour guards within;
 Their equal Minds no troubl'd Passions try,
 But all's serene as the superior Sky.
 Here Love does all his keenest Darts prepare,
 And keeps a Magazine in ev'ry Fair.
 At lovelier Breasts ne'er *Cupid* bent his Bow,
 Nor stronger Charms *Arabian* Virgins know;
 Tho' when their Joys Great *Mecca's* Priest did prove,
 He found a Heav'n, and fix'd its Bliss in Love.
 With Eyes like theirs, *Venus* did once perswade
 The *Trojan* Youth, when he for Love betray'd
 High *Ilium's* Tow'rs, and low his City lay'd;
 On *Venus* only he conferr'd the Prize,
 For matchless Beauty, and bewitching Eyes.
 But should once more that am'rous Swain revive,
 And o'er the Seas at *Bury* Fair arrive,
 Not one alone would claim the Prize, but all,
 And each he'd judge deserv'd the Golden Ball.

To *Granta's* Streams the studious Youths retreat,
 Where Arts prophane, and sacred Knowledge meet;
 And where the Muses chuse their Halcyon Seat.

Learning,

Learning, by Chance, to other Climes resorts,
 But here she keeps her sage eternal Courts.
 To her Apartments, all Admittance find,
 Whose pleasing Fetters circumscribe the Mind :
 Her Labour, Nature's dark Recesses shows,
 And the coy Maid, by Time, familiar grows.
 Thro' ev'ry Maze, Art sees the Virgin clear,
 And her bright Charms without a Vail appear.

There *Galen's* Sons learn *Paan's* balmy Skill,
 Use wholesome Med'cines, and forget to kill :
 The various Force of Trees and Plants they know,
 From the tall Cedar, to the Shrubs below.
 The Seeds of Things these Rev'rend Sages tell,
 Why Roses sweet as *Indian* Spices smell ;
 Whence lofty Elms by Ivy are entwin'd,
 Why in deep Slumbers drossy Poppies bind ;
 Why potent Opiats stop the haughty Pride
 Of raging Pests, and cool Life's purple Tide ;
 Whence lazy Colds heat the fermenting Blood ;
 And why the Bark stagnates the boiling Flood ;
 What Accidents give Plagues and Fevers Birth ;
 Which scorch these mouldring Tenements of Earth ;
 The Scurvy, what malignant Atoms breed ;
 What swelling Springs the tumid Dropsy feed.
Salomon, the Royal Simpler by th' Almighty taught,
 Who first prescrib'd, and Cures predestin'd wrought,
 With readier Art could scarce the Sick relieve,
 Or sooner Health to wounded Patients give,
 Than skilful Leaches, who, near * *Granta's* Shore,
 Nature inspect, and all her Pow'rs explore.

Others to bolder Themes their Thoughts direct,
 And all the Wonders of the Sky detect ;
 Their Art explains —————

Cambridge.

How

How angry Winds the Heav'ns with Horror shake,
 And lab'ring Clouds with dreadful Thunder break;
 Why Light'ning flashes from the Realms above,
 And Streams of Fire in rapid Torrents move;
 Whence bearded Meteors threaten in the Sky,
 And shed their baleful Influence as they fly;
 What pow'rful Force the *Alps* asunder breaks,
 And why the Earth with dire Convulsions quakes,
 From Realms above they view the hoary Deep,
 Where mighty Stores the Mother Waters keep;
 Where murm'ring *Thetis* lulls her infant Waves,
 Beneath Earth's Bottom, and her farthest Caves;
 Where Night and Horror bear eternal Sway,
 Secure from Light, and radiant Beams of Day.
 There these dark Pow'rs their dusky Godheads hide,
 And wrapt in Mists, their sooty Empire guide.
 There sacred Bards in humble Cells confin'd,
 Sore thro' the Heav'ns with their aspiring Mind.
Homer, the Brave, to War and Battles warns,
 Urges the slothful, and the tim'rous Arms.
Anacreon there, does the Recluses move
 To soft Delight, and *Sappho* bids them love.
Hesiod, the Birth does of the Gods rehearse,
 And fictitious Pow'rs immortal, prove by Verse.
 'Tis he to *Jove*, that does his Thunder give,
 The Poet makes the Cloud-Compeller live.
Pindar, in bold unimitable Strains,
 Soars high, and tow'ring wings th' Ætherial Plains:
 A thousand Joys the safe Collegiates please,
 And bless their Hours with Happiness and Ease.
 Did but the Crowd, which in *Augusta* dwells,
 Taste the soft Bliss of these retired Cells,
 The Term's Approach, th' instructed Youth would fear
 And a Vacation wish throughout the Year.

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F I N I S.

THE

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Dorsetshire-Racers.

A

POEM.

a LETTER from H----- S-----ton,
to his Friend T----- P-----n.



L O N D O N.

Printed for the Use of all Sorts of Jockeys, whether
North, South, East, or West.

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Book 38

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THE
Dorsetshire-Racers.

F Ret not, dear *TOM*, that thou ha'st lost the Race;
You shew'd good Skill, and rid it with a Grace.
But some must lose; and since it was your Fate,
Envy not those, whose Luck has won the Plate:
Your Friends and ours their utmost Skill did shew;
And as you jockey'd us, we jockey'd you.

* *PROBUS* came first, and rid it like the Wind;
The slower Racers whipp'd and spurr'd behind.
A well-bred Horse, his Fore-hand is but course,
With a slack he Rein distanc'd ev'ry Horse.
His Feeding's good, his Airing's clear and pure;
He moves with Order, and his Steps are sure.
He's tender-mouth'd, manag'd with easy Bit;
Runs true to th' last, and has no reisty Fit;
Keeps the right Track, and scorns to glent aside;
None can a truer *English* Horse bestride.

† *EUCUS* came next, a batter'd fiery Steed,
Descended from the old *Cromwellian* Breed.

* Lord D.

† Sir W. S.

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He yells and neighs, and in Horse-language swears,
 Snorts, paws, and champs, rouses his Ass's Ears :
 But what is worse, he's maukeen, and half mad,
 Has tasted Blood, and must by Blood be fed.

This founder'd Stallion, gentle as a Bear,
 May serve to horse some course *East* riding Mare ;
 Or being spavin'd, wind-gall'd, full of Flaws,
 May make a Pack-Horse for the good old Cause :
 H's run his last, his racing Days are done,
 And leaves his Vertues to an hopeful Son.

* *AULUS* came next, a right *New-Market* Crimp,
 He runs off fast, but has a plaguy Limp ;
 A Hinch in's Gate, (as in the *North* we cry)
 Sometimes he stumbles, oft he treads awry.
 Back'd by old *ROKUS*, and his *Pagan* Crew,
 Went off so fast, he did not run, but flew ;
 But soon his Sinews fail'd, his Pastorns feeble grew ;

† *ROKUS* did manage well on *AULUS* Side,
 Gawster'd and bawl'd, and often swore and ly'd ;
 Vow'd him an Horse of noble Stud and Breed ;
 But none who *ROKUS* knew, will *ROKUS* heed ;
 An errant Jockey, born to lie and cheat ;
 He ne'er rid true, nor carry'd Horse-man's Weight ;
 By Fraud he thrives, by Villainy grows great.

* *CAIUS* run well, and bravely rid his Course,
 He started last, but prov'd a true-bred Horse ;

Runs light and fine; for the next Plate he'll shew
 A Pair of Heels to distance *EUC.* and *AU.*
 His Training's good, his Limbs are fine and clear,
 No knavish Wind-galls do in him appear.
 The modern Spavins have not made him limp,
 Nor the Court-Jokeys match'd him for a Crimp;
 Runs true to th' last, his Wind no Taint has got,
 'Mongst Racers now an epidemick Fau't.
 His Sire was staunch, of honest *English* Breed,
 Sure then the Colt will have both Truth and Speed!

* *LENTO* came lagging on, a formal Steed,
 Of *Spanish* Gravity, and *Spanish* Speed;
 His Steps he counts, and numbers every Stroke;
 As if he were in Cavalcade to walk;
 Or measuring out the Course with sober Stride,
 Whilst whipp'd and spurr'd the Racers by him ride.
 In pompous City-Triumph he may do,
 Wear the great Saddle at a Lord-May'r's Show;
 But for a *Northern* Race he's much too slow.
 Courage he wants, with active Speed and Fire,
 The noble Vertues of his martyr'd Sire:
 Honest, but slow; a true *Festina Lente*,
 If match'd again, the Odds to one, are twenty.

The tawny † *OSMAN*, sprung from *Turkish* Sire,
 A Beast unruly, full of Flame and Fire;
 Never well-broke, impatient of his Rein,
 Champs on the Bit, bounces, and fumes amain;

Scorns to be rid, or train'd, an head-strong Horse,
 By Chance has won a little paultry Course.
 The Race he'd lost, had not *JOCUNDO* lent
 His winning Whip, and lash'd him as he went :
 For tho' he cracks of Native Speed and Heels,
 He's only swift in Wickedness and Ills.
 For the next Plate he'll spare no Pains or Cost,
 Tho' oft he runs o'th' wrong Side of the Post.

* *SANCTO* run strong, and strain'd him till he star'd
 Fear and Disorder in his Looks appear'd.
 Grim *OSMAN* swore, and zealous *SANCTO* pray'd;
 Yet at the Bottom *SANCTO*'s but a Jade :
 The Rascal Principles lurk in his Blood,
 And Nature Education hath withstood;
 Not worth a Button, should he *OSMAN* beat,
 He'll prove a Crimp, that's (*Anglice*) a Cheat.

A merry *Greek* we may † *JOCUNDO* call,
 Fearless of Danger, Sprightly, Runs at all;
 Treads safe, and at the Bottom's true and good,
 Tho' late he wore the Liv'ry Cloths and Hood;
 With Curb some thought to've rid this bonny Steed,
 Taught him to pace and amble, as They did;
 Made him a Stalking-Horse, a Pad of State,
 To Neigh, or as they please, Vociferate.
JOCUNDO scorn'd to Bray, or be their Ass,
 So lost his Liv'ry, and was turn'd to grass.

* Mr. W.

† Sir J. B. of P.

In Time to come, kind Fate the Wheel may move,
That he a Charging-Horse 'gainst some may prove.

Oh! that my silly Pencil could depaint
This Course betwixt *JOCUNDO*, *TURK*, and *SAINT*.
Here Palmestry and mystick Arts were try'd,
With Buttocking, or else they are bely'd;
Here Scarves, silk Stockings, Stays, and silver Ladles;
Were Stirrups helpful to get into th' Saddles.

* *QUÆRE* and *CALCAR* both at † *Noppir* run;
The interloping * *TIT* was quite undone;
At double Distance poorly did he move,
Yet did his best to please his † Lord above.
Spur-gall'd and cut, from Neck to Buttock flee'd;
This poor pretending Colt is almost dead;
Besides his Stable-Room and Keeping are unpaid.
Thus aspiring Tools are whipp'd and spurr'd,
To gratify some proud insulting L—d,
Who to their Sores and Galls no Balsam will afford.

CALCAR's a well-bred Colt, and true may ride,
If glitt'ring Baubles turn him not aside.
His Sire runs well, and keeps a steady Course;
Then *CALCAR*, sure, may prove an useful Horse.
Old * *ORTHODOX*, the Gray, was *CALCAR*'s Sire,
A noted Steed for Vigor, brisk as Fire;

* Mr. A. and Mr. S. † *Rippon*. * Sir R. B. † L—d W.
† A. B. — p of X.

An early Courage did his Fame advance
 Against the Bulls of *Rome*, and Wolves of *France*.
 Tho' now he's bent by Years, and Cares oppress'd,
 And sometimes kick'd by an unruly Beast :
 Th' old *English* Course he keeps, gads not astray,
 Jumps o'er each little Saw-pit in the Way,
 Contemns each Ass, tho' loudly he may Bray.
 In highest Stall his Merits do him place,
 And spight of Malice, is an Horse of Grace.

Where the old * *Chaos* sits in awful State
 † *QUADRATO* and *ROTUNDO* won the Plate.
 Here Rocks from lapidescent Juices grow,
 From healing Fountains, Life and Vigour flow,
 And barren Females pregnant Secrets show.
 Prancing *QUADRATO* here is Lov'd and known ;
 His Courage gives him Praise, his Speed Renown.
 This Sea-horse once *Leviathan* attack'd,
 Had hook'd his Nose, had he been fairly back'd ;
 But the Great Monster broke the harping Line ;
 For in his Aid, the Gramps and Sea-Calves join,
 And Terrene Knav'ry, pleads for Villainy Marine.
 Thus far'd it with *QUADRATE*. Thrice happy we,
 Would ev'ry Courser Courage shew like thee !
 Or would *ROTUNDO*'s Arts like thine appear,
 But *Problem* hard the Circle is to square,
 Or make a Round-head turn a Cavalier.

* *Knareborough*.

† Mr. B. and Mr. S.

* *RAW-HEAD* and *BLOODY-BONES*, two frightful
(Steeds,

Of equal Parts, of equal Heels and Heads;
Both by Dame *Nature* blended in a Bowl,
A double Body, but a single Soul.
This, like a solid Dumplin, boil'd in Pot,
That, like a Fritter, best when piping hot.
For sober Parts, this does Advancement find;
That for th' illustrious Glories of his Mind.
This casts the Water of a sickly State;
That Judgment gives, all Oracle of Fate,
And yet but one identical Clod-pate.

Thus have I seen the Head of *COLLY*'s Son,
By skilful Cook, split, and made two from one;
The pale Side boil'd, the other grill'd with Bread,
This taught to judge, and this to talk and plead,
Yet both were one Original Calve's-head.
The *Ifurian* Plate this noble Pair hath won,
By Duke † *HOLDFASTO* train'd and taught to run.

Th' *Ebraukian* Race the two **VOLANTO*'S gain;
They neither whipp'd, nor spurr'd, nor made one
(Strain,
But half-bred Horses, gallop as they please,
And both infected with the same Disease.
Their Wind's not good, they seldom gallop true;
They trot, and pace, canter, and amble too.

* Mr. J. of K. Mr. M. of A.
† York, Sir W. R. and Mr. B.

† D. of N.

They will not gallop fine; and what is more;
 They're apt to put the wrong Foot oft before.
 Were they well manag'd by a Man of Skill,
 Way'd to the Course, and gallop'd true and well,
 They'd win the Plate, and bear away the Bell.

For the small *Brasian* Plate * *LEPULLUS* run;
 A Course which oft his head-strong Sire had won.
 A promising Colt, of hopeful Heels and Speed,
 But Faults oft lurk in the paternal Seed;
 From vicious Stallions, ill-bred Colts proceed.
 With him old † *SACCAR* as a Colleague joins,
 Weak in the Gaskins, feeble in the Loins,
 All patch'd and paultry, a *New-Market* Cheat,
 Batter'd and founder'd both in Head and Feet.
 He ne'er runs true, at ev'ry Turn gets Ground,
 In others Losses still his Gain he found;
 But Good ill-got, prove rotten and unfound.

* *TANDEM* and *SLT* against them both contend;
 And *TANDEM* stakes both for himself and Friend.
 Their utmost Skill these noted Jockeys show,
 As far as *Yorkshire* Horfemanship can go:
 From diff'rent Posts the various Racers start;
 The dubious Plate is claim'd on either Part;
 And different Judges, chose on either Side,
 All shout, they've won, and Victory is cry'd.

* *Malton*, Mr. S.

† Mr. P.

‡ Mr. S. and Mr. P's Antagonists.

* *CARBONO* the sole Arbiter is made;
 For *Possè Sapientiæ* guards his Head;
 Yet Courage fails, and his poor Heart's afraid.

Thus private Int'rest makes Men Dastards grow;
 Some own a God above, some Lords below,
 To the Great *HIPPODROME* all's now referr'd,
 Where Causes for Affection oft are heard;
 Where byas'd Judges rule; and what is worse,
 Determine Races as they like the Horse;
 Where he who wins, a Loser oft is made,
 And a good Horse is voted but a Jade,
 And selling Wind, is grown a thriving Trade.

Cunning *CARBONO* now the Cause transfers
 From's own Tribunal, to the Senator's.
CARBONO is a spick and span new 'Squire,
 The Cent'ral Son of subterranean Sire,
 And, Salamander like, subsists by Fire;
 True Heir to *PLUTO*, *VULCAN*'s eldest Son,
 Who thro' th' Abyfs, long Voyages have run
 Without the Guidance of the Stars or Moon;
 Seen Mother *Chaos* in her native Bed,
 Before she'd wash'd her Hands, or comb'd her Head;
 Beheld the Elements in Rubbish lie,
 E'er this was taught to sink, and that to flie.
 Here he his Option made; the Choice was Fire;
 The Patient granted, as he did require.

Hence he the Force of Winter-Rage does tame;
 And chilling **BOREAS** dreads his pow'rful Name;
 He masters all the Strength of Ice and Snow,
 Can, with his Breath, the frozen Mountains thaw;
 He *Greenland* into *Italy* can turn;
 And, **CÆSAR** like, he'll conquer, or he'll burn.
 The fiery Element he does supply,
 And at his Pleasure, Man must starve or fry.
 No smoaky Idol ever was ador'd
 Like this infernal Necromantick L——d.
 Vast Catavans attend his Court each Hour,
 And darling Wealth into his Bosom pour;
 From ev'ry Part his humble Vor'ries come,
 Empty their Purses, yet go loaded Home.
 His Pow'r is great, Armies he can command,
 And from the *Stygian* Lake calls his Train-band.
 Grim **PLUTO** trembles, if he do but frown,
 And the black Regions scarce dare call his own.
 Fear's an Invasion from his dreadful Pow'r,
 And finds his Scepter sinking ev'ry Hour.
 Thus does **CARBONO** keep both Worlds in Awe,
 Above he domineers, and rules below.

The sulph'rous Damps stifle my tender Muse,
 Some nobler Subject gladly would she chuse;
 Her Wings grow heavy, and her Flight is low,
 And want of Strength her feeble Pinions show;
 Fain would she breathe a while, and try her Skill,
 To plume herself, and prune each weary Quill;
 That the heroick **TACKERS** she may praise,
 And crown their Mem'ries with immortal Bays.

The Subject's great, requires a tow'ring Flight,
 And calls for all that's excellent and bright.
 To draw their Acts, requires a Master's Hand,
 And *DOLL's* or *KNELLER's* Pencil may command,
 My feeble Colours never can express
 Their sterling Courage, Truth, and Steadiness;
 Immortal Heroes of the darling Tribe.
 Since *CÆSARS* only *CÆSARS* can describe,
 Let me the Sketches of their Vertue draw,
 Those Out-Lines with true *English* Courage shew.
 Th' unfinish'd Piece I'll leave to some great Hand,
 Whose Pencil livelier Colours can command.

When Vertue was a Crime, you durst be good,
 Firm to the Church, and steady to your God,
 And true, when Truth was neither seen, felt, heard,
 (nor understood.)

You scorn'd the Frowns of C — t, despis'd the Great,
 Oppos'd the rampant Villainy of Fate;

God and his Church's Cause you never sold,
 Nor barter'd off your Consciences for Gold;
 You shar'd not in the Gains of publick Chink,
 Nor at exorbitant Accounts would wink;
 Nor damn'd the Bill to make us just and true,
 Hypocrisy to quash, and Sin undo.

You strove to make us honest, if you cou'd;
 At we rebell'd, and all your B — withstood;

ettl'd Hypocrisy, our Folly chose,

id Gospel-Decency with Zeal oppose,

and made Men Atheists by new A----s and L----s.

ur Freeborn Right to Sin we did maintain,

low'd dissembling both with God and Man;

As

As our Fore-fathers for *BARABBAS* cry'd,
 The saving *JESUS* we have crucify'd;
 Old *MUGGLETON* we've made a Babe of Grace,
LÆLIUS SOCINUS claims a nobler Place;
GEORGE FOX's Gospel with St. *JOHN*'s may vie,
 And *TOLAND*'s Faith exclude all Mystery.
 On a safe Level ev'ry Sect does stand,
 And S——e Protection justly may command.
 Hail, Master, crucify, are now the same,
 And Christian is an odd and motely Name.
 The woven Coat is patch'd with Shreds and Rags,
 And Jockey now of Grace and Saint-ship brags.
 To Unity and Peace we've bid good Night,
 And learnt to praise the Deeds of forty eight.
 We shape Religion as we shape our Cloaths,
 And daily strive t' advance the good old Cause.
 Here *GOG* and *MAGOG* their fly Interests join
 With buckram Quaker, and soft Libertine.
 Old *LOYOLA* the saving Jump puts on,
 And *LESSIUS* calls the independant Son.
SUAREZ and *CALVIN* Hand in Hand do walk,
 Cov'ring their Knav'ry with the self same Cloak.
 Impunity and Safety are the Word,
 We value not our Enemies a T——d.
 Briars and Thorns no longer are a Curse,
 By spick and span new Laws these Shrubs we nurse.
 The harmless Nettle now has lost its Sting,
JACK Presbyter can cry, *God save the King.*

Thus by the Rules of modern Policy,
 Scaffold and Ax are Signs of Loyalty.

But you these growing Villanies foresaw;
Aim'd to secure us by a wholesome Law,
Did all that noble Patriots could invent,
To serve the Queen, the Church, and Government.
We loath'd our Manna, did your Acts despise,
And scorn'd, by former suff'rings, to grow wise.
Foster'd they lie like Serpents in our Breasts,
Till Warmth shall both erect their Stings and Crests.

F I N I S.

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LU CRE TI US:

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22

P O E M

AGAINST THE

Fear of Death.

WITH AN

O D E

IN MEMORY of

The Accomplish'd Young Lady
Mrs. ANN KILLIGREW,

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LUCRETIVS

A.

P O E M

A G A I N S T

The Fear of Death

WHat has this Bugbear Death to frighten Man,
 If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can?
 For, as before our Birth we felt no Pain
 When punick Arms infested Land and Main,
 When Heav'n and Earth were in Confusion hurl'd
 For the debated Empire of the World,
 Which aw'd with dreadful Expectation lay,
 Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who shou'd sway:
 So, when our mortal Frame shall be disjoyn'd,
 The lifeless Lump, uncoupled from the Mind,
 From Sense of Grief and Pain we shall be free;
 We shall not feel, because we shall not *Be*.
 Though Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were lost,
 We shou'd not move, we only shou'd be tost.
 Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,
 The Soul cou'd feel in her divided state,
 What's that to us, for we are only we
 While Souls and Bodies in one Frame agree?

Say, tho' our Atoms shou'd revolve by chance;
 And Matter leap into the former Dance;
 Tho' time our Life and Motion cou'd restore,
 And make our Bodies what they were before.
 What Gain to us wou'd all this bustle bring,
 The new made Man wou'd be another thing;
 When once an interrupting pause is made,
 That Individual Being is decay'd.
 We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
 Of all the Pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
 Which to that other Mortal shall accrew,
 Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew.
 Or backward if you look, on that long space
 Of Ages past, and view the changing Face
 Of Matter, tost and variously combin'd
 In sundry Shapes, 'tis easie for the mind
 From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things have been
 In the same Order as they now are seen:
 Which yet our dark Remembrance cannot trace,
 Because a pause of Life, a gaping space
 Has come betwixt, where Memory lies dead,
 And all the wandering Motions from the Sense are fled.
 For whosoe'er shall in Misfortunes live
 Must Be, when those Misfortunes shall arrive;
 And since the Man who Is not, feels not Woe,
 For Death exempts him, and wards off the Blow,
 Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
 What is there left for us in Death to fear?
 When once that pause of Life has come between,
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.
 And therefore if a Man bemoan his Lot,
 That after Death his mouldring Limbs shall rot,
 Or Flames, or Jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,
 Now he's an unsincere, unthinking Ass.
 A secret Sting remains within his mind,
 The Fool is to his own cast Offs kind;
 He boasts no sense can after Death remain,
 Yet makes himself a part of Life again,
 As if some other He could feel the pain.

If,

If, while he live, this Thought molest his Head,
 What Wolf or Vulture shall devour me dead.
 He wasts his Days in idle Grief, nor can
 Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man :
 But thinks himself can still himself survive ;
 And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
 Then he repines that he was born to die,
 Nor knows in Death there is no other He,
 No living He remains his Grief to vent,
 And o'er his senseless Carcass to lament.
 If after Death 'tis painful to be torn
 By Birds and Beasts, then why not so to burn,
 Or drench'd in Floods of Honey to be soak'd,
 Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd ;
 Or on an airy Mountain's Top to lie
 Expos'd to Cold and Heav'n's Inclemency,
 Or crouded in a Tomb to be oppress'd
 With Monumental Marble on thy Breast ?
 But to be snatch'd from all thy Household Joys,
 From thy Chast Wife, and thy dear prattling Boys,
 Whose little Arms about thy Legs are cast,
 And climbing for a Kiss prevent their Mother's hast,
 Inspiring secret Pleasure thro' thy Breast,
 All these shall be no more : thy Friends oppress'd,
 Thy Care and Courage now no more shall free :
 Ah Wretch, thou cry'st, ah ! miserable me.
 One woful Day sweeps Children, Friends, and Wife,
 And all the brittle Blessings of my Life !
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true ;
 Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too,
 Which well consider'd were a quick Relief,
 To all thy vain imaginary Grief.
 For thou shalt sleep and never wake again,
 And quitting Life, shall quit thy living Pain.
 But we thy Friends shall all those Sorrows find,
 Which in forgetful Death thou leav'st behind,
 No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
 Is a sound Slumber, and a long good Night.
 Yet thus the Fools, that would be thought the Wits,
 Disturb their Mirth with melancholy Fits,
 When Healths go round, and kindly Brimmers flow,
 Till the fresh Garlands on their Foreheads glow;
 They whine, and cry, let us make haste to live,
 Short are the Joys that human Life can give.
 Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the Draught,
 And pall the God that never thinks, with Thought;
 Beets with all that Thought, to whom the worst
 Of Death, is want of Drink, and endless Thirst,
 Or any fond Desire as vain as these,
 For ev'n in Sleep, the Body wrapt in Ease,
 Supinely lies, as in the peaceful Grave,
 And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
 Were that sound Sleep Eternal it were Death,
 Yet the first Atoms then, the Seeds of Breath
 Are moving near to Sense, we do but shake
 And rouse that Sense, and straight we are awake.
 Then Death to us, and Death's Anxiety
 Less than nothing, if a less could be.
 Or then our Atoms, which in order lay,
 Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
 And never can return into their place,
 When once the pause of Life has left an empty space.
 And last, suppose Great Nature's Voice should call
 To thee, or me, or any of us all,
 What dost thou mean, ungrateful Wretch, thou vain,
 Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
 And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?
 Or if thy Life were pleasant heretofore,
 All the bounteous Blessings I could give
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
 And Pleasure not leak thro' thee like a Sieve,
 Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous Feast
 Ram'd to the Throat with Life, and rise and take thy Rest?

But if my Blessings thou hast thrown away;
 If indigested Joys pass'd thro' and wou'd not stay,
 Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?
 If Life be grown a Load, a real Ill,
 And I wou'd all thy Cares and Labours end,
 Lay down thy Burden Fool, and know thy Friend.
 To please thee I have empti'd all my Store,
 I can invent, and can supply no more;
 But run the round again, the round I ran before.
 Suppose thou art not broken yet with Years,
 Yet still the self-same Scene of things appears,
 And wou'd be ever, cou'dst thou ever live;
 For Life is still but Life; there's nothing new to give.
 What can we plead against so just a Bill?
 We stand convicted, and our Cause goes ill.
 But if a Wretch, a Man oppress'd by Fate,
 Shou'd beg of Nature to prolong his Date,
 She speaks aloud to him with more Disdain,
 Be still thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of Pain.
 But if an old decrepit Sot lament;
 What thou (She cries) who hast out-liv'd Content!
 Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my Store?
 But this is still th' effect of wishing more!
 Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
 Loathing the present, liking absent things;
 From hence it comes thy vain Desires at strife
 Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy Life,
 And ghastly Death appear'd before thy sight
 E'er thou hadst gorg'd thy Soul, and Senses with delight
 Now leave those Joys unsuited to thy Age,
 To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.
 Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
 No sure; for 'tis her Business to provide,
 Against this ever changing Frame's decay,
 New things to come, and old to pass away.
 One Being worn, another Being makes;
 Chang'd but not lost; for Nature gives and takes:

New Matter must be found for things to come,
 And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's Doom;
 All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;
 And from each other's Ruin are begot;
 For Life is not confin'd to him or thee;
 'Tis giv'n to all for Use; to none for Property.
 Consider former Ages past and gone,
 Whose Circles ended long e'er thine begun,
 Then tell the Fool, what part in them thou hast?
 Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
 What Horror seest thou in that quiet State,
 What Bugbear Dreams to fright thee after Fate?
 No Ghost, no Goblins, that still passage keep,
 But all is there serene, in that eternal Sleep.
 For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,
 Are verifi'd on Earth, and not in Hell.
 No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful eye,
 Or dreads th' impending Rock to crush him from on high:
 But Fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easie Hours:
 Or vain imagin'd Wrath, of vain imagin'd Pow'rs.
 No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;
 Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank Liver swell
 To that prodigious Mass for their eternal Meal.
 Not tho' his monstrous Bulk had cover'd o'er
 Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;
 Not tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Giants Floor.
 Nor in eternal Torments cou'd he lie;
 Nor cou'd his Corps sufficient Food supply.
 But he's the *Tityus*, who by Love oppress'd,
 Or Tyrant Passion preying on his Breast,
 And ever anxious Thoughts is robb'd of Rest.
 The *Sisyphus* is he, whom Noise and Strife
 Reduce from all the soft retreats of Life,
 To vex the Government, disturb the Laws,
 Drunk with the Fumes of popular Applause,
 He courts the giddy Croud to make him great,
 And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign Seat.
 For still to aim at Pow'r, and still to fail,
 Ever to strive and never to prevail,

What is it, but in Reason's true Account
 To heave the Stone against the rising Mount ?
 Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with Pain,
 Recoils and rowls impetuous down, and smokes along the Plain
 Then still to treat thy ever craving mind
 With ev'ry Blessing, and of ev'ry kind,
 Yet never fill thy rav'ning Appetite,
 Though Years and Seasons vary thy Delight,
 Yet nothing to be seen of all thy store,
 But still the Wolf within thee barks for more.
 This is the Fable's Moral, which they tell
 Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell
 To leaky Vessels, which the Liquor spill ;
 To Vessels of their Sex, which none cou'd ever fill.
 As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
 The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
 And all the vain infernal Trumpery,
 They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
 But here on Earth the guilty have in view
 The mighty Pains to mighty Mischiefs due :
 Racks, Prisons, Poisons, *Tarpeian* Rock,
 Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoak,
 And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
 Th' avenging horror of a Conscious mind ;
 Whose dealy Fear anticipates the Blow,
 And sees no end of Punishment and Woe :
 But looks for more, at the last Gasp of Breath :
 This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a Death.
 Mean time when Thoughts of Death disturb thy Head ;
 Consider, *Ancus* great and good is dead ;
Ancus thy better far, was born to die,
 And thou, dost thou bewail Mortality ?
 So many Monarchs with their mighty State,
 Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.
 That haughty King, who Lorded o'er the Main,
 And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves restrain,
 (In vain they foam'd, in vain thy threatned Wreck,
 While his proud *Le*gions march'd upon their Back :)

Him Death, a greater Monarch, overcame;
 Nor spar'd his Guards the more, for their Immortal Name.
 The *Roman* Chief, the *Cartbaginians* dread,
Scipio the Thunder-Bolt of War is dead,
 And like a common Slave, by Fate in Triumph led.
 The Founders of invented Arts are lost;
 And Wits who made Eternity their Boast.
 Where now is *Homer* who possess the Throne?
 Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.
Democritus perceiving Age invade,
 His Body weaken'd and his Mind decay'd,
 Obey'd the Summons with a chearful Face;
 Made haste to welcome Death, and met him half the Race.
 That Stroke, ev'n *Epicurus* cou'd not bar,
 Though he in Wit surpass'd Mankind as far
 As does the Mid-day Sun, the Mid-night Star.
 And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy Breath,
 Whose very Life is little more than Death?
 More than one half by lazy Sleep possess;
 And then awake, thy Soul but nods at best,
 Day-dreams and sickly Thoughts revolving in thy Breast.
 Eternal Troubles haunt thy anxious Mind,
 Whose Cause and Cure thou never hop'st to find;
 But still uncertain, with thy self at strife,
 Thou wander'st in the *Labyrinth* of Life.
 O, if the foolish Race of Man, who find
 A weight of Cares still pressing on their Mind,
 Cou'd find as well the Cause of this unrest,
 And all this Burthen lodg'd within the Breast,
 Sure they wou'd change their Course; nor live as now,
 Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.
 Uneasie both in Country and in Town,
 They search a place to lay their Burthen down.
 One restless in his Palace, walks abroad,
 And vainly thinks to leave behind the Load.
 But straight returns; for he's as restless there;
 And finds there's no Relief in open Air.
 Another to his *Villa* wou'd retire,
 And spurs as hard as if it were on Fire;

No sooner enter'd at his Country Door,
 But he begins to stretch, and yawn and snore;
 Or seeks the City which he left before.
 Thus every Man o'er-works his weary Will,
 To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
 The shaking Fit returns and hangs upon him still.
 No prospect of Repose, nor hope of Ease;
 The Wretch is ignorant of his Disease;
 Which known wou'd all his fruitless Trouble spare;
 For he wou'd know the World not worth his Care:
 Then wou'd he search more deeply for the Cause;
 And study Nature well, and Nature's Laws:
 For in this moment lies not the Debate;
 But on our future, fix'd, Eternal State;
 That never-changing State which all must keep
 Who Death has doom'd to everlasting Sleep.
 Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,
 Beset with Dangers and maintain'd with Strife?
 A Life which all our Care can never save;
 Our Fate attends us; and one common Grave.
 Besides we tread but a perpetual round,
 We ne'er strike out; but beat the former Ground,
 And the same maukish Joys in the same Track are found.
 For still we think an absent Blessing best;
 Which cloy, and is no Blessing when possess;
 A new arising With expels it from the Breast.
 The feav'rish Thirst of Life increases still;
 We call for more, and more, and never have our Fill:
 Yet know what to Morrow we shall try,
 What Dregs of Life in the last Draught may lie.
 Nor, by the longest Life we can attain;
 One moment from the length of Death we gain;
 For all behind belongs to his Eternal Reign.
 When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,
 The Man as much to all Intents is dead,
 Who dies to day, and will as long be so,
 As he who dy'd a thousand Years ago.

*To the Pious Memory of the Accomplish'd
Young Lady Mrs. ANN KILLIGREW.
Excellent in the two Sister Arts of Poesy
and Painting. An ODE.*

I.

THOU youngest Virgin-Daughter of the Skies,
Made in the last Promotion of the *Bless'd* ;
Whose Palms, new pluck'd from Paradise,
In spreading *Branches* more sublimely rise,
Rich with Immortal Green above the rest :
Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring Star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring Race,
Or, in Procession fixt and regular,
Mov'd with the Heav'ns Majestick Peace ;
Or, call'd to more Superiour *Bliss*,
Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast *Abyss*.
What ever happy Region is thy place,
Cease thy Celestial Song a little space ;
(Thou wilt have time enough for Hymns Divine,
Since Heav'ns Eternal Year is thine.)
Here then a Mortal Muse thy Praise rehearse,
In no ignoble Verse ;
But such as thy own Voice did practise here,
When thy First-fruits of Poesie were giv'n ;
To make thy self a welcome Inmate there ;
While yet a young Probationer,
And Candidate of Heav'n.

II.

If by Traduction came thy Mind,
Our Wonder is the less to find
A Soul so charming from a Stock so good ;
Thy Father was transfus'd into thy *Blood* ;

So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
(An early, rich, and inexhausted Vein.)

But if thy *Præ-existing* Soul
Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more,
It did through all the Mighty Poets roul,
Who *Greek* or *Latin* Laurels wore.

And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was before.

If so, then cease thy flight, O *Heaven-born Mind*!
Thou hast no *Dross* to purge from thy Rich Ore:
Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find,
Than was the *Beauteous* Frame she left behind:
Return, to fill or mend the Quire, of thy Celestial kind. }

III.

May we presume to say, that at thy *Birth*,
New Joy was sprung in *Heav'n*, as well as here on *Earth*.
For sure the milder Planets did combine
On thy *Auspicious* Horoscope to shine,
And ev'n the most malicious were in Trine. }

Thy *Brother-Angels* at thy *Birth*
Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the People of the Sky
Might know a Poetess was born on Earth.
And then if ever, mortal Ears
Had heard the Musick of the Spheres!
And if no clust'ring Swarm of *Bees*
On thy sweet Mouth distill'd their Golden Dew,
'Twas that, such vulgar Miracles,
Heav'n had not leisure to renew:
For all the *Blest* Fraternity of Love
Solemniz'd there thy *Birth*, and kept thy Holy day above. }

IV.

O Gracious God! How far have we
Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious Use,
Whose Harmony was first ordain'd *Above*
For Tongues of *Angels*, and for *Hymns* of Love?

O wretched

O wretched We! why were we hurry'd down
 This lubrique and adult'rate Age,
 (Nay added fat Pollutions of our own)
 T' increase the steaming Ordures of the Stage?
 What can we say t' excuse our *Second Fall*?
 Let this thy *Vestal*, Heaven, atone for all?
 Her *Aretbusian* Stream remains unsoil'd,
 Unmixt with Foreign Filth, and undefil'd,
 Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence a Child!

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none:
 For Nature did that Want supply,
 So rich in Treasures of her Own,
 She might our boasted *Stores* defy:
 Such Noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
 Her Morals too were in her *Bosom* bred,
 By great Examples daily fed,
 What in the best of *Books*, her Father's Life, she read.
 And to be read her self she need not fear,
 Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,
 Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp was there.
 Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse exprest)
 Was but a *Lambent-flame* which play'd about her *Breast*:
 Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,
 So cold her self, whilst she such Warmth exprest,
 'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* Stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious Empire of the *Nine*,
 One wou'd have thought, she shou'd have been content
 To manage well that mighty Government;
 But what can young ambitious Souls confine?
 To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway
 For *Painture* near adjoyning lay,
 A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey.
 A *Chamber of Dependencies* was fram'd,
 (As Conquerors will never want pretence,
 When arm'd, to justifie th' Offence)
 And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry she claim'd.

The

The Country open lay without Defence :
 For Poets frequent In-rides there had made,
 And perfectly cou'd represent
 The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Lineament ;
 And all the large Demains which the *Dumb-sister* sway'd,
 All bow'd beneath her Government,
 Receiv'd in Triumph wheresoe'er she went.
 Her Pencil drew, what e'er her Soul design'd,
 And of the *happy Draught* surpass'd the *Image* in her *Mind*.
 The *Sylvan* Scenes of Herds and Flocks,
 And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks,
 Of shallow *Brooks* that flow'd so clear,
 The bottom did the top appear ;
 Of deeper too and ampler Floods,
 Which as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods ;
 Of lofty Trees, with sacred Shades,
 And Perspectives of pleasant Glades,
 Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear,
 And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
 Which them at once admire and fear.
 The Ruines too of some Majestick Piece,
 Boasting the Pow'r of ancient *Rome* or *Greece*.
 Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie,
 And tho' defac'd, the Wonder of the Eye,
 What *Nature*, *Art*, bold *Fiction* e'er durst frame,
 Her forming Hand gave Feature to the Name.
 So strange a Concourse ne'er was seen before,
 But when the Peopl'd *Ark* the whole Creation bore.

VII.

The Scene then chang'd, with bold Erected Look
 Our Martial King the sight with Reverence strook :
 For not content t' express his Outward Part,
 Her Hand call'd out the Image of his Heart,
 His Warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear,
 His High-designing *Thoughts*, were figur'd there,
 As when, by *Magick*, Ghosts are made appear.
 Our Phenix Queen was portray'd too so bright,
Beauty alone cou'd *Beauty* take so right :

Her Dress, her Shape, her matchless Grace,
 Were all observ'd, as well as Heavenly Face.
 With such a Peerless Majesty she stands,
 As in that Day she took the Crown from sacred Hands:
 Before a Train of Heroins was seen,
 In *Beauty* foremost, as in Rank, the Queen!

Thus nothing to her *Genius* was deny'd,
 But like a *Ball* of Fire the further thrown,
 Still with a greater *Blaze* she shone,
 And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side.
 What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows,
 To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest rose,
 That Fate alone its Progress cou'd oppose.

VIII.

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,
 The well-proportion'd Shape, and beauteous Face,
 Shall never more be seen by mortal Eyes;
 In Earth the much lamented Virgin lies!

Not Wit, nor Piety cou'd Fate prevent;
 Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content
 To finish all the Murder at a Blow,
 To sweep at once her *Life*, and *Beauty* too;
 But, like a harden'd Felon, took a Pride
 To work more mischievously slow,
 And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.

O double Sacrilege on things Divine,
 To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine!

But thus *Orinda* dy'd:

Heaven, by the same Disease, did both translate,
 As equal were their Souls, so equal was their Fate.

IX.

Mean time her *Warlike Brother* on the Seas
 His waving Streams to the Winds displays,
 And vows for his Return, with vain Devotion, pays,
 Ah, Generous Youth, that Wish forbear,
 The Winds too soon will waft thee here!
 Slack all thy Sails, and fear to come,
 Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!

No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's Face,
 Thou hast already had her last Embrace.
 But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
 Among the *Pleiad's* a New-kindled Star,
 If any Sparkles, than the rest, more bright,
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

X.

When in mid-Air, the Golden Trump shall sound,
 To raise the Nations under Ground;
 When in the Valley of *Jehosaphat*,
 The Judging God shall close the Book of Fate;
 And there the last *Affizes* keep,
 For those who Wake, and those who Sleep;
 When rattling *Bones* together fly,
 From the four Corners of the Sky,
 When Sinews o'er the Skeletons are spread,
 Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead;
 The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,
 And foremost from the Tomb shall bound:
 For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground,
 And freight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing
 Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning sing.
 There *Thou*, sweet Saint, before the Quire shalt go,
 As Harbinger of Heaven, the Way to show,
 The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

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F I N I S.

ELEONORA:

23

A PANEGYRICAL

POEM,

Dedicated to the

MEMORY

Of the Late

COUNTESS

OF

ABINGDON.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*,
near the Water-side, 1709.

Price One Penny,



To the Right Honourable the
EARL of ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE Commands, with which You honour'd me some Months ago, are now perform'd: They had been sooner; but betwixt ill Health, some Business, and many Troubles, I was forc'd to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his Banishment, and Writing from on Ship-board to his Friends, excus'd the Faults of his Poetry by his Misfortunes; and told them, that good Verses never flow, but from a serene and compos'd Spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with Wings fasten'd to his Head and Heels, can fly but slowly, in a damp Air. I therefore chose rather to Obey You late, than ill: if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy Your Perusal and Your Patronage. I cannot say that I have escap'd from a Shipwreck; but have only gain'd a Rock by hard swimming; where I may pant a while and gather Breath: For the Doctors give me a sad Assurance that my Disease never took its leave of any Man, but with a purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the Interval, and manag'd the small Stock which Age has left me, to the best Advantage, in performing this inconsiderable Service to my Lady's Memory. We, who are Priests of Apollo, have not the Inspiration when we please; but must wait till the God comes rushing on us, and invades us with a Fury, which we are not able to resist: which gives us double Strength while the Fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its Departure. Let me not seem to boast, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this Occasion; and prophecy'd beyond my natural Power. Let me add, and hope to be believ'd, that the Excellency of the Subject contributed much to the Happiness of the Execution: And that the weight of thirty Years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the Tide, and the Water under me was buoyant. The Reader will easily observe that I was transported, by the Multitude and Variety of my Similitudes; which are generally the Product of a luxuriant Fancy; and the Wantonness of Wit. Had I call'd in my Judgment to my Assistance, I had certainly retrench'd many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful Faults amongst the better sort of Criticks. For the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroick Verse, is of the Pindarick Nature, as well in the Thought as the Expression; and as such, requires the same Grains of Allowance for it. It was intended, as your Lordship sees in the Title, not for an Elegy, but a Panegyrick. A kind of Apotheosis, indeed; if a Heathen Word may be applyed to a Christian Use. And on all Occasions of Praise, if we take the Ancients for our Patterns, we are

bound by Prescription to employ the Magnificence of Words, and the force of Figures, to adorn the Sublimity of Thoughts. *Hocraates* amongst the Grecian Orators, and *Cicero*, and the younger *Pliny*, amongst the Romans, have left us their Precedents for our security: For I think I need not mention the inimitable *Pindar*, who stretches on these Pinnions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another World.

This at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, that if I have not perform'd so well as I think I have, yet I have us'd my best Endeavours to excel my self. One Disadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known, or seen my Lady: And to draw the Lineaments of her Mind, from the Description which I have receiv'd from others, is for a Painter to set himself at work without the living Original before him. Which the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive; when he has only a relation given him, of such and such Features by an Acquaintance or a Friend; without the Nice Touches which give the best Resemblance, and make the Graces of the Picture. Every Artist is apt enough to flatter himself, (and I amongst the rest) that that their own ocular Observations, would have discover'd more Perfections, at least others, than have been deliver'd to them: Though I have receiv'd mine from the best hands, that is, from Persons who neither want a just Understanding of my Lady's Worth, nor a due Veneration for her Memory.

Doctor Donne the greatest Wit, though not the greatest Poet of our Nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen *Mrs. Drury*, whom he has made immortal in his admirable *Anniversaries*; I have had the same fortune; though I have not succeeded to the same Genius. However, I have follow'd his Footsteps in the Design of his *Panegyrick*, which was to raise an Emulation in the living, to Copy out the Example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have call'd this Poem, the Pattern: And though on a second Consideration, I chang'd the Title into the Name of that Illustrious Person, yet the Design continues, and *Eleonora* is still the Pattern of Charity, Devotion, and Humility; of the best Wife, the best Mother, and the best of Friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavour'd to answer Your Commands, yet I could not answer it to the World, nor to my Conscience, if I gave not Your Lordship my Testimony of being the best Husband now living: I say my Testimony only: For the Praise of it, is given You by Your self. They who despise the Rules of Vertue both in their Practice and their Morals, will think this a very trivial Commendation. But I think it the peculiar Happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly lov'd by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honour'd, after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or cou'd have such a Loss; and yet fewer who carried their Love and Constancy beyond the Grave. The exterior of Mourning, a decent Funeral, and black Habits, are the usual signs of Common Husbands: and perhaps their Wives deserve no better than to be bury'd with Hypocrites.

and forgot with ease. But you have distinguish'd your self from ordinary Lovers, by a real, and lasting Grief for the Deceas'd. And by endeavouring to raise for her, the most durable Monument, which is that of Verse. And so it would have prov'd, if the Workman had been equal to the Work; and your Choice of the Artificer, as happy as your Design. Yet, as Phidias when he had made the Statue of Minerva, cou'd not forbear to engrave his own Name, as Author of the Piece: so give me leave to hope, that by subscribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the Goddess, and transmit my Name to Posterity by the Memory of Hers. 'Tis no Flattery to assure Your Lordship, that she is remember'd in the present Age, by all who have had the Honour of her Conversation and Acquaintance. And that I have never been in any Company since the News of her Death was first brought me, where they have not extol'd her Virtues; and even spoken the same things of her in Prose, which I have done in Verse.

I therefore think my self oblig'd to thank Your Lordship for the Commission which You have given me: How I have acquitted my self of it, must be left to the Opinion of the World, in spite of any Protestation, which I can enter against the present Age, as Incompetent or Corrupt Judges. For my Comfort they are but Englishmen, and as such, If they Think ill of me to Day, they are inconstant enough, to Think well of me to Morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my Fortune that I was born amongst them. The Good of both Sexes are so few, in England, that they stand like Exceptions against General Rules: And though one of them has deserv'd a greater Commendation, than I cou'd give her, they have taken care, that I shou'd not tire my Pen, with frequent Exercise on the like Subject; that Praises, like Taxes, shou'd be appropriated; and left almost as Individual as the Person. They say my Talent is Satyr; if it be so, 'tis a fruitful Age; and there is an extraordinary Crop to gather. But a single Hand is insufficient for such a Harvest: They have sown the Dragons Teeth themselves; and 'tis but just they shou'd reap each other in Lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the Character of Honour, though 'tis not my Happiness to know You, may stand aside, with the small Remainders of the English Nobility, truly such, and unhurt your selves, behold the mad Combat. If I have pleas'd you, and some few others, I have obtain'd my end. You see, I have disabled my self, like an Elected Speaker of the House; yet like him I have undertaken the Charge; and find the Burden sufficiently recompenc'd by the Honour. Be pleas'd to accept of these my unworthy Labours, this Paper Monument; and let her Pious Memory, which I am sure is Sacred to You, not only Plead the Pardon of my many Faults, but gain me your Protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA:

A

Panegyric Poem,

Dedicated to the Memory of the Late
Countess of ABINGDON.

* **A**S, when some Great and Gracious Monarch dies,
Soft Whispers, first, and mournful Murmurs rise
Among the sad Attendants; then, the Sound
Soon gathers Voice, and spreads the News around,
Through Town and Country, till the dreadful Blast
Is blown to distant Colonies at last;
Who, then perhaps, were off'ring Vows in vain,
For his long Life, and for his happy Reign:
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did Matchless *Eleonora's* Fate proclaim,
Till publick, as the Loss, the News became.

The Nation felt it, in th' extreamest parts;
With Eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding Hearts:
† But most the Poor, whom daily she supply'd;
Beginning to be such, but when she dy'd.
For, whilst she liv'd, they slept in Peace, by Night;
Secure of Bread, as of returning Light;
And, with such firm dependance on the Day,
That need grew pamper'd; and forgot to pray:

* *The Introduction.*

† *Of her Charity.*

So sure the Dole, so ready at their Call,
They stood prepar'd to see the Manna fall.

Such Multitudes she fed, she cloath'd, she nurs'd,
That she, her self, might fear her wanting first.
Of her five Talents, other five she made;
Heaven, that had largely giv'n, was largely paid:
And, in few Lives, in wondrous few, we find
A Fortune better fitted to the Mind.

Nor did her Alms from Ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of Praise; the Soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a Bribe appear,
No less than Heaven; to heap huge Treasures, there:

Want pass'd for Merit, at her open Door,
Heaven saw, he safely might increase his Poor.
And trust their Sustenance with her so well,
As not to be at Charge of Miracle.

None cou'd be needy, whom she saw, or knew;
All, in the Compass of her Sphear, she drew:
He who cou'd touch her Garment, was as sure,
As the first Christians of th' Apostle's Cure.

The distant heard, by Fame, her pious Deeds;
And laid her up, for their extremest needs;
A future Cordial, for a fainting Mind;

For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find;
Each in his turn: The Rich might freely come,
As to a Friend; but to the Poor, 'twas Home.

As to some Holy Houe th' Afflicted came;
The Hunger-starv'd, the Naked, and the Lambe:
Want and Diseases fled before her Name.

For Zeal like hers, her Servants were too slow;
She was the first where need requir'd, to go;
Her self the Foundress, and Attendant too.

Sure she had Guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in Disguise, of her Great Master's Train:
Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know;
Since in a Servant's Form he liv'd below:
Beneath her Roof, he might be pleas'd to stay:
Or some benighted Angel, in his way

Might ease his Wings; and seeing Heav'n appear
In its best Work of Mercy, think it there,
Where all the Deeds of Charity and Love
Were in as constant Method, as above:

All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her Alms, as diligent her Cares;
As loud her Praises, and as warm her Pray'rs.

* Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last;
That all might be supply'd; and she not grieve
When Crouds appear'd, she had not to relieve.
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more:
So *Pharaoh*, or some Greater King than he,
Provided for the seventh Necessity:
Taught from above, his Magazines to frame;
That Famine was prevented e're it came.

Thus Heaven, though All-sufficient, shows a thrift:
In his Oeconomy, and bounds his Gift:
Creating for our Day, one single Light;
And his Reflection too supplies the Night:
Perhaps a thousand other Worlds, that lye
Remote from us, and latent in the Sky,
Are lighten'd by his Beams, and kindly nurs'd;
Of which our Earthly Dunghil is the worst.

Now, as all Virtues keep the middle Line,
Yet somewhat more to one Extreme incline,
Such was her Soul; abhorring Avarice,
Bounteous, but, almost bounteous to a Vice:
Had she giv'n more, it had Profusion been,
And turn'd th' Excess of Goodness, into Sin.

† These Vertues rais'd her Fabrick to the Sky;
For that which is next Heav'n, is Charity.
But, as high Turrets, for their Airy steep
Require Foundations, in proportion deep:

* Of her prudent Management.

† Of her Humility.

And lofty Cedars, as far upward shoot,
 As to the neather Heavens they drive the Root ;
 So low did her secure Foundation lye,
 She was not Humble, but Humility.
 Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
 Or wise, beyond what other Women are,
 Or, which is better, knew ; but never durst compare. }
 For to be conscious of what all admire,
 And not be vain, advances Vertue high'r :
 But still she found, or rather thought she found,
 Her own worth wanting, others to abound :
 Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
 Unjust and scanty to her self alone.

* Such her Devotion was, as might give Rules
 Of Speculation, to disputing Schools ;
 And teach us equally the Scales to hold
 Betwixt the two Extreames of hot and cold ;
 That pious heat may mod'rately prevail,
 And we be warn'd, but not be scorch'd with Zeal.
 Business might shorten, not disturb her Pray'r ;
 Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.
 An active Life, long Oraisons forbids ;
 Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by Deeds.

Her ev'ry day was Sabbath : Only free
 From hours of Pray'r, for hours of Charity.
 Such as the Jews from servile Toil releast ;
 Where Works of Mercy were a part of Rest :
 Such as blest Angels exercise above,
 Vary'd with Sacred Hymns, and Acts of Love ;
 Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
 Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs,
 For such Vicissitudes in Heav'n there are)
 In Praise alternate, and alternate Pray'r.
 All this she practis'd here ; that when she sprung
 Amidst the Quires, at the first sight she sung.
 Sing, and was sung her self, in Angels Lays ;
 For praising her, they did her Maker praise.

All Offices of Heav'n so well she knew,
 Before she came, that nothing there was new.
 And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
 As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

* Muse, down again precipitate thy Flight;
 For how can Mortal Eyes sustain Immortal Light!
 But as the Sun in Water we can bear,
 Yet not the Sun, but his Reflection there,
 So let us view her here, in what she was;
 And take her Image, in this watry Glass:
 Yet look not ev'ry Lineament to see;
 Some will be cast in Shades; and some will be
 So lamely drawn, you scarcely know, 'tis she.
 For where such various Vertues we recite,
 'Tis like the Milky-Way, all over bright,
 But sown so thick with Stars, 'tis undistinguish'd Light.

Her Vertue, not her Vertues let us call,
 For one Heroick comprehends 'em all:
 One, as a Constellation is but one;
 Though 'tis a Train of Stars, that, rolling on,
 Rise in their turn, and in the Zodiack run,
 Ever in Motion; now 'tis Faith ascends,
 Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,
 And downwards with diffusive Good, descends.

As in Perfumes compos'd with Art and Cost,
 'Tis hard to say what Scent is uppermost;
 Nor this part Musk or Civet can we call,
 Or Amber, but a rich Result of all;
 So, she was all a sweet; whose ev'ry part,
 In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's Art.
 No single Vertue we cou'd most commend;
 Whether the Wife, the Mother, or the Friend;
 For she was all, in that supreme degree,
 That, as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
 The sev'ral parts lay hidden in the Piece;
 Th' Occasion but exerted that, or this.

* Of her various Vertues.

* A Wife as tender, and as true withal,
 the first Woman was, before her Fall :
 made for the Man, of whom she was a part ;
 made, to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart.
 second *Eve*, but by no Crime accurst ;
 as beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
 Had she been first, still Paradise had bin,
 and Death had found no entrance by her sin.
 She not only had preserv'd from ill
 her Sex and ours, but liv'd their Pattern still.
 Love and Obedience to her Lord she bore,
 she much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more.
 Not aw'd to Duty by superior sway ;
 not taught by his Indulgence to obey.
 Thus we love God as Author of our good ;
 Subjects love just Kings, or so they shou'd.
 Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd ;
 equal Fires the blissful Couple burn'd :
 the joy possess'd 'em both, and in one Grief they mourn'd.
 His Passion still improv'd : he lov'd so fast
 as if he fear'd each Day would be her last.
 Too true a Prophet to foresee the Fate
 that shou'd so soon divide their happy State :
 When he to Heav'n entirely must restore
 that Love, that Heart, where he went halves before.
 Yet as the Soul is all in ev'ry part,
 God and He, might each have all her Heart.
 † So had her Children too ; for Charity
 was not more fruitful, or more kind than she :
 Each under other by degrees they grew ;
 goodly Perspective of distant view :
Nebises look'd not with so pleas'd a Face,
 numb'ring o'er his future *Roman* Race,
 and Marshalling the Heroes of his Name
 in their Order, next to light they came ;
 nor *Cybele* with half so kind an Eye,
 survey'd her Sons and Daughters of the Skie.

Of her Conjugal Virtues

† Of her Love to her Children.

Proud,

Proud, shall I say, of her immortal Fruit.
As far as Pride with Heav'nly Minds may suit;

* Her pious Love excell'd to all she bore;
New Objects only multiply'd it more.

And as the Chosen found the pearly Grain

As much as ev'ry Vessel cou'd contain;

As in the Blissful Vision each shall share,

As much of Glory, as his Soul can bear;

So did she love, and so dispense her Care.

Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best;

As longer cultivated than the rest:

The Babe had all that Infant Care beguiles,

And early knew his Mother in her Smiles:

But when dilated Organs let in Day

To the young Soul, and gave it room to play,

At his first aptness, the Maternal Love

Those Rudiments of Reason did improve:

The tender Age was pliant to command;

Like Wax it yielded to the forming hand:

True to th' Artificer, the labour'd Mind

With ease was pious, generous, just and kind;

Soft for Impression, from the first, prepar'd,

Till Vertue, with long Exercise, grew hard;

With ev'ry Act confirm'd; and made, at last

So durable, as not to be effac'd,

It turn'd to Habit; and, from Vices free,

Goodness resolv'd into Necessity.

Thus fix'd she Vertue's Image, that's her own,

Till the whole Mother in the Children shone;

For that was their Perfection: she was such,

They never cou'd express her Mind too much.

So unexhausted her Perfections were,

That, for more Children, she had more to spare:

For Souls unborn, whom her untimely Death

Depriv'd of Bodies, and of mortal Breath;

And (cou'd they take th' Impressions of her Mind)

Enough still left to sanctifie her Kind.

† Then wonder not to see this Soul extend
 the Bounds, and seek some other self, a Friend:
 swelling Seas to gentle Rivers glide,
 to seek repose, and empty out the Tide;
 this full Soul, in narrow Limits pent,
 unable to contain her, sought a vent,
 to issue out, and in some friendly Breast
 discharge her Treasures, and securely rest.
 Unbosom all the secrets of her Heart,
 take good Advice, but better to impart.
 'Tis the Bliss of Friendship's Holy State
 to mix their Minds, and to communicate;
 though Bodies cannot, Souls can penetrate.
 next to her Choice; inviolably true;
 and wisely chusing, for she chose but few.
 some she must have; but in no one cou'd find
 Tally fitted for so large a Mind.
 the Souls of Friends, like Kings in progress are;
 all in their own, though from the Palace far:
 thus her Friend's Heart her Country Dwelling was,
 Sweet Retirement to a coarser place:
 there Pomp and Ceremonies enter'd not;
 there Greatness was shut out, and Business well forgot.
 This is th' imperfect Draught; but short as far
 the true height and bigness of a Star
 exceeds the Measures of th' Astronomer.
 she shines above we know, but in what place,
 how near the Throne, and Heav'n's Imperial Face,
 our weak Opticks is but vainly ghest;
 distance and Altitude conceal the rest.
 † Tho' all these rare Endowments of the Mind
 were in a narrow space of Life confin'd,
 the Figure was with full Perfection crown'd;
 though not so large an Orb, as truly round.
 As when in Glory, through the publick place,
 the Spoils of conquer'd Nations were to pass,

}

}

Of her Friendship.
† Reflections on the Shortness of her Life.
And

† T

And but one day for Triumph was allow'd,
 The Consul was constrain'd his Pomp to croud ;
 And so the swift Procession hurry'd on,
 That all, though not distinctly, might be shown ;
 So, in the straiten'd Bounds of Life confin'd,
 She gave but Glimpses of her glorious Mind :
 And Multitudes of Vertues pass'd along ;
 Each pressing foremost in the mighty Throng ;
 Ambitious to be seen, and then make room,
 For greater Multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no Minute slipt away ;
 Moments were precious in so short a stay.
 The haste of Heav'n to have her was so great,
 That some were single Acts, though each compleat ;
 But ev'ry Act stood ready to repeat.

Her Fellow Saints with busie Care, will look
 For her blest Name, in Fate's Eternal Book ;
 And, pleas'd to be out-done, with Joy will see
 Numberless Vertues, endless Charity ;
 But more will wonder at so short an Age ;
 To find a Blank beyond the thirti'th Page ;
 And with a pious Fear begin to doubt
 The Piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
 * But 'twas her Saviour's time ; and, cou'd there be
 A Copy near th' Original, 'twas she.

As precious Gums are not for lasting Fire,
 They but perfume the Temple, and expire.
 So soon was she exhal'd, and vanish'd hence ;
 A short sweet Odour, of a vast Expence.
 She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd ;
 For but a Now, did Heaven and Earth divide :
 She pass'd serenely with a single Breath,
 This Moment perfect Health, the next was Death :
 † One Sigh, did her Eternal Bliss assure ;
 So little Penance needs, when Souls are almost pure.
 As gentle Dreams our waking Thoughts pursue ;
 Or, one Dream pass'd, we slide into a new ;

* She died in her Thirty third Year.

† The manner of her Death.

(So close they follow, such wild Order keep,
 We think our selves awake, and are asleep :)
 So softly Death, succeeded Life, in her;
 She did but dream of Heav'n, and was there.
 No Pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with Noise;
 Her Soul was whisper'd out, with God's still Voice:
 As an old Friend is beckon'd to a Feast,
 And treated like a long familiar Guest;
 He took her as he found; but found her so,
 * As one in hourly Readiness to go.
 Ev'n on that Day, in all her Trim prepar'd;
 As early notice she from Heav'n had heard,
 And some descending Courtier, from above
 Had giv'n her timely warning to remove;
 Or counsel'd her to dress the Nuptial Room;
 For on that Night the Bridegroom was to come.
 † He kept his Hour, and found her where she lay
 Cloath'd all in white, the Liv'ry of the Day;
 Scarce had she sinn'd, in Thought, or Word, or Act;
 Unless Omissions were to pass for Fact:
 That hardly Death a Consequence cou'd draw,
 To make her liable to Nature's Law.
 And that she dy'd, we only have to show,
 The mortal part of her she left below:
 The rest (so smooth, so suddenly she went)
 Look'd like Translation, through the Firmament;
 Or like the fiery Carr, on the third Errand sent.
 * O happy Soul! if thou canst view from high,
 Where thou art all Intelligence, all Eye,
 If looking up to God, or down to us,
 Thou find'st, that any way be pervious,
 Survey the Ruines of thy House, and see
 Thy widow'd, and thy Orphan Family;
 Look on thy tender Pledges left behind:
 And, if thou canst a vacant Minute find

* Her Preparedness to dye.

† She dy'd on Whitsunday Night.

* Apostrophe her Soul.

From Heavenly Joys, that Interval afford
 To thy sad Children, and thy mourning Lord.
 See how they grieve, mistaken in their Love,
 And shed a Beam of Comfort from above;
 Give 'em as much as mortal Eyes can bear,
 A transient View of thy full Glories there;
 That they with mod'rate Sorrow may sustain
 And mollifie their Losses, in thy Gain.
 Or else divide the Grief, for such thou wert,
 That shou'd not all Relations bear a part,
 It were enough to break a single Heart.

* Let this suffice: Nor thou, great Saint, refuse
 This humble Tribute of no vulgar Muse:
 Who, not by Cares, or Wants, or Age deprest,
 Stems a wild Deluge with a dauntless Breast:
 And dares to sing thy Praises, in a Clime.
 Where Vice Triumphs, and Vertue is a Crime;
 Where ev'n to draw the Picture of thy Mind,
 Is Satyr on the most of Humane Kind:
 Take it, while yet 'tis Praise; before my Rage
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad Age;
 So bad, that thou thy self had'st no Defence,
 From Vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what, and where thou art: To wish thy place,
 Were in the best, Presumption, more than Grace.
 Thy Reliques (such thy Works of Mercy are)
 Have, in this Poem, been my holy Care.
 As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky,
 So shall this Verse preserve thy Memory;
 For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

* *Epiphonema; Or Close of the Poem.*

5 IA 59

F I N I S.

Print

24
The Rambling

Fuddle-Caps:

OR, A

Tabern = Struggle

FOR A

K I S S.

By the Author of HUDIBRASS REDIVIVUS.



L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars* near
the Water-side. 1709.

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5 JA 59

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24
The Rambling

Fuddle-Caps:

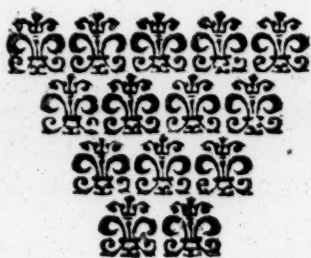
OR, A

Tabern = Struggle

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The Rambling

Fuddle-Caps:

O R, A

Tabern - Struggle

F O R A

K I S S.

THo' Fuddl'd o'er Night, the next Morning we found,
 That Sleep had recover'd what Claret had drown'd ;
 And all our numb'd Members, so feeble and weak,
 That we scarcely were able to walk, or to speak,
 Were now by kind *Morpheus* with Strength reimpower'd,
 And all to their primitive Vigour restor'd.
 Our Thoughts were so sprightly, our Humours so gay,
 That we both were as brisk as a Milk-maid in *May*.
 And as for the Rudders that steer our Affections,
 As Fancy, that Pilot, shall give 'em Directions;
 Which were made over Night so incapably tender,
 Were now grown as stiff as a Bullock's Defender :
 That wanting Discretion I'd like to 've miscarry'd,
 And thoughtless of Cuckldom wish my self marry'd :

A 2.

Well

Well knowing desire of unchaste Copulation;
 Had been an Affront to our new Reformation;
 And therefore resolv'd to forbear the sweet Evil,
 Tho' hugely inclin'd to the Flesh and the Devil.
 But yet notwithstanding our over-Night's Fuddle,
 That made us so brisk in the Tail and the Noddle,
 We both were as dry, I may justly maintain,
 As a Rat that is poyson'd by eating his Bane.
 In order to quench our immod'rate Droughts,
 That burnt in our Stomachs, and scorch'd up our Mouths.
 We leap'd out of Bed with a strong *Appetitus*,
 To swallow a Hair of the Dog that had bit us.
 We shifted our Linen, and whip'd on our Cloaths,
 And powder'd our Wigs like a couple of *Beaus*,
 Then quitted our Lodging till Night, with design,
 To quench with that Engine, a Flask full of Wine,
 The Fire which God *Bacchus*, as well as Fair *Venus*,
 By th' help of brisk Claret, had kindl'd within us.
 So frenzicall Wretches their Senses restore,
 By clawing the Hag who bewitch'd 'em before.
 And skilful Physicians their Patients recover,
 Of one Dose of Poyson, by th' pow'r of another.
 With this Resolution we cross'd to S——Lane,
 'Twixt which and B——r——hangs a Bush and a Sign,
 Which some call the *Tuns*, by whose size one wou'd guess,
 They were three Brandy Runlets of Gallons a piece,
 Well, well, says my Friend, you may descant upon 'em,
 And for their diminutive sizes untun 'em:
 But when within Doors you may think 'em much wider,
 And Judge by the Wine they are Hogsheads of Cider.
 However, said I, let us once venture in,
 If it be for no cause, but to see and be seen:
 For tho' it proves Cider 'twill quench us and clean us,
 And wash down those sooty remains that are in us,
 Condens'd from the Poyson of *Necotianus*.

With that we went into a pretty long Entry,
 At th' end of which Passage a Female stood Centry,

As stiff in her Box, and as starch'd in her Dress,
 As an old Abby-Figure of Wax in a Press,
 Where any for Three-pence may behold,
 What stiff body'd Queens liv'd in Ages of old.
 To say that she Paints it might justly provoke her,
 I'm sure that she does not, except 'tis with Oker:
 Nor did she look warm'd with Canary or Brandy,
 But just of the Colour of brown Sugar-candy.
 From whence we may say, without any Reflection,
 She's blest with a sweet and a melting Complexion.
 Her Bubbies, which just peep'd above to invite ye,
 By th' help of her Stays look'd so round and so pretty,
 That had but her Skin been a little more fair,
 Like a Stone Horse enrag'd I'd leap'd over the Bar;
 But the Ginger-bread Colour she wore in her Cheeks,
 Was to me as offensive as Garlick or Leeks:
 For Yellow I hate, and I'll tell you for what,
 'Tis the Mutton Complexion that dies of the Ror.
 And who'd be so fond of a Kiss or a Touch,
 With a Lady that looks not as sound as a Roach?
 Her Hips, I confess, were so charmingly plump,
 And between them a Hillock adorning her Rump,
 That when she turn'd round, by a glimpse I could find
 All the best of her Beauty was seated behind.
 Tho' perhaps upon search it wou'd have prov'd but a Cushion,
 That rais'd up her A——se to the height of the Fashion.
 After Ogling, and Talking, and taking a view,
 As she stood in the Bar, like a Jilt in a Pew.
 The Drawer, according to our desire,
 Shew'd us into the Kitchen, for sake of the Fire:
 For cold was the Wind, and impleasant the Weather,
 Which made us both willing to follow him thither.

No sooner we'd enter'd the Cook's Territories,
 Where commonly either a Slut or a Whore is)
 But a swinging *Bellona* we saw at the Dresser,
 And a drunken young Rake-hell just going to Kiss her.

The masculine Jade had the Fork in her Hand,
 And bid him stand off at the Word of Command :
 And being a Lass both of Virtue and Value,
 She cry'd, *Keep your Ground, or, by Heavens, I'll maul ye.*
 The Spark in his Cups, full of Courage and Vigour,
 In spite of her Threats, rally'd on like a Tyger,
 With his Arm, like a Fencer, he parry'd her Poker,
 And running within her did further provoke her,
 By falling most roughly and rudely upon her,
 And bobbing his Hand at the Seat of her Honour ;
 But still with such Art she defended her Lips,
 And now and then gave him such Pinches and Nips,
 That I would not have born, to have purchas'd a Kiss,
 From the Lips of Queen *Dido*, or *Helen of Greece*.
 He swore that he would, but she vow'd that he should not :
 He strove, but she rustled so hard that he could not.
 But as they contended thus, who should be Master,
 I'th' the Scuffle there happen'd a scurvy Disaster :
 A Pudding, with Plumbs, standing by on a Stool,
 Ready mix'd for the Bag, temper'd up in a Bowl,
 Unhappily met with a Fall in the Jostle,
 And between 'em was thrown on the Ground in the bustle ;
 The Cook at this sorrowful sight grew inflam'd,
 And wish'd her Antagonist rotted and damn'd.
 The Spark in return to the Queen of the Kitchen,
 In wonderful Rage went to Cursing and Bitching :
 But still in a Passion pursuing his Matter,
 They scuffled about Ankle deep in the Batter :
 As Soldiers hard set in a Battle do use,
 To fight 'till the Blood washes over their Shooes.
 The sturdy Defendant her Pudding beholding,
 Fell now in good earnest to scratching and scolding.
 And fought like a Cat when her Passion was stir'd,
 To see the good Food trod about like a T——d,
 Her Greasiness now all Venom and Gall,
 Who swore she'd admit of no *Kissing at all* ;
 And with that she exerted her Masculine Force,
 Who was almost as strong a Mare or a Horse,

And push'd down the Spark, who most decently lay,
 In the midst of the Pudding that fell in the Fray.
 With that he arose full of Malice and Spight,
 To see his black Cloaths painted over with white :
 And look'd in this pickle, without any Lying,
 Like a piece of fat Tripe dry'd in Batter for Frying.
 The Curls of his Wig were so pasted and matted,
 All over so daub'd, so beplumb'd and befatted ;
 So Eggy withal, that a Man would have sworn,
 He had just in the Pill'ry been taking a Turn :
 And being *Lent*-time, that some ill-natur'd Creatures,
 Had pelted the Rogue with their Pancakes and Fritters.

Pray Sir, says my Friend, to th' unfortunate Lover,
 Did ever you read the Fam'd History over,
 Of a dapper, diminutive, comical Fellow,
 Much less than a *Barthol'mew-Fair* Punchanello.
 Methinks (tho' I speak not by way of Derision)
 As now you appear in that dripping Condition ;
 You look like that little *Tom Thumb*, by my Soul,
 Just waded from out of the great Pudding-Bowl ;
 And have brought away Batter enough on your Back,
 Which if savingly scrap'd from your Cloaths that are black,
 And improb'd into Dumplins, would make such a Feast,
 That would tempt you with Patience to swallow the Jest.

Pray Sir, cries the Spark, in his Puddingy Robes,
 Keep your Flirts to your self, and your merry dry Bobs ;
 For I value not you or your Jest of a Clout,
 I am good Flesh within, tho' I'm Pudding without ;
 And if you, like the Bitchington, think you can bear me,
 As drunk as I am, when you've done you shall eat me.
 But if you won't Fight, let my Follies alone,
 For I'll Pudding your Jacket as bad as my own.

Dear Sir, says my Friend, in a bantering manner,
 I hope, like the Cook, you'll not turn Painter-stainer ;

If you do, notwithstanding your huffing and prating,
The Proof of the Pudding shall be in the eating.

But, Sir, says our Pye-colour'd Sot of a Beau,
Why so much upon Pudding, I desire to know.
What tho' I'm bitterly daub'd with the Batter,
Must every Fool take a lick at the Matter.
Can't a Man tumble down in a Pudding, Ads fish,
But another must fling it so oft in his Dish.

The Cook in a Corner stood fleering and laughing,
The Spark she had tam'd stagger'd fretting and chaffing,
So near to the Fire, in a mighty disgust,
Till the Pudding was bak'd on his Back to a Crust.
Beholding the Rattle-brains, marry thought I,
I have heard of a Puppy put into a Pye,
But never yet met with a Story alluding,
To such a great Whelp that was bak'd in a Pudding.

By this time the Mistress, that sat in the Bar,
Being told the Misfortune by *Fennick* the Draw'r,
Step'd in to enquire out the truth of the Matter,
And view, with sad Eyes, the poor down-fallen Batter,
Says Madam to *Nell*, in a wonderful Passion,
You impudent Baggage, pray what's the occasion,
The Pudding design'd for your Master's own Table,
Is thus trod about like a T——d in a Stable?
O Heavens! pray what has this Termagant Blowze
Been a doing to th' Gentleman's Wig and Cloaths?
Zounds, Madam, crys *Nell*, I have done him no Hurt,
It was all his own Fault, he may thank himself for't.
For tho' I'm a poor Kitchin-Wench, let me tell ye,
I will not be tumbled and touz'd by the Belly;
Nor flabber'd or Kifs'd, as a Slut that was ready
To please each Sot, like a Night-walking Lady.
I'd have you to know, I am Honest, tho' Poor,
And disdain to be us'd like a *Water-Lane* Whore.

With that *Madam Coming-Sir*, cocking her Head,
 Cry'd, Marry-come-up, you're a Beautiful Jade,
 You had need brag so much of your Hypocrites Vertue,
 A Gentleman's Kiss would have mightily hurt you!
 You shall be so proud, you're so handsome a Piece,
 So perfum'd with your Sweat, and adorn'd with your Grease,
 That a Gentleman for your Charms must approve you,
 And if he once smells you, must certainly love you.
 Go, go, you're a Slut, I would have you to know;
 Nay, a Strumpet, to serve any Gentleman so:
 As for one silly Kiss to beget so much Strife,
 And to spoil the best Pudding you've mix'd in your Life.

Says *Nell* to her Mistress, I scorn to be tumbl'd,
 Let those play the Fool that delight to be Fumbl'd:
 But you that are marry'd may do as you list,
 For a Cut of a Cut Loaf can never be mist.
 Tho' you say I'm a Strumpet, remember, good *Madam*,
 As bad as I am, I was never at *Had'em*;
 Nor ever did I from my Modesty vary,
 So far as to jumble a Pipe of *Canary*;
 Or ever commit so notorious a Fault,
 As be catch'd with a Drawer below in the Vault,
 In marking that Pipe which was best for your turns
 On the Head, with the scandalous Sign of Horns.

Horns! Hussy, says *Madam*, you impudent Quean,
 Who is't you reflect on, what is it you mean?
 Did ever you hear, thro' the course of your Life,
 That I ever prov'd worse than a good Wife?
 'Tis amazing to me! I'm astonish'd to think
 What your Impudence aims at, why sure you're in Drink;
 Or else to your Mistress you never would prate,
 At so base a provoking and saucy a rate.

Zines, *Madam*, says *Nell*, in a damnable Fury,
 Won't be thus saub'd and abus'd, I assure ye,

Altho' I'm a Scrub that is doom'd to a Kitchen,
 I never was yet catch'd a Whoring or Bitching ;
 Nor am I got drunk, as your Ladyship says,
 Tho' I know she that was, to her ugly Disgrace ,
 And was found with a Spark hovering over her Chair,
 With a Hand on her Breasts, and the other elsewhere.

With that, says the Mistress, You ill-natur'd Devil,
 For shame hold your Tongue, that implacable Evil.
 Come, mop up the Batter you've trampled and stood in,
 And let me, I say, have no more of the Pudding.

Whose Fault is't, crys *Nell*, get you into the Bar,
 Pray, what bus'ness have you to come prying in here ?
 For the longer you stay, or the more that you talk,
 You shall fare but the worse, so it's better to walk.

Well, Huffy, says *Madam*, for once you shall win me,
 To use the Good-nature and Patience that's in me.
 Now I see you're enrag'd, I will shew a Concession,
 But rattle you off when you're out of your Passion.

Thus Madam return'd to her Station the Bar,
With a Nettle t'her Breech, and a Flea in her Ear ;
Being glad to withdraw from the Rubs and the Railings
*Of *Nell*, that was privy to some of her Failings.*

Said I, honest *Nell*, you've an excellent Tongue,
 That, according to Phrase, is most notably hung,
 For it sounds like a Bell, and goes off with a Twang.
 But I hope you'll excuse me, invincible *Nelly*,
 If I, like a Friend, take the Freedom to tell ye,
 You banter too hard on the Brows of your Master,
 And open those Sores that have need of a Plaister.

With that the huge termagant Devil turn'd back ;
 I believe (says the Jade) you come in for a snack :

They are Sparks like your self, and not I (crys the Blowze)
 That with Antlers and Buds injure honest Mens Brows;
 And when they are absent, by kissing their Spouses,
 Make Bridges of many poor Cuckoldly Noses.

Thought I, it's more Prudence my Tongue to with-hold,
 Or much better to talk to a Post than a Scold;
 Cause they both to all Reason are deaf as a Drum,
 Which the Scold will out-rattle, when the Post will be dumb:

Mr. *Prim*, who with shame to Elegant Beaus,
 Had, for sake of a Kiss, so bespatter'd his Cloaths,
 And made the whole House so confounded uneasy,
 By slabb'ring a Slut, but so ugly and greasy;
 O'erpower'd with Wine, and Nocturnal Upsitting,
 Fell asleep in a Nook, for a Sot very fitting,
 With a Coat so besmear'd in his amorous Fight,
 That he look'd like a Magpy, half black and half white;
 And might justly be stil'd, for the Badges he wore,
 The compleatest Jack-pudding that we e'er saw before,
 As thus the young Drunkard was sleeping and snoring,
 And dreaming, no doubt on't, of Drinking or Whoring,
 It chanc'd that his Father, with Carbuncle Face,
 Those glorious effects of the Bottle and Glass,
 Came in with a Friend for a whet of good Red,
 Lest his Rubies and Rosy Pimginets should fade:
 For Flowers we know soon their Colours would lose,
 If they were not refresh'd with the Rains and the Dews.
 To the Nose of a Sot, which with pleasure we stare at,
 Would fade, if not daily replenish'd with Claret.
 The hearty Old Dad had no sooner came in,
 And gave order to *Fennick* to draw him his Wine,
 Turn'd his Nose to the Door, and his Arse to the Fire,
 A Habit true *Englishmen* always acquire;
 But the sharp sighted Fox round the Kitchen did look,
 And saw Daddy's n'own Son drunk asleep in a Nook.
 With that he advances up close to the place,
 Turns his Wig a one side, stares his Son in the Face;

Catches

Catches hold of his Nose in a damnable Passion,
 And pulling on't, breaks into this Exclamation :
 A Beau to the Life ! a fine Spark, by my Soul,
 You drunken young Rake-hell, come out of your hole :
 Let us see in the Light what a Figure you make ;
 A most exquisite Sot, a true Orthodox Rake,
 A hopeful young Student, a rare Inns of Courtier :
 Nouns, what has the Dog been a treading of Mortar ?
 Adsheart, now I look on his Wig and his Back,
 He's all cover'd with Plumbs like an *Islington* Cake.
 I'll be hang'd if the Whelp had not Pudding for Supper,
 And eat till he spew'd from his Head to his Crupper.

The Son very drunk, also equally drowsy,
 First shrug'd up his Shoulders as if he were Loufy ;
 Then staggr'ing about, betwixt sleeping and waking,
 B'ing ready to spew, I suppose, by his kecking ;
 Not knowing his Father, he damn'd him and swore,
 He that took him by th' Nose was a Son of a Whore.
 Then Cursing and Raving, like one in Distraction,
 He vow'd for th' Affront he would have Satisfaction.

You Dog, says his Daddy at every word,
D' you offer to lay your vile Hand on your Sword !
Tbou villainous Rebel, you undutiful Sot you,
D' you lift up your Arm against him that begot you ?
Sure never poor Mortal e'er father'd before,
Such a Rakebelly Rogue of a Son of a Whore.

With that the young Prodigal (hearing the Name
 Of a Father) began to be little more tame :
 And looking about him, at last had the Grace,
 To know 'twas his Dad by his Carbuncle Face :
 Then after a Keck, and a Hick-cough or two,
 Like a Sot over-charg'd that was going to spew,
 He crys to his Father, (provoking our Smiles)
You're the old Turkey-cock, by your fiery Gills :

But what need you Cobble so loud at a Body,
 A Tavern sometimes is as good as a Study:
 We heard you oft say, That *Conversing and Drinking*,
 Must quicken our Brains more than *Reading and Thinking*,
 And that Lawyers Littleton, Bracton, and Cook,
 Did agree it was good for a Student to look
 In the brisk merry Bottle, as well as the Book.

'Tis true, the said the Father, I always allow'd ye,
 To chear up your Heart with a Glass after Study;
 But not stretch your Guts like a Porter or Carman,
 And turn a worse Sot than those guzling Vermin.
 Pray Gentlemen see but his Coat and his Wig here,
 Did ever a Beau make so beastly a Figure!
 He looks, by my Soul, from the Head to the Rump,
 Like a Pick-pocket just run away from the Pump.
 You Rogue had I thought you'd have prov'd such an Idle
 Young Dog, I'd have choak'd you with Pap in the Cradle.
 And never have been at the chargeable keeping
 Of such a rude Rascal that daily is heaping
 Such Cares and Vexations upon my Gray Hairs,
 That in sight of you all makes me burst into Tears.

For shame, says his Friend, do not shew your self such
 An old Tony to cry, you unman your self much:
 'Tis time to be shedding of Tears when you find him
 Ty'd fast in a Cart with the Horses behind him.

Have I, says the Father, sate early and late,
 Like a Drudge at my Desk, to acquire an Estate,
 And all for the sake of a profligate Sot,
 That will spend it much faster then ever 'twas got:
 But, Nouns, if the Rake-hell continues thus loose,
 In Revenge, I'll not leave the young Rebel a Sous:
 By my Generous Living I'll give him the Go-by,
 And spend what I meant for the Prodigal Booby.

Here

Here Drawer, says Rake, bring my Father a Quart,
 I'll be hang'd if 'twill do the old Toast any hurt.
 Be nimble, you Dog, draw it brisk, neat and fine,
 For a Glas of true Claret, or any good Wine,
 He loves in a Morning, I've oft heard him say;
 Nay, at Night, or indeed any time of the Day;
 My Grandfire I've heard, always drank like a Fish,
 And his Children all lov'd to about with the Dish;
 So what's bred in the Bone, will ne'er out of the Flesh:
 Therefore why shou'd not I love a Cup of the Creature,
 As well as my Father, by Instinct of Nature.

Pray judge, crys the Dad, do ye think I'm not blest,
 With a hopeful young Bird, but just flown from the Nest,
 Who is ready to see, e'er he's well knit together,
 To pick out the Eyes of his tender old Father.
 However, you Drawer, here bring us a Quart,
 Since my duriful Son's so importunate for't,
 I'm resolv'd for this once will I humour the Brat,
 'Cause I'll see what the Reprobate Rogue would be at.

With that the Old Gentleman sat himself down,
 And requested the like of his Friend and his Son.
 The Quart was brought in, and the Glas fill'd around,
 As the Wine went about Daddy's Passion was drown'd,
 'Till his Fatherly Love prevail'd above Anger,
 It made him unable to vex any longer,
 His Rubies now look'd of so noble a Red,
 Like the Bunches of Grapes round a *Bacchus's* Head,
 That by squeezing his Nose one wou'd easily have thought
 The good Juice must have flown again into the Pot.

Ah Dick, says the Dad to his Prodigal Son,
 If it was not for me, what a Race wou'dst thou run;
 Yet for all my Reproof, my Advice, and my Care,
 You're awicked young Rascal, you know that you are:

However,

However, in time thou wilt surely recant,
 will once more forgive thee whatever comes on't.
 So *Dick* here's a Bumper of Pacification,
 Most heartily wishing thy new Reformation;
 For Drinking, thou know'st, is a very sad Evil,
 And Whoring and Gaming, the Flesh and the Devil.
 Abandon, my Boy, all such things that have hurt in,
 Or else for these Sins thou'lt be damn'd of a certain.

Says *Dick* to his Father how cou'd you suppose,
 When you got your poor Son with that Claret Nose,
 But that he must love, by the dint of each Ruby,
 The Bottle, when wean'd from its Likeness the Bubby.
 My Father and Mother have always lov'd Claret,
 And how do you think that the Son shou'd forbear it,
 Whose Blood I might venture to swear, without sinning,
 Was but Claret refin'd at the very beginning?

Says Daddy, did ever Man hear such a Dog,
 Such a witty young Cub, such a bantering Rogue,
 Such a pleasant and merry Companion, who rather
 Than stifle a Jest, will make one of his Father?
 Ah, *Dick*, if thy Wit was but balanc'd with Grace,
 Thou for certain wou'dst ne'er let it fly in my Face.
 But howe'er, since the Bottle has got the ascendant,
 For once I'll forgive thee, and so there's an end on't,
 I hope, when you're sober, you Manners will mend on't.

O Father, says *Dick*, could you taste the delights
 That my self and Companions enjoy a Nights,
 Were you once but to hear the Cunnundrums and Quibbles;
 The Retorts and the Puns, the Lampoons and the Libels,
 The Rhimes, Repetitions, the Songs and the Catches;
 The Whims and the Flirts, and the smart witty Touches,
 That over the Flask we most lovingly vent,
 You wou'd think a whole Night most gloriously spent;
 And wou'd guess by our Wit, and the course that we follow,
 We cou'd all be no less than the Sons of *Apollo*.

Ah,

Ah, *Dick*, says the Father, take care, I entreat ye,
 Thou'dst better be hang'd, of the two than be witty;
 For if thou'rt once thought, by the Studies and Labours,
 To've acquir'd more Wit than the rest of thy Neighbours,
 Thou'lt be piss'd on by Fools, and be fear'd by thy Betters,
 And hunted about by Whores, Bayliffs and Setters.
 Thy Lodging must be in some Nine-penny Garret,
 Thy Drink Porters Guzzle much oftner than Claret:
 Thy Coat must through all the four Seasons be worn,
 Till it's robb'd of its Nap like a Sheep newly shorn:
 You must always seem pleasant, that is, if you can,
 Keep your Wits ready prim'd for a flash in the Pan:
 When your Pockets are empty, your Brains must project
 Puns, Quibbles, and Tales to supply the Defect;
 That whenever you meet with a generous Chub,
 You may sneak out a Jest in the room of your Club:
 For a Wit is no more than a merry Tom Fool,
 A satyrical Scourger or flattering Tool;
 The Son of Nine Whores, that's compell'd by his Mothers,
 To starve, or to please (like the rest of his Brothers)
 The Pride of some Men, or the Malice of others.

FINIS.

THE

25
Libertine's Choice:

OR,

The Mistaken Happiness

OF THE

FOOL in FASHION.



L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars* near
the Water-side. 1709.



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T H E

Libertine's Choice :

O R,

The Mistaken Happiness

O F T H E

FOOL in FASHION.

E T Holy Guides prevail on Tim'rous Fools,
 T' abridge their Pleasure, and conform to Rules,
 impos'd on Youth, by hoary Heads long since,
 then dwindl'd into Age and Impotence ;
 eating their Vig'rous Progeny should taste
 those Lushious Joys their own weak Loins were past ;
 Who in their Strength did Nature's Will obey,
 and ne'er grew Temp'rate till their Hairs grew Grey ;
 then with a Pious Rage, and Anxious Mind,
 viewing their Youthful Pleasures far behind :
 griev'd and Perplex'd would all those Joys despise,
 to which their Gouty Dotage could not rise ;
 when the Hare does her loud Foes defeat,
 the Huntsman damns the Bitch for sorry Meat ;
 angry to see his Hopes and Pleasures crost,
 condemns the Game he valu'd till 'twas lost.

A 2

Grave,

Grave, Toothless Grandfires, tell me but the Cause
 Why you prescribe to Youth such Rigid Laws?
 Why you thus fright us with Internal Pains,
 To chill Love's gentle Fire that warms our Veins?
 When you, like us, once found the pleasing Heat,
 As Nat'ral as your Appetites to eat;
 Pursu'd those Blessings which you held so dear,
 And could not shun what you'd have us forbear.
 Look back, when you were Juvenile and Strong;
 Remember what you were, when Brisk and Young.
 How did you then regard the Sage Advice,
 Giv'n by the Old, who call themselves the Wise?
 Could your Fond Parents fright you from the Arms
 Of the Fair Sex, and their alluring Charms?
 Could all the sober Counsels they could give,
 Make you without your Friend and Bottle live?
 Could the grave Guide, with his Authentick Tale
 Of Flames and Furies on your Youth prevail?
 Could all his mild Reproofs, or Holy Threats,
 Repel the warm Desires that Love begets?
 No, the Rebellious Fever prov'd too hot
 To be subdu'd; but that's, alas! forgot.
 Old Men are subtle, and their Judgments strong,
 They won't remember what they were when Young.
 But as in us their Youthful Lives are seen,
 So by our selves we know what you have been.

Why then so Envious, to debar our Taste
 From Pleasures, which your wrinkled Brows are past,
 Such as your wiser selves could not forbear,
 When Gay and Vig'rous as your Sons now are?
 What tho' the Gout your crazy Limbs torment,
 Or if the Stone perplex you, be content;
 Why should our Joys encrease your Punishment?
 'Tis Devil-like, to with an Envious Eye,
 Behold past Blessings which you can't enjoy;

and give us, by false Tales, an ill Conceit
 Of Pleasures which your selves once found so sweet.
 Such Usage seem'd as if you aim'd to gain
 That Pow'r o'er Youth, as *Satan* did o'er Man:
 And by the subtile Force of your Advice,
 Move us to lose our present Paradise,
 Thro' hopes of future Joys beyond the Skies.
 Th' Infernal Tempter cunningly began
 With Stratagems like these to ruin Man.
 To this effect the Treach'rous Serpent said,
Take, Eat this Fruit; do but as I perswade,
and from that happy Moment you shall prove,
Life and Immortal as the Gods above:
 But when the cunning Fiend had made them cat,
 They found the Lushious Promise but a Cheat.
 Thus did the Devil their Happiness molest,
 Because himself was curs'd, and Man was Blest.

}

Who knows but Age, when doom'd to Pain and Care,
 To Joyful Youth may the like Envy bear:
 Lamenting, beneath their own Decay, to see
 The Young so blest, from a'l Afflictions free,
 And their own frozen Limbs by Age declin'd,
 To Crutches, Beds, and Elbow-Chairs confin'd;
 As so the Barren Woman does with Hate,
 Behold the Fruitful in a Pregnant State.

With what Assurance can we then obey
 The Rules your Aged Heads before us lay;
 Who strive t' incline us by your Sage Advice,
 To quit known Pleasures for uncertain Blis?
 We those Blessings you report, pursue;
 We loose the present Joys within our View,
 When those you promise mayn't perhaps accrue.
 Our Humane Soul can no clear Prospect have
 Of Torments, or of Joys beyond the Grave.
 And suppose we had, and future Worlds could see,
 Our Doom to us would still uncertain be.

}

Tho' Hell be fill'd with Discord, Heav'n with *Peace*,
 The Gods reward poor Mortals as they please:
 For Man, tho' ever so devoutly given,
 Can plead no Merit to the Gifts of Heaven;
 But must as Bounty, undeserv'd, receive
 Those Blessings, which the Gods think fit to give.

Some Guides of Old instruct us to despise,
 And look with Scorn upon Terrestrial Joys,
 Extol the Chrystal Stream above the Vine,
 Prefer dull Element to Noble Wine.
 Tell us soft Beauty's but a Charming Evil,
 That all Delights are Off springs of the Devil.

Ill Manners sure to such Aspersions cast
 On Blessings which we find oblige our Taste:
 And highly Impious to condemn as vain,
 What the kind Gods for Humane Use ordain.
 If 'tis Ill-breeding, proudly to withstand
 The meanest Gift, from a superiour Hand:
 Surely, without Offence, we cannot slight
 What Bounteous Heav'n has giv'n for our Delight.

Shall I, if I've an Appetite to eat,
 For Roots and Herbs forsake much better Meat:
 Or if my Heart to *Hymen* does incline,
 Must I drink Water, when I lust for Wine?
 No, let dull Bigots with the Stream agree,
Bacchus shall be the Jolly God for me.

What if *Celinda's* Graces I admire,
 And her soft Charms should set my Breast on Fire;
 Why should not we, if the kind Dame agrees,
 Our loving selves, instead of others, please?
 In doing which, we mutually approve
 The Works of Heav'n in the Delights of Love:
 Love! which sublimes the Blessings we pursue,
 And makes the Gods well pleas'd with what we do.

Let the Old Cinick (from the World retir'd)
 Rail in his Age, at what his Youth admir'd:
 To's Hut confin'd, drink Water and repent,
 Feed on raw Roots, and boast of his Content;
 Hug his own Follies, and those Joys despise,
 Which not his Vertues, but his Age denies;
 Snarl at our Pleasures, and our Pomp abuse,
 Which he wants Wealth t' uphold, or Strength to use.
 Thus like Town Bullies his Ill-Nature shew,
 Who damn those Beauties which they can't subdue.

Our wiser Guides may tell us if they please,
 True Happiness consists in Whims like these;
 And that the Old Morose *Athenian* Grub,
 Who snarling liv'd in's Penitential Tub;
 Possess'd more Comforts, and enjoy'd more Ease,
 Than Princes in their Gaudy Palaces.
 Such Frantick Doctrine may sometimes perswade,
 Beggars and Slaves, when melancholy mad,
 That Wealth is Dirt, and Honour but a Toy,
 And none except the Poor true Peace enjoy;
 Who else can fancy true Felicity,
 Consists in stinking Rags and Poverty;
 And that a scanty Meal is better far,
 Than all the costly Dainties we prepare;
 That nothing truly can afford Content,
 But cold Retirement, and a self Restraint.

If Peace and her Companion Vertue dwells
 In Caves, and Tubs, and Subterranean Cells;
 And starving Cinicks in their Lonely Huts,
 Who pride themselves in punishing their Guts;
 Can happy be who Happiness despise,
 Then to be mad, is surely to be wise.

O Great *Lucretius*, thou shalt be my Guide,
 Like thee I'll live, and by thy Rules abide:

Measure my Pleasures by my Appetites,
 And unconfin'd, pursue the World's Delights.
 For Liberty makes every Action sweet,
 And relishes our Joys, as Salt our Meat :
 Without, we no true Happiness could boast,
 The Taste of every Blessing would be lost ;
 The sweetest Bliss, would but a Slav'ry prove,
 And we should then but hate what now we love.
 My Native Freedom, therefore I'll employ,
 Chuse what I like, and what I like, enjoy.

Suppose bright Beauty should invade my Breast,
 And with her pleasing Darts, disturb my Rest ;
 So that I sigh all Day, and with all Night
 For her, my only Object of Delight :
 What must I marry? No, I'll not be cloy'd,
 The Bait I'll nibble, but the Hook avoid ;
 For cold Restraint makes every thing seem worse,
 And often turns our Blessings to a Curse.

I love my Bed, when I my Rest would take ;
 Must it be therefore corded to my Back ?
 If I delight my Gelding to bestride,
 Must I be always to the Saddle ty'd ?
 What tho' I chiefly love one sort of Meat,
 'Tis Punishment to've nothing else to eat :
 The Charming Sex I'cknowledge, I adore,
 And value Beauty much, but Freedom more ;
 If the kind Nymph will yield to my Desires,
 And with her Favours quench Loves pleasing Fires ;
 I'll not with Oaths and Vows her Faith deceive,
 But prove as kind as Nature gives me leave ;
 Be constant too, as long as e'er I can,
 But will not promise to be more than Man :
 And when I'm tir'd, that she the Truth may know,
 I'll frankly, without Flatt'ry, tell her so,

Thus

Thus would I deal with Love's Rebellious Flame,
 When cloy'd with one, I'd still pursue fresh Game;
 And not enslave my self, or yet deceive the Dame. }

When one Delight by Use Insipid grew,
 I'd change the stale Enjoyment for a New;
 From Am'rous Sports to th' Bottle I'd repair,
 To fill those Veins I'd empty'd with the Fair;
 Drink till my Wits were ripe, and Brains were full,
 For to be sober, is but to be dull,
 Songsters and Wits I'd for Companions chuse,
 One for their Musick, th' other for their Muse,
 That some kind Voice might readily supply
 Our Thoughtful Intervals with Harmony;
 Thus would we chase Old Father *Time* all Night,
 Shorten our Days to lengthen our Delight:
 Drink Healths, sing Catches, talk of past Intrigues,
 And strengthen Bottle Friendship with new Leagues;
 Swallow down Bumpers to each Left-hand Friend,
 And Vow a Thousand things we ne'er intend.

When thus well fraughted with the chearful Juice,
 We'd fally forth and give our selves a loose,
 Break Brothel Windows, scour the crazy Watch,
 And with fresh Mischiefs crown the Night's Debauch;
 But soon as bright *Aurora* should draw nigh,
 And with her Blushes gild the Eastern Sky,
 Drowfie and drunk we'd stagger to our Beds,
 And in *Sot's* Heav'n compose our aching Heads;
 There drown in Sleep the Mem'ry of our Sins,
 And rise refresh'd, as *Drury-Lane* begins:
 For new Diversions to the Play-House fly,
 Seek out new Faces, and their Humours try,
 Flatter the Coy, and ridicule the Free,
 Tattle with Punks, and ogle Quality;
 Who in their upper Region awiul sit,
 And cull their brawny Stallions from the Pit:

Some-

Sometimes I'd be attentive to the Stage,
 The Poet's Princess shou'd my Eyes engage;
 If she perform'd her Part with Excellence,
 And trod the Stage with Graceful Impudence,
 I'd clap the Dowdy till my Arms were sore,
 As she perhaps had many a Spark before;
 With Pleasure hear the O'er-grown Poppet whine,
 And prostrate mourn o'er some dead Lover's Shrine;
 Laugh in my Sleeve to know the cunning Jade
 Kneels down a W——re, yet rises for a Maid.

Next Scene perhaps some Hero might appear,
 That liv'd long since, the Lord knows when or where;
 Who in a Raving Fit of Jealous Love,
 Would curse his angry Stars, and threaten *Jove*;
 That the Fair Sex might with Concern behold,
 How Hen-peck'd Monarchs rav'd, and lov'd of old;
 And learn from thence to over Kings prevail,
 And make the Head subservient to the Tail.

Thus on each Scene would I my Judgment spend,
 Clap when they pleas'd, and hiss should they offend;
 Applaud the Poet, when his Lines were full,
 Commend his Wit, but damn his Muse when dull;
 Keck when I heard the *Barnet* Mimick raise,
 His croaking Voice in Fam'd *Ben Johnson's* Plays.
 Blush that full Boxes, and a crowded Pit,
 Should delight more in Apish Whims than Wit.
 For what dull Miscreant, could with Patience see
 A Noble Play quite spoil'd with Foolery?
 And *French* Jack-Puddings, in a thankless Age
 Affront Immortal *Shakespeare* on the Stage;
 So Nice Fop Epicures disdain to eat,
 Without some Foreign Sauce, true *English* Meat;
 And think thro' a Mistake the wholesome Food,
 Cannot without such pault'ry Stuff be good;
 When all their ill-mix'd Rareties at last
 Spoil the Regale, and but confound the Taste.

When

When for three Hours I'd thus with Pleasure view'd
 The strutting Mimicks, and their list'ning Crowd,
 Till a dull Epilogue, perhaps new writ,
 By some young Upstart Rhimer in the Pit;
 Should gain a Clap to dignifie his Verse,
 Fit only to adorn a *Smithfield* Farce.

Then to some Brothel would I steer my Course,
 Where Beauty needs no Flattery or Force:
 But where a Golden Bribe will purchase Blifs,
 And open all the Gates of Paradise.
 Gold, whose prevailing Touch we daily see,
 Will charm the Soul of the most Charming she,
 Who when the pow'rful *Indian* God's in view,
 Will sacrifice their All to Gold and you:
 Thus would I conquer who I most admir'd;
 Triumph o'er Beauty till my Loins were tir'd;
 Wallow in Love, and by exerting much,
 Work out the Dregs of the last Night's Debauch:
 Refresh my Limbs by a kind pleasing Sweat,
 Better than with a Bagnio's painful Heat.
 Thus should my *Chloe* double Kindness shew,
 And be both Doxy and my Doctress too.
 Supple my Joints at once, and cool my Flame,
 And when I'd gratify'd the obliging Dame,
 I'd leave her to the next Lewd Rake that came.

}

Then I'd repair to Queen *Fortuna's* Court,
 Where Hawk-ey'd Bullies, and Rich Fools resort,
 Where Wolves with Lambs, and Kites with Chickens
 And Eagles do on Gaudy Peacocks prey. (play,
 Where many seek, but very few can find,
 The fickle Dame they court continue Kind;
 Who, like a subtle Jilt, seems often vex'd;
 And if she smiles one Minute, frowns the next.
 There with the fatal Instruments of Chance,
 Hazard my Store in hopes to more advance.

Draw

Draw in Rich Bubbles, Cog, Lie, Flatter, Cheat,
 And push at all to be Profusely Great.
 With eager Hopes Blind Fortune thus pursue;
 And win from Nobles what's their Tradesmen's Due.
 But should the fickle Dame her Smiles refuse,
 I'd damn the sullen Jilt that made me lose;
 Confound the Tongue that taught me first to Game;
 And curse th' uncertain Dice that crost my Aim.
 For each at play this Privilege may take;
 Winners may smile, and Losing Gamblers speak.

No sneaking Sum should my Ambition bound,
 I'd be a *B——ch'r*, or my All confound;
 Insinuate with my wealthy Lady's Son,
 Cringe to the Fop, and cheat him when I'd done:
 Drink with young Heirs, then draw them in to play,
 Praise them for Wits, and on their Weakness prey;
 For unexperienc'd Fools we daily see,
 Tho' ne'er so stubborn, bend to Flattery.

Should Hood-wink'd Chance, to gratifie my Pride,
 Thus kindly place me on the winning side,
 And guide the Dice with her prevailing Hand,
 Till my extensive Wishes I had obtain'd;
 Fortune would I adore, and only she,
 For her past Favours should my Goddess be;
 A Coach and Six I'd to her Glory raise,
 And o'er the Stones would rattle forth her Praise;
 Proud of my ill-got Wealth, with Scorn look out,
 And laugh at Honest Fools that walk on Foot.
 Contented to be poor for Conscience sake,
 Whilst Libertines by Fraud their Fortunes make.
 To thee, kind Chance that does allot the Prize,
 Thou partial Goddess of the Cards and Dice;
 I'd sacrifice from out the Numerous Swarm,
 Some poor Levanting Bully every Term,
 Till none should dare thy Altars to abuse,
 And push at all who nothing have to lose;

But

But creep behind and with a Courtly Mein,
Turn humble Supplicants to those that win.

Then to advance my own immortal Fame,
And make distressed Punks adore my Name;
I'd build an Alms-House for each cast-off Whore,
And as I'd gull'd the Rich, I'd feed the Poor:
Bribe *Irish* Stallions with my *English* Gold,
To please the Lame, Blind, Ugly and the Old;
That those coarse Objects we despise, might share,
What's now engross'd by th' Youthful and the Fair;
Thus every Hump and Squinny should enjoy,
As much of Love as they could well employ,
With new found Acts of Charity, like these,
Ne'er yet perform'd, the Sinful World I'd please,
Till ev'ry ill-shap'd Dowdy shou'd confess,
To me alone she own'd her Happiness;
And say there goes the Man, G——d speed him well,
That sav'd our Souls from leading Apes in Hell;
Nay, Toothless Beldams wrinkl'd and defac'd,
Should mumble out their Blessings as I pass'd:
And cry all Honour be my Master's due,
Who feeds those Mouths that have no Teeth to chew,
This would I do, tho' by the Saints revil'd,
Were I as Rich as D——b or as C——d.

Like *Quality* the *Sunday* would I spend,
And duly *Covent-Garden* Church attend;
Religion would I modishly profess,
By Seven rise, and take three Hours to dress;
Then in my Chariot rattle thro' the Street,
To Church, where Hypocrites in Clusters meet.
Amongst the list'ning Crowd I'd squeeze for Room,
And with my Snush the Sweaty Air perfume;
Till the Pew-Keeper, more for Gain than Grace,
Should wedge me into some Commodious Place;
Where I the Gaudy Christian Herd might view;
And to the Fair my own Deportment shew:

I'd

Pd pierce the Ladies with an amorous Eye;
 But all their pious Looks and Cheats defie.
 Take notice who was Fairest, or most Fine,
 Who had the Blackest Hair, or Whitest Skin;
 What Charming Phubsy had the Loveliſt Breast,
 Who was the most Devout, and pray'd the best,
 Who had the bri keſt Eye, and fullest Brow,
 Denoting a good Furbulo below,
 Who had an Awful Look, and Modest Grace,
 And who a Luſtful Air, and Tempting Face:
 Thus as an Obſervator would I ſit;
 Inſpect the Galleries firſt, and then the Pit:
 And from the diſſ'rent Saints in ſundry Pews;
 At once learn how to Judge, and how to Chufe.
 Perhaps behold ſome Lewd Notorious Punk,
 That never prays but when ſhe's Maudlin Drunk;
 Pluck down her Hoods, kneel low amongſt the reſt,
 And ſeem as quaint a Chriſtian as the beſt;
 Hold up her ſinful Hands, reſpond as loud
 As th' upright'ſt Saint in all the Holy Croud.
 And when ſhe's done, reſume her matted place,
 With Sin and Sorrow bluſhing in her Face,
 Yet all pure Art, without one ſpark of Grace.

When Pray'r was o'er, with Patience would I ſit,
 And hear Old *Sternhold* Rhime to *David's* Wit.
 But ſmile to ſee the Clark his Looks compoſe,
 And ſaddle, with his Spectacles, his Noſe;
 Then coughing ſpit, and when his Lungs were calm,
 Turn to his Book, and ſnuffle out a Pſalm;
 Wherein each Zealot fond of ſinging Praise,
 Might ſqueak their Ekes, and grumble out their Ayes:
 Over the doleful Song I'd yawn and gape,
 What Chriſtian could reſolve againſt a Nap,
 Or who forbear to doſe at every Line,
 That did not in the drowſie *Chorus* joyn?
 My Head, I'm ſure, their grave ſlow Time would keep,
 For whiſt they chanted, I ſhould nod and ſleep;

Like

(15)
Like Gammer Friskit in her Wicker Chair,
Lull'd by, *Now ponder well you Parents dear.*

Thus during Pray'rs the painful Hour I'd spend,
And small Attention to the Sermon lend;
But e'er 'twas well begun, still wish it at an End. }
With Patience I would hear the Preacher throw
His Darts upon the sinful Croud below;
Observe his Knack, when prettily he talk'd,
How well he hem'd, how gracefully he haulk'd;
How mannerly he did his Nostrils blow,
And how he lugg'd the Cushion to and fro;
How earnestly sometimes his Words came out,
And how he thrash'd the Pope and Dev'l about.

When the last Sand of the long Hour had run,
And told old *Spintext* when 'twas time to've done,
I'd rise among the rest, and gaze around,
Till I some fam'd Intriguing Lady found.
Invited by her Eyes and some kind Smile,
As she walk'd out, I'd meet her in the Isle;
With Am'rous Whispers I'd her Ears approach,
Squeeze her soft Hand, conduct her to her Coach, }
And lay the Ground-work of a new Debauch.

Then to some Rakish Friends my course I'd steer,
Strangers to Faith, and Enemies to Fear;
There Ridicule with them the Canting Priest,
And make Religion but our common Jest;
Raife up dead *Hobs* to justifie our Cause,
And overthrow Divine, by Nature's Laws;
Burlesque the Scriptures, and asperse the Creed, }
Aw'd by no musty Rules; Love, Drink and Feed:
This is the happy Life we Modish Rakes would lead. }

F I N I S.

A Catalogue of Poems, &c. Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-Fryars, near the Water-side; where several more may be had that are not here Inserted.

A Congratulatory Poem on Prince George of Denmark, &c. on the Success at Sea.
Marlborough Still Conquers.
 The Flight of the Pretender.
 Honesty in Distress, a Tragedy.
 The Kit-Cats a Poem, &c.
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 Nundinæ Sturbrigiencies.
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Milton's Sublimity on Cyder.
Bosworth-field, by Sir John Beaumont, Bar.
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 Art of Poetry, by *Boileau*.

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Circus, a Satyr: Or the Ring in Hide Park.
St. James's Park, a Satyr.
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 A Letter from *Italy*, to my Lord *Halifax*, with other Poems.
Blenheim, a Poem, by *Phillips*.
Mac Flecknoe, by J. Dryden; &c.
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 A Poem on the Taking *St. Mary's*, *Windsor Castle*, a Poem.
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 Consolation to *Mira* mourning,
 A Panegyrick on *Oliver Cromwell*, with three Poems on his Death.
 A Poem in Defence of the Church of *England*.
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 The *Hind* and *Panther* Transvers'd to the Story of the Country Mouse and City Mouse.
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 Memoirs on *John Hall*, the Famous Robber, &c.
 Mr *Shaftoe's* Narrative giving an Account of the Birth of the Pretended Prince of *Wales*, &c.
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 The Commoner, a Poem.
 A Hymn to the Pillory.
 The Rambling Fudle-Caps.
Dfoe, on the Storm.
 The Wife, a Poem.
 The Long Vacation.

COOPERS-HILL. 26

A

P O E M,

Written by the Honourable
Sir JOHN DENHAM,
Knight of the Bath.



L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryers*,
near the Water-side, 1709.



TO THE KING.

SIR,

After the delivery of Your Royal Father's Person into the hands of the Army, I undertaking to the Queen Mother, that I would find some means to get access to him she was pleased to send me, and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the Queen (his Majesty having been long kept in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his Affairs: But, Sir, I will not launch into a History, instead of an Epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some News of my self, which was, that he had seen some Verses of mine the Evening before (being those to Sir Richard Fanshaw) and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, He was afraid I had written them since my return into England, and though he liked them well, He would advise me to write no more, alledging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their Fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious Employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him, and at his departure from Hampton Court, he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his Letters from and to all his Correspondents at home and abroad, and I was furnish'd with nine several Cyphers in order to it: Which trust I performed with great safety, to the persons with whom we corresponded; but about nine months after being discovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's Hand I happily escaped both for my self, and those that held correspondence with me; that time was too hot and busie for such idle speculations, but after I had the good fortune to wait upon Your Majesty in Holland and France, You were pleased sometimes to give me Arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our Banishment, which now and then fell not short of Your Majesty's expectation.

After, when Your Majesty departing from St. Germans to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve You, I then gave over Poetical Lines,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to Your Majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old Master's Commands till this Summer at the Wells my Retirement tempting me to divert those melancholy Thoughts, which the new Appetite of Foreign Invasion, and Domestick Discontent gave us: But those Clouds being now happily blown over, and our Sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the Relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the Epidemical Disease of Age, which is apt to fall back into the Forces in Youth; yet Socrates, Aristotle and Cato did the same, and Scaliger saith that Fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for those Epistles are commonly greater Absurdities than any that come after: For what Author can reasonably believe, that fixing the great Name of some eminent Patron in the Forehead of his Book can charm away Censure, and that the first Leaf should be a Curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it? Neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the Parts of this Body have already hid your Majesty's View, and having past the Test of so clear and sharp-sighted a Judgment, which has as good a Title to give Law in Matters of this Nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from Your Majesty, will do more wrong to their own Judgment, than their Judgment can do to me. And for those latter Parts which have not yet received your Majesty's favourable Aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not trust my own Judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with most of Mankind, who never forsake their Darling Vices, till their Vices forsake them; and that this Divorce was not *Frigiditatis causâ*, but an *Act* of Choice, and not of Necessity. Therefore, Sir, I shall only call it an humble Petition, That Your Majesty will please to pardon this new Amour to my old Mistress, and my Disobedience to his Commands, to whose Memory I look upon with great Reverence and Devotion, and making a serious Reflection upon that wise Advice, it carries much greater weight with it now than when it was given; for when Age and Experience has so ripened Man's Discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or publick Affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the Fruit of it so much as the empty, airy Reputation of being *nimis Poeta*; and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my Predecessors did, saying,

*Splendidis longum vale dico nugis,
Hic versus & cætera ludiera pono.*

Your Majesty's most faithful
and loyal Subject, and most
dutiful and devoted Servant,

JO. DENHAM.

COOPERS-HILL.

SURE there are Poets which did never dream
 Upon *Parnassus*, nor did taste the Stream
 Of *Helicon*; we therefore may suppose
 Those made not Poets, but the Poet those.
 And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court,
 So where the Muses and their Train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
 A Poet, thou *Parnassus* art to me.
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my Flight,
 By taking Wing from thy Auspicious Height)
 Through untrac'd Ways, and airy Paths I fly,
 More boundless in my Fancy than my Eye:
 My Eye, which swift as Thought contracts the Space
 That lies between, and first salutes the Place
 Crown'd with that sacred Pile, so vast, so high,
 That whether 'ts part of Earth, or Sky,
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
 Aspiring Mountain, or descending Cloud:
Paul's the late Theme of such a Muse whose Flight *M.W.*
 His bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy Height;
 Now shalt thou stand, though Sword, or Time, or Fire,
 Or Zeal more fierce than they, thy Fall conspire,
 Secure, whilst thee the best of Poets sings,
 Preserv'd from Ruin by the best of Kings.

Under

Under his proud survey the City lies,
 And like a mist beneath a Hill doth rise;
 Whose state and wealth the business and the Crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a darker Cloud:
 And is to him who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what it seems;
 Where, with like haste, tho' several ways, they run,
 Some to undo, and some to be undone;
 While Luxury and Wealth, like War and Peace,
 Are each the others ruine, and increase;
 As Rivers Lost in Seas some secret Vein
 Thence re-conveys there to be lost again.
 O happiness of sweet retir'd content!
 To be at once secure, and innocent.

Windsor the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwells, *Windsor*
 Beauty with strength) above the Vally swells.
 Into my eye, and doth it self present
 With such an easie and unforc't ascent,
 That no stupendious precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes:
 But such a Rise as doth at once invite
 A pleasure and a reverence from the sight.
 Thy mighty Master's Emblem, in whose Face
 State Meekness, heightned with Majestick Grace;
 Such seems the gentle Height, made only proud
 To be the Basis of that pompous load,
 Than which, a nobler weight no Mountain bears,
 But *Atlas* only that supports the Sphears.

When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
 'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
 Mark'd out for such a use, as if 'twere meant
 To invite the Builder, and his choice prevent.
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
 Folly, or Blindness only could refuse.
 A Crown of such Majestick Tow'rs doth grace
 The God's great Mother, when her heavenly race
 Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
 Amongst that numerous, and Celestial Host,
 More *Hero's* than can *Windsor*, nor doth Fame's
 Immortal Book record more noble Names.
 Not to look back so far, to whom this Isle
 Owes the first Glory of so brave a Pile,
 Whether to *Cæsar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,
 The British *Arthur*, or the Danish *Knute*,
 (Though this of old no less contest did move,
 Than when for *Homer's* Birth seven Cities strove)
 Like him in Birth, thou shoul'dst be like in Fame,
 (As thine his Fate, if mine had been his Flame)
 But whoso'er it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
 Not to recount those several Kings, to whom
 It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb,
 But the (great * *Edward*) and thy greater Son,
 (The Lillies which his Father wore, he won)
 And thy † *Bellona*, who the Consort came
 Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame,

* *Edward* Third, and the *Black Prince*. † *Queen Philipa*.

* She to the Triumph led one Captive King,
 And brought that Son, which did the second bring
 Then didst thou found that Order (whether Love
 Or Victory thy Royal Thoughts did move)
 Each was a Noble Cause, and nothing less
 Than the Design, has been the great Success :
 Which Foreign Kings and Emperors esteem
 The second Honour to their Diadem.
 Had thy great Destiny but giv'n the Skill,
 To know, as well as Power to act her Will,
 That from those Kings, who then thy Captives were,
 In After-time should spring a Royal Pair,
 Who should possess all that thy mighty Power,
 Or thy Desires more mighty, did devour ;
 To whom their better Fate reserves whate'er
 The Victor hopes for. or the Vanquish'd fear ;
 That Blood, which thou and thy Great Granfire shed,
 And all that since these Sister Nations bled,
 Had been unspilt, had happy *Edward* known
 That all the Blood he spilt, had been his own.
 When he that Patron chose, in whom are injoy'd
 Souldier and Martyr, and his Arm's confin'd
 Within the Azure Circle, he did seem
 But to foretel and prophesie of him,
 Who to his Realms that Azure Roun hath joyn'd,
 Which Nature for their Bound at first design'd.
 That Bound, which to the World's extreamest ends,
 Endles it felt, as Liquid Arms extends ;

* *The Kings of France and Scotland.*

Nor doth he need those Emblems which we Paint,
 But is himself the Souldier and the Saint.
 Here should my Wonder dwell, and here my Praise;
 But my fixt Thoughts my wandring Eye betrays;
 Viewing a Neighbouring Hill, whose Top of late
 A Chappel crown'd, till in the common Fate,
 The adjoyding Abbey fell : (May no such Storm
 Fall on our Times, where Ruin must reform.)
 Tell me (my Muse) what monstrous dire Offence,
 What Crime could any Christian King incense
 To such a Rage? Was't Luxury, or Lust?
 Was he so Temperate, so Chaste, so Just?
 Were these their Crimes? They were his own much more :
 But Wealth is Crime enough to him that's poor ;
 Who having spent the Treasures of his Crown,
 Condemns their Luxury to feed his own.
 And yet this Act, to varnish o'er the Shame
 Of Sacrilege, must bear Devotion's Name.
 No Crime so bold, but would be understood
 A real, or at least a seeming good ;
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name,
 And free from Conscience is a Slave to Fame.
 Thus he the Church at once protects, and spoils :
 But Princes Swords are sharper than their stiles.
 And thus to th' Ages past he makes amends,
 Their Charity destroys, their Faith defends.
 Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,
 In empty, airy Contemplations dwell ;

And

And like the Block, unmoved lay : but ours,
 As much to active, like the Stork devours.
 Is there no temperate Region can be known,
 Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone ?
 Could we not wake from that Lethargick Dream,
 But to be restless in a worse Extream ?
 And for that Lethargy was there no Cure,
 But to be cast into a Calenture ?
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance ?
 And rather in the dark to grope our way,
 Than led by a false Guide to erre by day ?
 Who sees these dismal Heaps, but would demand
 What barbarous Invader sack'd the Land ?
 But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring.
 This desolation, but a Christian King ;
 When nothing, but the Name of Zeal, appears
 'Twixt our best actions, and the worst of theirs,
 What does he think our Sacrilege would spare,
 When such th' effects of our Devotion are ?
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger shame and fear,
 Those for what's past, and this for what's too near :
 My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
 Where *Thames* amongst the wanton Vallies strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean Sons,
 By his old Sire to his embraces runs,
 Hastening to pay his tribute to the Sea,
 Like mortal life to meet Eternity.

Thames.

Thoug

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;
 His genuine, and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
 O're which he kindly spreads his spacious wing:
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing Spring.
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like Mothers which their Infants overlay:
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse Kings, resumes the wealth he gave;
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The Mowers hopes, nor mock the Plowmans toyl:
 But Godlike his unwearied Bounty flows;
 First loves to do, than loves the Good he does:
 Nor are his Blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind;
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the World, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in desarts, Woods in Cities plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the World's exchange.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme!
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o're-flowing full.

Heaven

Heaven her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,
 Whose Fame in thine, like lesser Currents lost;
 Thy nobler Streams shall visit *Jove's* Abodes,
 To shine among the Stars, and bathe the Gods:
 Here Nature, whether more intent to please *The Forre*
 Us, or her self with strange Varieties;
 (For Things of Wonder give no less Delight
 To the wise Makers, than Beholder's Sight.
 Though these Delights from several Causes wove,
 For so our Children, thus our Friends we love)
 Wisely she knew the Harmony of Things,
 As well as that of Sounds, from Discords springs.
 Such was the Discord, which did first disperse
 Form, Order, Beauty, through the Universe;
 While Driness, Moisture, Coldness, Heat resists,
 All that we have, and that we have subsists.
 While the steep horrid Roughness of the Wood
 Strive with the gentle Calmness of the Flood.
 Such huge Extreame when Nature doth unite,
 Wonder from thence results, from thence Delight;
 The Stream is so transparent, pure and clear, *Narcissus*
 That had the self-enamour'd Youth gaz'd here,
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
 While he the Bottom, not his Face had seen.
 But his proud Head the airy Mountain hides
 Among the Clouds; his Shoulders, and his Sides
 A shady Mantle clothes; his curled Brows
 Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows,

While on

While Winds and Storms his lofty Forehead beat
 The common Fate of all that's High or Great.
 Low at his Foot a spacious Plain is plac'd,
 Between the Mountain and the Stream embrac'd :
 Which Shade and Shelter from the Hill derives,
 While the kind River, Wealth and Beauty gives ;
 And in the mixture of all these appears
 Variety, which all the rest indears.
 This Scene, had some bold *Greek*, or *British* Bard
 Beheld of old, what Stories had we heard
 Of Faeries, Satyrs, and the Nymphs, their Dames,
 Their Feasts, their Revels, and their Amorous Flames ?
 'Tis still the same, altho' their airy Shape,
 All but a quick Poetick Sight escape.
 There *Faunus* and *Silvanus* keep their Courts,
 And thither all the horned Hoast resorts,
 To graze the ranker Mead, that noble Heard
 On whose sublime and shady Fronts is rear'd
 Nature's great Master-Piece ; to shew how soon
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
 Here have I seen the King, when great Affairs
 Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his Cares,
 Attended to the Chase by all the Flower
 Of Youth, whose Hopes a nobler Prey devour :
 Pleasure with Praise, and Danger, they would buy,
 And wish a Foe that would not only fly.
 The Stag now conscious of his fatal Growth,
 At once indulgent to his Fear and Sloth,
 To some dark Covert his Retreat had made,
 Where no Man's Eye, nor Heaven's should invade
 His soft Repose ; when th' unexpected Sound
 Of Dogs and Men, his wakeful Ear doth wound :
 Muzz'd with the Noise, he scarce believes his Ear ;
 Willing to think th' Illusions of his Fear
 Had given this false Alarm, but strait his View
 While confirms, that more than all he fears is true :

Betray'd

Betray'd in all his Strengths, the Wood beset,
 All Instruments, all Arts of Ruine met
 He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Speed,
 His winged Heels, and then his Armed Head;
 With these t' avoid, with that his Fate to meet:
 But fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
 Has lost the Chasers, and his ear the Cry:
 Exulting, till he finds, their Nobler Sense
 Their disproportion'd Speed does recompense.
 Then curses his conspiring Feet, who scent
 Betrays that safety, which their swiftness lent.
 Then tries his Friends, among the baser heard,
 Where he so lately was obey'd, and fear'd,
 His safety seeks: the Herd, unkindly wise,
 Or Chases him from thence, or from him flies.
 Like a declining Statesman, left forlorn
 To his Friends pity, and Pursuers scorn;
 With shame remembers, while himself was one
 Of the same Herd, himself the same had done.
 Thence to the Coverts, and the conscious Groves,
 The Scenes of his past Triumphs, and his Loves;
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
 Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own;
 And like a bold Knight Errant did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the Dame;
 And taught the Woods to Echo to the Stream
 His dreadful Challenge, and his clashing Beam:
 Yet fairly now declines the fatal strife;
 So much his Love was dearer than his Life.
 Now every Leaf, and every moving Breath
 Presents a Foe, and every Foe a Death.
 Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.

And now too late he wishes for the fight,
 That strength he wasted in ignoble flight :
 But when he sees the eager Chase renew'd
 Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd :
 He strait revokes his bold resolve, and more
 Repents his courage, than his fear before ;
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
 And Doubt a greater mischief than Despair.
 Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,
 Nor speed, nor Art avail, he shaps his course ;
 Thinks not their rage so desperate t' assay
 An Element more merciless than they.
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the Flood
 Quench their dire Thirst ; alas, they thirst for Blood.
 So toward a Ship the oarefin'd Gallies ply,
 Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extream Despair.
 So fares the Stag among the enrag'd Hounds,
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds
 And as a Hero, whom his baser Foes
 In Troops surrounds, now these assails, now those,
 Though Prodigal of Life, disdains to dye
 By common hands ; but if he can descry
 Some nobler Foes approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his Fate, and then contented falls.
 So when the King a mortal Shaft lets flye
 From his unerring hand, then glad to dye,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his Blood,
 And stains the Crystal with a purple Flood.
 This a more innocent and happy Chase,
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 * Fair Liberty pursu'd, and meant a Prey
 To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at Bay.

* Runny Mead. where that Great Charter was first sealed.

When

When in that Remedy all hope was plac'd,
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
 Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the † Crown
 All marks of Arbitrary Power lays down :
 Tyrant and Slave, those Names of hate and fear,
 The happier Style of King and Subject bear :
 Happy when both to the same Center move,
 When Kings give Liberty, and Subjects Love.
 Therefore not long in Force this Charter stood ;
 Wanting that Seal, it must be seal'd in Blood.
 The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,
 Th' advantage only took the more to crave.
 Till King's by giving, gave themselves away,
 And even that Power that should deny, betray.
 " Who gives constrain'd, but his own Fear reviles,
 " Not thank'd, but scorn'd ; nor are thy Gifts, but Spoils.
 Thus Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
 First made their Subjects by Oppression bold :
 And popular Sway, by forcing Kings to give
 More than was fit for Subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same Extreame ; and one Excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm River rais'd with sudden Rains,
 Or Snows dissolv'd. o'erflows the adjoining Plains,
 The Husbandmen with high-rais'd Banks secure
 Their greedy Hopes, and this he can endure ;
 But if with Bays and Dams, they strive to force
 His Chancel to a new or narrow Course ;
 No longer then within his Banks he dwells,
 First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells :
 Stronger and Fiercer ! by Restraint he roars,
 And knows no Bound, but makes his Powers his Shores.

† *Magna Charta.*

THE
D U E L
OF THE
S T A G S,
A
P O E M,

Written by the Honourable
Sir *ROBERT HOWARD*.

Together with
An E P I S T L E
TO THE
A U T H O R,

By Mr. *John Dryden*.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Blackfryars*, near
the Water-side. 1709.

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F I N I S.

THE

DUEL

OF THE

STAGS,

A

POEM,

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Together with
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T H E

D U E L of the S T A G S.

IN *Windsor* Forest, before War destroy'd
 The harmless Pleasures which soft Peace enjoy'd ;
 A mighty Stag grew Monarch of the Herd,
 By all his Savage Slaves obey'd, and fear'd :
 And while the Troops about their Sovereign fed,
 They watch'd the awful nodding of his Head.
 Till as he passeth by, they all remove,
 Proud in Dominion, Prouder in his Love :
 And while with Pride and Appetite he swells ;)
 He courts no chosen Object, but compels :
 No Subject his lov'd Mistress dares deny,
 But yields his hopes up to his Tyranny.
 Long had this Prince imperiously thus sway'd,
 By no set Laws, but by his Will obey'd,
 His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
 Admire his strength, and dare not use their own.
 One Subject most did his suspicion move,
 That show'd least Fear and counterfeited Love :
 In the best Pastures by his side he fed,
 Arm'd with two large Militia's on his head :

As if he practis'd Majesty he walk'd,
 And at his Nod, he made not hast, but stalk'd.
 By his large shade, he saw how great he was,
 And his vast Layers on the bended Grass.
 His thought as large as his proportion grew,
 And judg'd himself as fit for Empire too.
 Thus to Rebellious hopes he swell'd at length,
 Love and Ambition growing with his strength.
 This hid Ambition his bold Passion shows,
 And from a Subject to a Rival grows.
 Sollicites all his Princes fearful Dames,
 And in his sight Courts with rebellious flames.

The Prince sees this with an inflamed Eye,
 But looks are only signs of Majesty :
 When once a Prince's Will meets a restraint,
 His Power is then esteem'd but his Complaint.
 His Head then shakes, at which the affrighted Herd
 Start to each side ; his Rival not afraid,
 Stands by his Mistress side, and stirs not thence,
 But bids her own his Love, and his Defence.

The Quarrel now to a vast height is grown,
 Both urg'd to fight by Passion and a Throne ;
 But Love has most excuse ; for all, we find,
 Have Passions, tho' not Thrones alike assign'd.
 The Sovereign Stag shaking his loaded head,
 On which his *Scepters* with his *Arms* were spread,
 Wisely by Nature, there together fix'd,
 Where with the Tittle, the Defence was mixt.
 The pace which he advanc'd with to engage,
 Became at once his Majesty, and Rage :

T'other

'Tother stands still with as much confidence,
To make his part seem only his defence.

Their heads now meet, and at one blow each strikes
As many strokes, as if a Rank of Pikes
Grew on his brows, as thick their Antlets stand,
Which every Year kind Nature does disband.
Wild Beasts sometimes in peace and quiet are,
But Man no season frees from Love or War.

VVith equal strength they met, as if two Oaks
Had fell, and mingled with a thousand strokes.
One by ambition urg'd, t'other disdain,
One to preserve, the other fought to Gain :
The Subjects and the Mistresses stood by,
VVith Love and Duty to crown Victory:
For all Affections wait on prosperous Fame,
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meet shame.

VVhile thus with equal Courages they meet,
The wounded Earth yields to their struggling Feet;
And while one slides, t'other pursues the Fight,
And thinks that forc't Retreat looks like a Flight :
But then asham'd of his Retreat, at length
Drives his Foe back, his Rage renews his strength.

As even weights into a motion thrown,
By equal turns, drive themselves up and down ;
So sometimes one, then 'tother Stag prevails,
And Victory yet doubtful, holds the Scales.

The Prince asham'd to be oppos'd so long,
VVith all his strength united rushes on ;
The Rebel weaker, than at first appears,
And from his Courage sinks unto his Fears.

Not able longer to withstand his might,
 From a Retreat, at last steals to a Flight.
 The mighty Stag pursues his flying Foe,
 Till his own Pride of Conquest made him slow;
 Thought it enough to scorn a thing that flies,
 And only now pursu'd him with his Eyes.

The vanquish'd as he fled turn'd back his fight,
 Asham'd to flie, and yet afraid to fight:
 Sometimes his wounds, as his excuse survey'd,
 Then fled again, and then look'd back and stay'd:
 Blush't that his wounds so slight should not deny
 Strength for a fight, that left him strength to flie.
 Calls thoughts of Love and Empire to his Aid,
 But fears more powerful than all those persuade,
 And yet in spight of them retains his shame,
 His cool'd ambition, and his half-quench'd flame,
 There's none from their own sense of shame can flie,
 And dregs of Passions dwell with misery.
 Now to the shades he bends his feeble course,
 Despis'd by those that once admir'd his force :
 The VVretch that to a scorn'd Condition's thrown,
 VVith the VVorld's Favour, loses too his own.

VVhile fawning Troops their Conquering Prince
 enclos'd,
 Now render'd absolute by being oppos'd ;
 Princes by Disobedience get Command,
 And by new quench'd Rebellions firmer stand
 Till by the boundless offers of success,
 They meet their Fate in ill-us'd happiness.

The vanquish'd Stag to thickest shades repairs,
 Where he finds safety punish't with his Cares;
 Thorough the Woods he rushes not, but glides,
 And from all searches but his own he hides;
 Asham'd to live, unwilling yet to lose
 That wretched life he knew not how to use.

In this Retirement thus he liv'd conceal'd,
 Till with his wounds his fears were almost heal'd;
 His ancient Passions now began to move,
 He thought again of Empire and of Love:
 Then rous'd himself and stretch'd at his full length,
 Took the large measure of his mighty strength;
 Then shook his loaded Head; the shadow too,
 Shook like a tree, where leaveless Branches grew:
 Stooping to drink, he sees it in the Streams,
 And in the Woods hears clashing of his Beams;
 No Accident but does alike proclaim
 His growing strength, and his encreasing shame.

Now once again, resolves to try his Fate,
 (for Envy always is importunate;))
 And in the mind perpetually does move,
 A fit Companion for unquiet Love.
 He thinks upon his mighty Enemy,
 Circl'd about with Pow'r and Luxury.
 And hop'd his strength might sink in his desires,
 Remembering he had wasted in such Fires.
 Yet while he hop'd by them to overcome,
 He wish'd the others fatal joys his own.

Thus the unquiet Beast in safety lay,
 Where nothing was to fear, nor to obey;

Where he alone commanded, and was Lord
 Of every Bounty Nature did afford,
 Chose Feasts for every Arbitrary Sense,
 An Empire in the state of Innocence.

But all the Feasts Nature before him plac't,
 Had but faint relishes to his lost taste,
 Sick Minds, like Bodies in a Fever spent,
 Turn Food to the Disease, not nourishment.
 Sometimes he stole abroad, and shrinking stood,
 Under the shelter of the friendly Wood ;
 Casting his envious Eyes towards those Plains
 Where with crown'd joys, his mighty Rival Reigns.
 He saw th' obeying Herd marching along,
 And weigh'd his Rival's Greatness by the Throng.
 Want takes false Measures, both of Power and Joys,
 And envy'd Greatness is but Crowd, and Noise.

Not able to endure this hated sight,
 Back to the Shades he flies to seek out Nigt.
 Like exiles from their native Soils, though sent
 To better Countries, think it Banishment.
 Here he enjoy'd what t'other could have there,
 The woods are shady, and the streams as clear,
 The Pastures more untainted where he fed,
 And every Night chose out an unprest Bed.

But then his lab'ring Soul with Dreams was prest,
 And found the greatest weariness in rest ;
 His dreadful Rival in his sleep appears,
 And in his Dreams again, he fights and fears :
 Shrinks at the strokes of t'others mighty Head,
 Feels every wound, and dreams how fast he fled.

At this he wakes, and with his fearful Eyes,
 Salutes the light that fleet the *Eastern* Skies,
 Still half amaz'd, looks round, and held by fear,
 Scarce can believe no Enemy was near.

But when he saw his heedless fears were brought
 Not by a Substance, but a drowsie Thought.

His ample sides he shakes, from whence the dew
 In scatter'd Showers like driven Tempests flew,
 At which, through all his breast new boldness spread,
 And with his Courage rais'd his mighty head.

Then by his Love inspir'd, resolves to try
 The Combat now, and overcome, or die.

Every weak Passion sometimes is above
 The fear of death, much more the noblest love.
 By hope 'tis scorn'd, and by despair 'tis fought,
 Pursu'd by Honour, and by Sorrow brought.

Resolv'd the paths of danger now to tread,
 From his scorn'd shelter, and his fears he fled.
 With a brave hast now seeks a second Fight,
 Redeems the base one by a Noble Flight.

In the mean time, the Conqueror enjoy'd
 That Power by which he was to be destroy'd.
 How hard 'tis for the Prosperous to see,
 That fate which waits on Power, and Victory.

Thus he securely Reign'd, when in a Rout
 He saw th' affrighted Herd flying about;
 As if some Huntsmen did their Chase pursue,
 About themselves in scatter'd Rings they flew,
 He like a careful Monarch rais'd his Head,
 To see what cause that strange disturbance bred.

But

But when the searcht-out Cause appear'd no more,
 Than from a Slave, he had o'ercome before,
 A bold disdain did in his looks appear,
 And shook his awful Head to chide their Fear.
 The Herd afraid of Friend and Enemy,
 Shrink from the one, and from the other fly;
 They scarce know which they should Obey, or Trust,
 Since Fortune only makes it Safe and Just.

Yet in despite of all his Pride, he staid,
 And this unlook't for Chance with trouble weigh'd,
 His Rage, and his Contempt alike, swell'd high,
 And only fear'd his Enemy should fly;
 He thought of former Conquest, and from thence
 Cozen'd himself into a Confidence.

T'other that saw his Conquerer so near,
 Stood still and list'ned to a whisp'ring fear;
 From whence she heard his Conquest and his Shame.
 But new-born Hopes his ancient Fears o'recame.

The mighty Enemies now meet at length,
 VVith equal Fury, though not equal Strength
 For now, too late the Conquerer did find,
 That all was wasted in him but his Mind.
 His Courage in his VWeakness yet prevails.
 As a bold Pilot steers with tatter'd Sails,
 And Cordage crackt, directs no steddly Course,
 Carry'd by Resolution, more than Force.
 Before his once scorn'd Enemy he reels,
 His wounds encreasing with his shame, he feels
 The others strength more from his weakness grows,
 And with one furious push, his Rival throws.

So a tall Oak, the Pride of all the VWood,
 That long th' assault of several storms hath stood,
 Till by a mighty blast more pow'rfully push't,
 His Roots torn up, and to the Earth he rusht.

Yet then he rais'd his Head, on which there grew,
 Once, all his Power and all his Title too;
 Unable now to rise, and less to fight,
 He rais'd those Scepters to demand his Right.
 But such weak Arguments prevail with none,
 To plead their Titles, when their Power is gone.

His Head now sinks, and with it all defence,
 Not only robb'd of Power but Pretence.
 Wounds upon wounds, the Conqueror still gives.
 And thinks himself unsafe, while t'other lives:
 Unhappy State of such as wear a Crown,
 Fortune does seldom lay 'em gently down.

Now to the most scorn'd Remedy he flies,
 And for some Pity seems to move his Eyes,
 Pity, by which the best of Vertu's try'd,
 To wretched Princes ever is deny'd,
 There is a Debt to Fortune, which they pay
 For all their Greatness, by no common way.

The flatt'ring Troops unto the Victor fly,
 And own his Title to his Victory;
 The Faith of most, with Fortune does decline,
 Duty's but Fear, and Conscience but Design.

The Victor now, proud in his great success,
 Hastes to enjoy his fatal happiness;
 Forgot his mighty Rival was destroy'd
 But that, which he so fondly now enjoy'd.

In Passions, thus Nature her self enjoys,
 Sometimes preserves, and then again destroys;
 Yet all Destruction which Revenge can move,
 Time or Ambition, is supply'd by Love.

To

To my Honoured Friend
 Sir *ROBERT HOWARD*,
 On his Excellent Poem.

By Mr. *John Dryden*.

AS there is Musick uniform'd by Art
 In those wild Notes, which with a Merry heart
 The Birds in unfrequented Shades express,
 VVho better taught at home, yet please us less :
 So in your Verse, a Native sweetness dwells,
 VVhich shames Composure, and its Art excels.
 Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
 Than Paint adds Charms unto a beauteous face.
 Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
 Their even Calmness does suppose them deep ;
 Such is your Muse : No Metaphor swell'd high
 VVith dangerous boldness lifts her to the Sky ;

Those

Those mounting Fancies, when they fall again,
Shew Sand and Dirt at bottom do remain.

So firm a Strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in *Sampson's* Riddle meet.

'Tis strange each Line so great a weight should bear,
And yet no sign of Toil, no Sweat appear.

Either your Art hides Art, as *Stoicks* feign
Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain;

And we, dull Souls admire, but cannot see
What hidden Springs within the Engine be:

Or, 'tis some happiness that still pursues
Each Act and Motion of your graceful Muse.

Or is it Fortune's Work, that in your Head
The Curious * Net that is for Fancies spread,
Lets through its Meshes every meaner thought,
While rich *Idea's* there are only caught.

Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair,
To be the Child of Chance, and not of Care.

No Atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a VWorld.

Nor dare I such a Doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the Providence of wit,

'Tis your strong *Genius* then which does not feel
Those weights would make a weaker Spirit reel:

To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone you *Pegasus* can do.

Great *Hercules* himself could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel those Heav'ns and Gods he bore.

* Rete mirabile.

Your easier Odes, which for delight were penn'd,
 Yet our Instruction make their second End :
 VVere both enrich'd and pleas'd like them that wooe,
 At once a Beauty, and a Fortune too.
 Of Moral Knowledge Poesy was Queen,
 And still she might, had wanton wits not been ;
 VVo like ill Guardians liv'd themselves at large,
 And not content with that, debauch'd their Charge:
 Like some brave Captain, your successful Pen
 Restores the Exil'd to her Crown again ;
 And gives us hope that having seen the Days
 VVhen nothing flourish'd but Phanatick Bays,
 All will at length in this Opinion rest,
 A Sober Prince's Government is best.
 This is not all, your Art the way has found
 To make Improvement of the richest Ground,
 That Soil which those Immortal Laurels bore,
 That once the sacred *Maro's* Temples wore.
Elisa's Grievs are so exprest by you,
 They are too Eloquent to have been true.
 Had she so spoke, *Aeneas* had obey'd
 VVhat *Dido*, rather than what *Jove* had said.
 If Funeral Rites can give a Ghost repose,
 Your Muse so justly has discharged those,
Elisa's Shade, may now its wandering cease,
 And claim a Title to the Fields of Peace.
 But if *Aeneas* be oblig'd no less
 Youd Kindness great *Achilles* doth confes ;
 VVho dress'd by *Statius* in so bold a look,
 Did ill become those Virgin Robes he took.

To understand how much we owe to you,
 VVe must your Numbers with your Author's view;
 Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
 Each Figure stiff, as if design'd in Buff;
 His Colours laid so thick on every place,
 As only shew'd the Paint, but hid the Face.
 But as in Perspective we beauties see,
 VVhich in the Glass, not in the Picture be;
 So here our Sight obligingly mistakes
 That wealth which his your bounty only makes.
 Thus vulgar Dishes are by Cooks disguis'd,
 More for their dressing than their substance priz'd.
 Your curious * Notes to search into that Age,
 VVhen all was Fable but the sacred Page,
 That since in that dark Night we needs must stray,
 VVe are at least Misled in pleasant way.
 But what we must admire your Verse no less
 The Prophet than the Poet doth confess.
 E're our weak Eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
 Of Light, you saw Great *Charles* his Morning break.
 So skilful Seamen ken the Land from far,
 VVhich shews like Mists to the dull Passenger.
 To *Charles* your Muse first pays her Dutious Love,
 As still the Antients did begin from *Jove*.
 VVith *Monck* you end whose Name preserv'd shall be
 As *Rome* Recorded † *Rufus* Memory.

* Annotations on Statius.

† *Hic situs est Rufus, qui pulso vindice quendam Imperium asseruit non sibi sed Patrie.*

VWho thought it greater Honour to obey
 His Countrys Interest, than the world to sway.
 But to write worthy things of worthy Men,
 Is the peculiar talent of your Pen:
 Yet let me take your Mantle up, and I
 VWill venture in your Right to Prophecie.

“ This work by Merit first of Fame secure,
 “ Is likewise happy in its Geniture :
 “ For since ’tis born, when *Charles* ascends the Throne,
 “ It shares at once, his Fortune and his own.

FROM THE Greek of *MEN AGE*.

WHen thro’ the Streets the *Paphian* Goddess run,
 And cry’d the Fugitive her darling Son ;
 A *Kiss* was the Reward to be bestow’d,
 More sweet than *Nestor*, or *Ambrosial* Food.
 Your Son, the Fugitive you seek is here,
 Within my Breast is hid the Wanderer :
 Give me kind Goddess, give the charming *kiss*;
 Or bid fair *Celia*, and improve the Bliss.

5 JA 30
 F I N I S.

CYDER.

A

P O E M.

In TWO BOOKS.

-Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo? Virg.

WITH THE



SPLENDID SHILLING;

PARADISE LOST,

And Two SONGS, &c.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-Fryars, near
the Water-side. 1709.

CYDER.

BOOK I.

WHAT Soil the Apple loves, what Care is due
To Orchats, timeliest when to press the Fruits
Thy Gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* Verse
Adventrous I presume to sing; of Verse
Nor skill'd, nor studious: But my Native Soil
Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.

Ye *Ariconian* Knights, and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n these Blessings grants,
Attend my Lays; nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's Gifts may be improv'd by Art.

And thou, O *Moslyn*, whose Benevolence,
And Candor oft experienc'd, Me vouchsaf'd
To knit in Friendship, growing still with Years,
Accept this Pledge of Gratitude and Love.
May it a lasting Monument remain
Of dear Respect; that, when this Body frail
Is moulder'd into Dust, and I become
As I had never been, late Times may know
I once was blest in such a matchless Friend.

Who-e'er expects his lab'ring Trees shou'd bend
With Fruitage, and a kindly Harvest yield,
Be this his first Concern; to find a Tract
Impervious to the Winds, begirt with Hills,
That intercept the *Hyperborean* Blasts
Tempestuous, and cold *Eurus* nipping-Force,
Noxious to feeble Buds: But to the West
Lest him free Entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland
Administer their tepid genial Airs;

Naught fear he from the West, whose gentle Warmth
 Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming Womb,
 Invigorating tender Seeds ; whose Breath
 Nurtures the *Orange*, and the *Citron* Groves,
Hesperian Fruits, and wafts their Odours sweet
 Wide thro' the Air, and distant Shores perfumes.
 Nor only do the Hills exclude the Winds :
 But, when the blackning Clouds in sprinkling Show'rs
 Distill, from the high Summits down the Rain
 Runs trickling ; with the fertile Moisture chear'd,
 The Orchats smile ; joyous the Farmers see
 Their thriving Plants, and bless the heav'nly Dew.

Next, let the Planter, with Discretion meet,
 The Force and Genius of each Soil explore ;
 To what adapted, what it shuns averse :
 Without this necessary Care, in vain
 He hopes an Apple-Vintage, and Invokes
Pomona's Aid in vain. The miry Fields,
 Rejoycing in rich Mold, most ample Fruit
 Of beauteous Form produce ; pleasing to Sight,
 But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.
 So Nature has decreed ; so, oft we see
 Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments
 Elaborate ; less, inwardly, exact.
 Nor from the sable Ground expect Success,
 Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune :
 The Must, of pallid Hue, declares the Soil
 Devoid of Spirit ; wretched He, that quaffs
 Such wheyish Liquors ; oft with Colic Pangs,
 With pungent Colic Pangs distress'd, he'll roar,
 And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholsome Draught.
 But, Farmer, look, where full-ear'd Sheaves of Rye
 Grow wavy on the Tilth, that Soil select
 For Apples ; thence thy Industry shall gain
 Ten-fold Reward ; thy Garners, thence with Store
 Surcharg'd, shall burst ; thy Press with purest Juice
 Shall flow, which, in revolving Years, may try
 Thy feeble Feet, and bind thy fault'ring Tongue.

Such is the *Kent-church*, such *Dantzeyan* Ground,
 Such Thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marsh*,
 And *Sutton Acres*, drench'd with Regal Blood
 Of *Ethelbert*, when to th'unhallow'd Feast
 Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,
 To treat of Sponsals: Long connubial Joys
 He promis'd to himself, allur'd by Fair
Elfrida's Beauty; but deluded dy'd
 In height of Hopes—Oh ! hardest Fate, to fall
 By Shew of Friendship, and pretended Love !

I nor advise, nor reprehend the Choice
 Of *Marcley-Hill*; the Apple no where finds
 A kinder Mold: Yet 'tis unsafe to trust
 Deceitful Ground: Who knows but that, once more,
 This Mount may journey, and his present Site
 Forfaking, to thy Neighbours Bounds transfer
 The goodly Plants affording Matter strange
 For Law-Debates? If therefore, thou incline
 To deck this Rise with Fruits of various Tastes,
 Fail not by frequent Vows t'implore Success;
 Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wandring Glebe.

But it (for Nature doth not share alike
 Her Gifts) an happy Soil should be with-held;
 If a penurious Clay shou'd be thy Lot,
 Or rough unweildy Earth, nor to the Plough,
 Nor to the Cattle kind, with sandy Stones
 And Gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
 Beneath thy Toil; the sturdy Pear-tree here
 Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest Root
 Pierce the obstructing Grit, and restive Marle.

Thus naught is useless made; nor is there Land,
 But what, or of it self, or else compell'd,
 Affords Advantage. On the barren Heath
 The Shepherd tend his Flock, that daily crop
 Their verdant Dinner from the mossie Turf,
 Sufficient; after them the Cackling Goose,
 Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her Want.

What

What shou'd I more? Ev'n on the cliffy Height
 Of *Penmenmaur*, and that Cloud-piercing Hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the Traveller kens
 Astonish'd, how the Goats their shrubby Brouze
 Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
 How from a scraggy Rock, whose Prominence
 Half overshades the Ocean, hardy Men,
 Fearless of rending Winds, and dashing Waves,
 Cut Sampire, to excite the squeamish Gust
 Of pamper'd Luxury. Then, let thy Ground
 Not lye unlabour'd; if the richest Stem
 Refuse to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant
 Somewhat, that may to Human Use redound,
 And Penury, the worst of Ills, remove?

There are, who, fond studious of Increase,
 Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur'd Land
 Induce laborious, and with fatning Muck
 Besmear the Roots; in vain! the nursling Grove
 Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster Earth:
 But, when the alien Compost is exhaust,
 It's native Poverty again prevails.

Tho' this Art fails, despond not; little Pains,
 In a due Hour employ'd, great Profit yield.
 Th' industrious, when the Sun in *Leo* rides,
 And darts his sultriest Beams, portending Drought,
 Forgets not at the Foot of ev'ry Plant
 To sink a circling Trench, and daily pour
 A just Supply of alimantal Streams,
 Exhausted Sap recruiting; else, false Hopes
 He cherishes, nor will his Fruit expect
 Th'autumnal Season, but, in Summer's Pride,
 When other Orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great Light of Heav'n, that in his Course
 Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
 Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men
 Perceive his Influence dire; sweltring they run
 To Grots, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage seek
 Of woven Arborets, and oft the Rills.

Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
 Thirst inextinguishable: But if the Spring
 Preceding shou'd be destitute of Rain,
 Or Blast Septentrional with brushing Wings
 Sweep up the smoaky Mists, and Vapours damp,
 Then wo to Mortals ! *Titan* then exerts
 His Heat intense, and on our Vitals preys ;
 Then *Malaria* dies of various Kinds, and Names
 Unknown, malignant Fevers, and that Foe
 To blooming Beauty, which imprints the Face
 Of fairest Nymph, and checks our growing Love,
 Reign far and near ; grim Death, in different Shapes,
 Depopulates the Nations, thousands fall
 His Victims, Youths, and Virgins, in their Flower,
 Reluctant die, and sighing leave their Loves
 Unfinish'd, by infectious Heav'n destroy'd.

Such Heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, last
 Of *Winchcomb's* Name (next Thee in Blood and Worth
 O fairest St. *John* !) left this toilsome World
 In Beauty's Prime, and sadden'd all the Year :
 Nor cou'd her Virtues, nor repeated Vows
 Of thousand Lovers, the relentless Hand
 Of Death arrest ; She with the Vulgar fell,
 Only distinguish'd by this humble Verse.

But if it please the Sun's intemp'rate Force
 To know, attend ; whilst I of ancient Fame
 The Annals trace, and Image to thy Mind,
 How our Fore-fathers, (luckless Men !) ingulf,
 By the wide yawning Earth, to *Stygian* Shades
 Went quick, in one sad Sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder Days, e'er yet the *Roman* Bands
 Victorious, this our other World subdu'd,
 A spacious City stood, with firmest Walls
 Sure mounded, and with numerous Turrets crown'd,
 Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat
 Of Kings and Heroes resolute in War,
 Fam'd *Ariconium* ; uncontroll'd, and free,
 'Till all subduing *Latian* Arms prevail'd.

Then also, tho' to foreign Yoke submits,
 She undemolish'd stood, and even 'till now
 Perhaps had stood, of ancient *British* Art
 A pleasing Monument, not less admir'd
 Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruscan* Hands
 Arose; had not the Heav'nly Pow'rs averse
 Decreed her final Doom: For now the Fields
 Labour'd with Thirst, *Aquarius* had not shed
 His wonted Show'rs, and *Sirius* parch'd with Heat
 Solstitial the green Herb: Hence 'gan relax
 The Ground's Contexture, hence *Tartarean* Dregs,
 Sulphur, and nitrous Spume, enkindling fierce,
 Bellow'd within their darksome Caves, by far
 More dismal than the loud disploded Roar
 Of Brazen Enginry, that ceaseless storm
 The Bastion of a well-built City, deem'd
 Impregnable: Th' infernal Winds, 'till now
 Closely imprison'd, by *Titanian* Warmth,
 Dilating, and with unctuous Vapours fed,
 Disdain'd their narrow Cells; and their full Strength
 Collecting, from beneath the solid Mass
 Upheav'd, and all her Castles rooted deep
 Shook from their lowest Seat; old *Vaga's* Stream,
 Forc'd by the sudden Shock, her wonted Track
 Forsook, and drew her humid Train aslope,
 Crankling her Banks: And now the low'ring Sky,
 And baleful Lightning, and the Thunder, Voice
 Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
 The sinking Hearts of Men. Where shou'd they turn
 Distress'd? Whence seek for Aid? when from below
 Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives Signs
 Of Wrath and Desolation? Vain were Vows,
 And Complaints, and suppliant Hands, to Heav'n erect!
 Yet some to Fanes repair'd, and humble Rites
 Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled Gods,
 Who with their Vot'ries in one Ruin shar'd,
 Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantick Mood
 Run howling thro' the Streets, their hideous Yells

Rend the dark Welkin ; Horror stalks around,
 Wild-staring, and, his sad Concomitant,
 Despair, of their abject Look : At ev'ry Gate
 The thronging Populace with hasty Strides
 Press furious, and too eager of Escape,
 Obstruct the easie Way ; the rocking Town
 Supplants their Footsteps ; to and fro, they reel
 Astonish'd, as o'er charg'd with Wine ; when lo !
 The Ground adust her riven Mouth disparts,
 Horrible Casm, profound ! with swift Descent
 Old *Ariconium* sinks, and all her Tribes,
 Heroes, and Senators, down to the Realms
 Of endless Night. Mean while, the loosen'd Winds
 Infuriate, molten Rocks and flaming Globes
 Hurl'd high above the Clouds ; 'till, all their Force
 Consum'd, her rav'nous Jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.
 Thus this fair City fell, of which the Name
 Survives alone ; nor is there found a Mark,
 Whereby the curious Passenger may learn
 Her ample Site, save Coins, and mould'ring Urns,
 And huge unwieldy Bones, lasting Remains
 Of that Gigantic Race, which as he breaks
 The clotted Glebe, the Plowman haply finds,
 Appall'd. Upon that treacherous Tract of Land,
 She whilomestood ; now *Ceres*, in her Prime,
 Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest Freight bedeckt,
 The Apple-Tree, by our Fore-Fathers Blood
 Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
 Urging her destin'd Labours to pursue.

The Prudent will observe, what Passions reign
 In various Plants (for not to Man alone,
 But all the wide Creation, Nature gave
 Love, and aversion :) Everlasting Hate
 The *Vine* to *Ivy* bears, nor less abhors
 The *Coleworts* Rankness ; but with amorous Twine,
 Clasps the tall *Elm* : The *Pastan Rose* unfolds
 Her Bud, more lovely, near the fetid *Leek*,
 (Crest of stout *Britons*,) an inhances thence

The Price of her celestial Scent : The *Gourd*,
 And thirsty *Cucumber*, when they perceive
 Th' approaching *Olive*, with Resentment fly
 Her fatty Fibres, and with Tendrils creep
 Diverse, detesting Contract ; whilst the *Fig*
 Contemns not *Rue*, nor *Sage*'s humble Leaf,
 Close Neighbouring ; the *Herefordian* Plant
 Caresses freely the contiguous *Peach*,
Hazel, and weight-resisting *Palm*, and likes
 T' approach the *Quince*, and th' *Elder*'s pithy Stem ;
 Uneasie, seated by funeral *Teugh*,
 Or *Walnut*, (whose malignant Touch impairs
 All generous Fruits,) or near the bitter Dews
 Of *Cherries*. Therefore, weigh the Habits well
 Of Plants, how they associate best, nor let
 Ill Neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful Graffs. [froth ?

Wouldst thou, thy Vats with generous Juice should
 Respect thy Orchats ; think not, that the Trees
 Spontaneous will produce an wholesom Draught.
 Let art correct thy Breed : from Parent Bough
 A Coyn meetly sever ; after, force
 A way into the Crabstock's close-wrought Grain
 By Wedges, and within the living Wound
 Enclose the Foster Twig ; nor over-nice
 Refuse with thy own Hands around to spread
 The binding Clay e're-long their differing Veins
 Unite, and kindly Nourishment convey
 To the new Pupil ; now shoots his Arms
 With quickest Growth ; now shake the teeming Trunk,
 Down rain th' impurpl'd Balls, ambrosial Fruit.
 Whether the *Wildings* Fibres are contriv'd
 To draw th' Earth's purest Spirit, and resist
 It's Feculence, which in more porous Stocks
 Of *Cydar* Plants finds Passage free, or else
 The native Verjuice of the *Crab*, deriv'd
 Thro' th' infix'd Graff, a grateful Mixture forms
 Of tart and sweet ; whatever be the Cause,
 This doubtful Progeny by nicest Tastes

Expected

Expected best Acceptance finds, and pays
Largest Revenues to the Orchat-Lord,

Some think, the *Quince* and *Apple* won'd combine
In happy Union; Others fitter deem
The *Sloe*-Stem bearing *Sylvan* Plums austere.
Who knows but Both may thrive? Howe'er, what loss
To try the Pow'rs of Both, and search how far
Two different Natures may concur to mix
In close Embraces, and strange Off-spring bear?
Thoul't find that Plants will frequent Changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable Arms
Conjoin with others. So *Silurean* Plants
Admit the *Peaches*' odoriferous Globe,
And *Pears* of sundry Forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted *Plums* will aliene Branches grace;
And Men have gather'd from the *Hawthorn*'s Branch
Large *Medlars*, imitating regal Crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month
With Files of parti-colour'd Fruits, that please
The Tongue, and View, at once. So *Maro*'s Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious Precepts gives
Instructive to the Swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: Sometimes she diverts
From solid Counsels, shews the Force of Love
In savage Beasts; how Virgin Face divine
Attracts the hapless Youth thro' Storms, and Waves,
Alone, in deep of Night: Then she describes
The *Scythian* Winter, nor disdains to sing,
How under Ground the rude *Riphean* Race
Mimic-brisk *Cyder* with the Brakes Product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servis* harshest Juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the Arts
Of Grafting, and In-Eyeing; when to lop
The flowing Branches; what Trees answer best
From Root, or Kernel: She will best the Hours
Of Harvest, and Seed time declare; by Her
The diff'rent Qualities of things were found,
And secret Motions; how with heavy Bulk

Volatile

Volatile *Hermes*, fluid and unmoist,
 Mounts on the Wings of Air ; to her we owe
 The *Indian* Weed, unknown to ancient Times
 Nature's choice Gift, whose acrimonious Fume
 Extracts superfluous Juices, and refines
 The Blood distemper'd from its noxious Salts ;
 Friend to the Spirits, which with Vapours bland
 It gently mitigates, Companion fit
 Of Pleasantry, and Wine ; nor to the Bards
 Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell
 Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs.
 She found the polish'd Glass, whose small Convex
 Enlarges to Ten Millions of Degrees
 The Mite, invisible else, of Nature's Hand
 Least Animal ; and shews, what Laws of Life
 The Cheese-Inhabitants observe, and how
 Fabrick their Mansions in the harden'd Milk,
 Wonderful Artists ! But the hidden Ways
 Of Nature wouldst thou know ? how first she frames
 All things in Miniature ? thy Specular Orb
 Apply to well-dissected Kernels ; lo !
 Strange Forms arise, in each a little Plant
 Unfolds its Boughs : observe the slender Threads
 Of first-beginning Trees, their Roots, their Leaves,
 In narrow Seeds describ'd ; Thou'lt wond'ring say,
 An inmate Orchat ev'ry Apple boasts.
 Thus All things by Experience are display'd,
 And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
 To meliorate thy Stock ; no Way, or Rule
 Be unassay'd ; prevent the Morning Star
 Assiduous, nor with the Western Sun
 Surcease to work ; lo ! thoughtful of Thy Gain,
 Not of my Own, I all the live-long Day
 Consume in Meditation deep, recluse
 From human Converse, nor, at shut of Eve,
 Enjoy Repose ; but oft at Midnight Lamp
 Ply my brain racking Studies, if by chance
 Thee I may counsel right ; and oft this Care

Disturbs

Disturbs me slumbring. Wilt thou then repine
 To labour for thy Self? and rather chuse
 To lye supinely, hoping, Heav'n will bless
 Thy slighted Fruits, and give thee Bread unearn'd?

'Twill profit, when the Stork, sworn-Foe of Snakes,
 Returns, to shew Compassion to thy Plants,
 Fatigu'd with Breeding. Let the arched Knife
 Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading Shades
 Of Vegetables, and their thirsty Limbs
 Dissever: for the genial Moisture, due
 To Apples, otherwise mispends it self
 In barren Twigs, and for th' expected Crop,
 Naught but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When swelling Buds their od'rous Foliage shed,
 And gently harden into Fruit the Wise
 Spare not the little Off-springs, if they grow
 Redundant: but the thronging Clusters thin
 By kind Avulsion: else, the starv'ling Brood,
 Void of sufficient Sustenance, will yield
 A slender Autum; which the niggard Soul
 Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty Hand,
 That would not timely ease the pond'rous Boughs.

It much conduces, all the Cares to know
 Of Gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal Thieves,
 And how the little Race of Birds, that hop
 From Spray to Spray, scooping the costliest Fruit
 Infatiate, undisturb'd. *Priapus's* Form
 Avails but little; rather guard each Row
 With the false Terrours of a breathless Kite.
 This done, the timorous Flock with swiftest Wing
 Scud thro' the Air; their Fancy represents
 His mortal Talons, and his rav'nous Beak
 Destructive; glad to shun his hostile Gripe,
 They quit their Thefts and unfrequent the Fields.

Besides, the filthy Swine will oft invade
 Thy firm inclosure, and with delving Snout
 The rooted Forest undermine forthwith
 Alloo thy furious Mastiff, bid him vex

The noxious Herd, and print upon their Ears
A sad Memorial of their past Offence.

The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring
Large Shoals of slow House-bearing Snails, that creep
O'er the ripe Fruitage, paring sliming Tracts
In the sleek Rinds, and unprest *Cyder* drink.
No Art averts this Pest ; on Thee it lyes,
With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid
The preying Reptiles ; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this Labour, which it self rewards
With pleasing Gain, whilst the warm Limbec draws
Salubrious Waters from the nocent Brood.

Myriads of Wasps now also clustring hang,
And drain a spurious Honey from thy Groves,
Their Winter Food ; tho' oft repulst, again
They rally, undismay'd : but Fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisom Swarms ; let every Bough
Bear frequent Vials, pregnant with the Dregs
Of *Moyle*, or *Mum*, or *Treacle's* viscous Juice ;
They, by th' alluring Odor drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet Cates, and crouding sip
Their palatable Bane ; joyful thou'lt see
The clammy Surface all o'er-strown with Tribes
Of greedy Insects that with fruitless Toil
Flap filmy Pennons oft, to extricate
Their Feet in liquid Shackles bound, 'till Death
Bereave them of their worthless Souls : Such doom
Waits Luxury, and lawless Love of Gain !

Howe'er thou mayst forbid external Force,
Intestine Evils will prevail ; damp Airs,
And rainy Winters, to the Centre pierce
Of firmest Fruits, and by unseen Decay
The proper Relish vitiate : then the Grub
Oft unobserv'd invades the vital Core,
A pernicious Tenant, and her secret Cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the Pulp
Useless ; mean while the Apple's outward Form
Delectable the witless Swain beguiles,

'Till

'Till, with a writhen Mouth, and spattering Noise,
 He tastes the bitter Morfel, and rejects
 Disrelish't; not with less Surprize, then when
 Embattled Troops with flowing Banners pass
 Thro' flow'ry Mead delighted, nor distrust
 The smiling Surface; whilst the cavern'd Ground,
 With Grain incentive stor'd, by suddain Blaze
 Bursts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War
 In fiery Whirles; full of victorious Thoughts,
 Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine Eye to view *Alcinous'* Groves,
 The Pride of the *Phaeacian* Isle, from whence,
 Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep,
 To *Ariconium* pretious Fruits arriv'd:
 The *Pippin* burnisht o'er with Gold, the *Moile*
 Of sweetest hony'd Taste, the fair *Permain*,
 Temper'd, like comliest Nymph, with red and white.
Salopian Acres flourish with a Growth
 Peculiar, styl'd the *Ottley*: Be thou first
 This Apple to transplant; If to the Name
 It's Merit answers, no where shalt thou find
 A Wine more priz'd, or laudable of Taste.
 Nor does ths *Eliot* least deserve thy Care,
 Nor *John-Apple*, whose wither'd Rind, entrencht
 With many a Furrow, aptly represents
 Decrepid Age; nor that from *Harvey* nam'd
 Quick-relishing: Why should we sing the *Thrift*,
Codling, or *Pomroy*, or of pimpled Coat
 The *Russet*, or the *Cats-Head's* weighty Orb,
 Enormous in its Growth; for various Use
 Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast
 Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich Desert?

What, tho' the *Pear-Tree* rival not the Worth,
 Of *Ariconian* Products? yet her Freight
 Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching Arms
 Best screen thy Mansion from the fervent Dog
 Adverse to Life; the wintry Hurricanes
 In vain imploy their Roar, her Trunc unmov'd

Break

Breaks the strong Onset, and controls their Rage,
 Chiefly the *Bosbury*, whose large Increase,
 Annual, in sumptuous Banquets claims Applause.
 Thrice acceptable Bev'rage! could but Art
 Subdue the floating Lee, *Pomona's* self
 Would dread thy Praise, and shun the dubious Strife.
 Be it thy Choice, when Summer-Heats annoy,
 To sit Beneath her leafy Canopy,
 Quaffing rich Liquids: Oh! how sweet t' enjoy,
 At once her Fruits and hospitable Shade!

But how with equal Number shall we match
 The *Musk's* surpassing Worth? that earliest gives
 Sure hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth,
 Its tender Nonage, loads the spreading Boughs
 With large and juicy Offspring, that defies
 The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blasts!
 Yet let her to the *Red-streak* yield, that once
 Was of the *Sylvan* Kind, unciviliz'd,
 Of no Regard, 'till *Scudamore's* skilful Hand
 Improv'd her, and by courtly Discipline
 Taught her the savage Nature to forget:
 Hence styl'd the *Scudamorean* Plant; whose Wine
 Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful Heart
 Respect that ancient loyal House, and wish
 The Noble Peer, that now transcends our Hopes
 In early Worth, his Country's justest Pride,
 Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire.

Let every Tree in every Garden own
 The *Red-streak* as supream; whose pulpos Fruit
 With Gold irradiate, and Vermilian shines
 Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that
 Primæval interdicted Plant, that won
 Fond *Eve* in hapless Hour to taste, and die.
 This, of more bounteous Influence, inspires
 Poetic Raptures, and the lowly Muse
 Kindles to loftier Strains; even I perceive
 Her sacred Virtue. See! the Numbers flow
 Easie, whilst, chear'd with her nectareous Juice,

Hers,

Hers, and my Country's Praises I exalt.
 Hail *Herefordian* Plant, that dost disdain
 All other Fields ! Heav'ns sweetest Blessing, hail !
 Be thou the copious Matter of my Song,
 And Thy choice *Nectar* ; on which always waits
 Laughter, and Sport, and Care beguiling Wit,
 And Friendship, chief Delight of Human Life.
 What shou'd we wish for more ? or why, in quest
 Of Foreign Vintage, insincere, and mixt,
 Traverse th' extreamest World ? Why tempt the Rage
 Of the rough Ocean ? when our native Glebe
 Imparts, from bounteous Womb, annual Recruits
 Of Wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or *Latin* Grapes, or those that see
 The setting Sun near *Calpe's* tow'ring Height.
 Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbion* Vines
 Vaunt their rich Must, nor let *Tokay* contend
 For Sov'ranty ; *Phanqus* felt must bow
 To th' *Ariconian* Vales : And shall we doubt
 T' improve our vegetable Wealth, or let
 The Soil lye idle, which, with fit Manure,
 Will largest Usury repay, alone
 Impow'red to supply what Nature asks
 Frugal, or what nice Appetite requires ?
 The Meadows here, with bat'ning Ooze enrich'd,
 Give Spirit to the Grass ; three Cubits high
 The jointed Herbage shoots ; th' unfallow'd Glebe
 Yearly o'ercomes the Granaries with Store
 Of Golden *Wheat*, the Strength of Human Life.
 Lo, on auxiliary Poles, the *Hops*
 Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet Array !
 Lo, how the Arable with *Barley*-Grain
 Stands thick, o'er-shadow'd, to the thirsty Hind
 Transporting Prospect ! These, as modern Use
 Ordains, infus'd, an Auburn Drink compose,
 Wholesome, of deathless Fame. Here, to the Sight,
 Apples of Price, and Plenteous Sheaves of Corn,
 Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe

Fitting

Fitting congenial Juice ; so rich the Soil,
 So much does fructuous Moisture o'er-abound !
 Nor are the Hills unamiable, whose Tops
 To Heav'n aspire, affording Prospect sweet
 To Human Ken ; nor at their Feet the Vales
 Descending gently, where the lowing Herd
 Chews verdious Pasture ; nor the yellow Fields
 Gaily enterchang'd, with rich Variety
 Pleasing as when an *Emerald* green, enchas'd
 In Flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires
 A nobler Hue, more delicate to Slight.
 Next add the *Sylvan* Shades, and silent Groves,
 (Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the Hearth is fed
 With copious Fuel ; whence the sturdy Oak,
 A Prince's Refuge once, th' Eternal Guard
 Of *England's* Throne, by sweating Peasants fell'd.
 Stems the vast Main, and bears tremendous War
 To distant Nations, or with Sov'ran Sway
 Awa's the divided World to Peace and Love.
 Why shou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boast
 Their harden'd Iron ; when our Mines produce
 As perfect Martial Ore ? Can *Tmolus'* Head
 Vie with our Saffron Odours ? Or the Fleece
 Batic, or finest *Tarentine*, compare
 With *Lemster's* filken Wool ? Where shall we find
 Men more addaunted, for their Country's Weal
 More prodigal of Life ? In antient Days,
 The *Roman* Legions, and great *Cesar* found
 Our Fathers no mean Foes : And *Cressy* Plains,
 And *Agincourt*, deep ting'd with Blood, confess
 What the *Silures* Vigour unwithstood
 Cou'd do in rigid Fight ; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide wasting Hand, first Garter'd Knight,
 Quiscent Author of great *Chandois'* Stemm,
 High *Chandois* that transmits Paternal Worth,
 Prudence, and ancient Prowess, and Renown,
 This Noble Off-spring. O thrice happy Peer !
 That, blest with hoary Vigour, view'st Thy self

Fresh blooming in thy Generous Son ; whose Lips,
 Flowing with nervous Eloquence exact,
 Charm the wise Senate, and Attention win
 In deepest Councils : *Ariconium* pleas'd,
 Him, as her chosen Worthy, first salutes.
 Him on th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallick* Shore,
 Him hardy *Britons* blefs ; His faithful Hand
 Conveys new Courage from afar, nor more
 The General's Conduct, than His Care avails.

Thee also, Glorious Branch of *Cecil's* Line,
 This Country claims ; with Pride and Joy to Thee
 Thy *Alterennis* calls : yet she endures
 Patient Thy Absence, since Thy Prudent Choice
 Has fix'd Thee in the Muse's fairest Seat,
 Where *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless Store
 Of universal Knowledge still supplies
 His noble Care ; He generous Thoughts instills
 Of true Nobility, their, Countrys Love,
 (Chief End of Life) and forms their ductile Minds
 To Human Virtues : By his Genius led,
 Thou soon in every Art preeminent
 Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to *Burleigh's* Fame.

Hail High-born Peer ! And Thou, great Nurse of Art
 And Men, from whence conspicuous Patriots spring,
Hanmer, and *Bromley* ; Thou, to whom with due
 Respect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns
 Thy mitred Off-spring ; be for ever blest
 With like Examples, and to future Times
 Proficuous, such a Race of Men produce,
 As, in the Cause of Virtue firm, may fix
 Her Throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this Vow
 From One, the meanest in her numerous Train ;
 Tho' meanest, not least studious of her Praise.

Muse, raise thy Voice to *Beaufort's* spotless Fame,
 To *Beaufort*, in a long Descent deriv'd
 From Royal Ancestry, of Kingly Rights
 Faithful Asserters : In Him centring meet
 Their glorious Virtues, high Desert from Pride

Disjoin

Disjoin'd, unshaken Honour, and Contempt
Of strong Allurements. O Illustrious Prince!
O Thou of ancient Faith! Exulting, Thee
In her fair List this happy Land inrolls.

Who can refuse a Tributary Verse
To *Weymouth*, firmest Friend of slighted Worth
In evil Days? whose hospitable Gate,
Unbarr'd to All, invites a numerous Train
Of daily Guests; whose Boar'd, with Plenty crown'd,
Revives the Feast-rites old: Mean while His Care
Forgets not the Afflicted, but content
In Acts of secret Goodness, shuns the Praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord,
To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine;
And with Thy Name to dignifie my Song.

But who is He, that on the winding Stream
Of *Vaga* first drew vital Breath, and now
Approv'd in *Anna's* secret Council sits,
Weighing the Sum of things, with wise Forecast
Sollicitous of Publick Good? How large
His Mind, that comprehends what e'er was known
To Old, or Present Time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its Skill? What Praise deserves
His liberal Hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing Suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first design'd to hear
Thy Pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious Tongues.
Acknowledge thy Own *Harley*, and his Name
Inscribe on ev'ry Bark; the wounded Plants
Will fast Increase, faster thy just Respect.

Such are our Heroes, by their Vertues known,
Or Skill in Peace, and War: Of softer Mold
The Female Sex, with sweet attractive Airs
Subdue obdurate Hearts. The Travellers oft,
That view their matchless Forms with transient Glance,
Catch sudden Love, and sigh for Nymphs unknown,
Smit with the Magic of their Eyes: nor hath
The Dædal Hand of Nature only pour'd

Her Gifts of outward Grace ; their Innocence
 Unfeign'd, and Virtue most engaging, free
 From Pride, or Artifice, long Joys afford
 To th' honest Nuptial Bed, and in the Wane
 Of Life, rebate the Miseries of Age.
 And is there found a Wretch, so base of Mind,
 That Woman's pow'ful Beauty dares condemn,
 Exactest Work of Heav'n ? He ill deserves
 Or Love, or Pity ; Friendless let him see
 Uneasie, tedious Days, despis'd, forlorn,
 As Stain of Human Race : But may the Man,
 That chearfully recounts the Females Praise
 Find equal Love, and Love's untainted Sweets
 Enjoy with Honour. O, ye Gods ! might I
 Elect my Fate, my happiest Choice should be
 A fair and modest Virgin, that invites
 With Aspect chaste, forbidding Loose Desire,
 Tenderly smiling ; in whose Heav'nly Eye .
 Sits purest Love enthron'd : But if the Stars
 Malignant, these my better Hopes oppose,
 May I, at least, the sacred Pleasures know
 Of strictest Amity ; nor ever want
 A Friend, with whom I mutually may share
 Gladness, and Anguish, by kind Intercourse
 Of Speech, and Offices. May in my Mind,
 Indelible a grateful Sense remain
 Of Favours undeserv'd !— O Thou ! from whom
 Gladly both Rich, and Low seek Aid ; most Wise
 Interpreter of Right, whose gracious Voice
 Breaths Equity, and curbs too rigid Law
 With mild, impartial Reason ; what Returns
 Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence
 Freely vouchsafe, when to the Gates of Death
 I tended prone ? If Thy indulgent Care
 Had not preven'd, among unbody'd Shades
 I now had wander'd ; and these empty Thoughts
 Of Apples perish'd : But, uprais'd by Thee,
 I tune my Pipe afresh, each Night, and Day

Thy unexampled Goodness to extoll
Desirous; but nor Night, nor Day suffice
For that great Task; the highly Honour'd Name
Of *Trevor* must employ my willing Thoughts
incessant, dwell for ever on my Tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
The fawning Cringe, and false dissembling Look,
And servile Flattery, that harbours oft
In Courts, and gilded Roofs. Some loose the Bands
Of ancient Friendship, cancel Nature's Laws
For Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some
Renounce their Sires, oppose paternal Right
For Rule, and Power; and other's Realms invade,
With specious Shews of Love. This traiterous Wretch
Betrays his Sov'ran. Others, destitute
Of real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,
By Lucre sway'd, and act the basest Things
To be styl'd Honourable: Th' Honest Man,
Simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
To ill-got VVealth; rather from Door to Door
A jocund Pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted Faith; nor Fear, nor Hope,
Will shock his stedfast Soul; rather debar'd
Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes
Of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn'd,
In pity'd; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
No Retinue with observant Eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous Vestments, labour'd o'er with Gold,
Amaze the Croud, and set them all agape;
Yet clad in homely VVeeds, from Envy's Darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs
Of Conscience, nor with Spectre's grisly Forms,
Demons, and injur'd Souls, at Close of Day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.
As a (Child, whose inexperience'd Age

Nor evil Purpose fears nor knows,) enjoys
 Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere,
 VWhen Chaunticleer, with Clarion shrill, recalls
 The tardy Day he to his Labours hies
 Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
 Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
 Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
 Fossils, and Minerals, that embowell'd Earth
 Displays, if by his Industry he can
 Benefit Human Race: Or else his Thoughts
 Are exercis'd with Speculations deep
 Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and the wholsome Rules
 Of Temperance, and aught that may improve
 The moral Life; not sedulous to rail,
 Nor with envenom'd Tongue to blast the Fame
 Of harmless Men, or secret Whispers spread,
 'Mong faithful Friends to breed Distrust, and Hate
 Studious of Virtue, he no Life observes
 Except his own, his own employs his Cares,
 Large Subject! that he labour to refine
 Daily, nor of his little Stock denies
 Fit Alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred *Virgil* liv'd, from courtly Vice,
 And Baits of pompous *Rome* secure; at Court
 Still thoughtful of the rural honest Life,
 And how t'improve his Grounds, and how himself:
 Best Poet! fit Exempler for the Tribe
 Of *Phabus*, nor less fit *Meonides*.

Poor eyless Pilgrim! and if after these,
 If after these another I may name,
 Thus tender *Spencer* liv'd with mean Repast
 Content, depress'd by Penury, and Pine
 In Foreign Realm: Yet not debas'd his Verse
 By Fortunes Frown. And had that Other Bard,
 Oh, had but He that first enobled Song
 With holy Raptures, like his *Abdiel* been,
 'Mong many faithless strictly faithful found;
 Unpity'd, he should nor have wail'd his Orbs,

That roll'd in vain to find the piercing Ray,
 And found no Dawn, by dim Suffusion veild!
 But He—However, let the Muse abstain,
 Nor blast his Fame, from whom she learnt to sing
 In much inferior Strains, grov'ling beneath
 Th' *Olympian* Hill, on Plains, and Vales intent,
 Mean Follower. There let her rest a while,
 Pleas'd with the fragrant Walks, and cool Retreat.

CYDER. Book II.

O *Hartcourt*, Whom th' ingenious Love of Arts
 Has carry'd from thy native Soil, beyond
 Th' eternal *Alpine* Snows, and now detains
 In *Italy's* waste Realms, how long must we
 Lament Thy Absence? Whilst in sweet Sojourn
 Thou view'st the Reliques of old *Rome*; or what,
 Unrival'd Authors by their Presence; made
 For ever venerable, rural Seats,
Tibur, and *Tusculum*, or *Virgil's* Urn
 Green with immortal Bays, which haply Thou,
 Respecting his great Name, dost now approach
 With bended Knee, and strow with purple Flow'rs;
 Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook
 This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,
 Of Wit, and Judgment ripe in blooming Years,
 And *Britain's* Isle with *Latian* Knowledge grace.
 Return, and let Thy Father's VVorth excite
 Thirst of Preeminence; see! how the Cause
 Of Widows, and of Orphans He asserts
 With winning Rhetoric, and well argu'd Law!
 Mark well His Footsteps, and, like Him, deserve
 Thy Prince's Favour, and thy Country's Love.

Mean while (altho' the *Massie* Grape delights
 Pregnant of racy Juice, and *Formian* Hills
 Temper Thy Cups, yet) wilt not Thou reject

Thy native Liquors: Lo! for Thee my Mill
 Now grinds choice Apples, and the *British* Vats
 O'erflow with generous Cyder; far remote
 Accept this Labour, nor despise the Muse,
 That, passing Lands, and Seas, on Thee attends.

Thus far of Trees: The pleasing Task remains,
 To sing of VVines, and Autumn's blest Increase.
 Th' Effects of Art are shewn, yet what avails
 'Gainst Heav'n? Oft, notwithstanding all thy Care
 To help thy Plants, when the small Fruit'ry seems
 Exempt from Ills, an oriental Blast
 Disastrous flies, soon as the Hind, fatigu'd,
 Unyokes his Team; the tender Freight, unskill'd
 To bear the hot Disease, distemper'd pines
 In the Year's Prime, the deadly Plague annoys
 The wide Inclosure; think not vainly now
 To treat thy Neighbours with mellifluous Cups,
 Thus disappointed: If the former Years
 Exhibit no Supplies, alas! thou must,
 With tasteless VVater wash thy Droughty Throat.

A thousand Accidents the Farmer's Hopes
 Subvert, or checque; uncertain all his Toil,
 'Till lusty Autumn's luke-warm Days, allay'd
 VVith gentle Colds, insensibly confirm
 His ripening Labours: Autumn to the Fruits
 Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives
 Equal, intenerating milky Grain,
 Berries, and Sky-dy'd Plums, and what in Coat
 Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;
 Fat *Olives*, and *Pistacio's* fragrant Nut,
 And the *Pine's* tastful Apple: Autumn paints
Ausonian Hills with Grapes, whilst *English* Plains
 Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.
 O let me now, when the kind early Dew
 Unlocks th' embosom'd Odors, walk among
 The well rang'd Files of Trees, whose full-ag'd Store
 Diffuse *Ambrosial* Streams, than *Myrrh*, or *Nard*
 More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry *Beane*:

Soft whisp'ring Airs, and the Larks matten Song
 Then woo to musing, and becalm the Mind
 Perplex'd with irksome Thoughts. Thrice happy time,
 Best Portion of the various Year, in which
 Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her VVorks
 Lovely, to full Perfection wrought ! but ah,
 Short are our Joys, and neighb'ring Grief disturb
 Our pleasant Hours. Inclement VVinter dwells
 Contiguous ; forthwith frosty Blasts deface
 The blithsome Year : Trees of their shrivel'd Fruits
 Are widow'd, dreery Storms o'er all prevail.
 Now, now's the time ; e'er hasty Suns forbid
 To work, disburthen thou thy sapless *Wood*
 Of its rich Progeny ; the turgid Fruit
 Abounds with mellow Liquor ; now exhort
 Thy Hinds to exercise the pointed Steel
 On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form
 To the expected Grinder : Now prepare
 Materials for thy Mill, a sturdy Post
Cylindric, to support the Grinder's Weight
 Excessive, and a flexile Sallow entrench'd,
 Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.
 Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press
 Long e'er the Vintage ; but with timely Care
 Shave the Goats shaggy Beard, lest thou too late,
 In vain shoud'st seek a Strainer, to dispart
 The husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Must.
 Be cautious next a proper Steed to find,
 VVhose Prime is past ; the vigorous Horse disdains
 Such servile Labours, or if forc'd, forgets
 His past Atchievements, and victorious Palms.
 Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with VVork, and Years,
 Shall roll th' unwieldy Stone ; with sober Pace
 He'll tread the cirkling Path 'till dewy Eve,
 From early Day-spring, pleas'd to find his Age
 Declining, unuseful to his Lord.

Some, when the Press, by utmost Vigour scrow'd,
 Has drain'd the pulpous Mass, regale their Swine

With

VWith the dry Refuse; thou more wise shalt steep
 Thy Husks in VWater, and again employ
 The pondrous Engine. VWater will imbibe
 The small Remains of Spirit, and acquire
 A vinous Flavour; this the Peasants blish
 VWill quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling Team
 They drive and sing of *Fusca's* radiant Eyes,
 Pleas'd with the medly Draught. Nor shalt thou now
 Reject the *Apple-Cheese*, tho' quite exhaust;
 Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the Roots
 Of sickly Plants; new Vigour hence convey'd
 VWill yield an Harvest of unusual Growth.
 Such Profit spring from Musk discreetly us'd!

The tender Apples, from their Parents rent
 By stormy Shocks, must not neglected lye,
 The Prey of VVorms: A frugal Man I knew
 Rich in one barren Acre, which, subdu'd
 By endless Culture, with sufficient Must
 His Casks replenisht yearly: He no more
 Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
 The various Seasons, and by Skill repell
 Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,
 'Till the damp *Lybion* VWind, with Tempests arm'd
 Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
 His Cyder-Grove: O'er-turn'd by furious blasts,
 The lightly Ranks fall prostrate, and around
 Their Fruitage scatter'd, from the genial Boughs
 Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
 Nor curse his Stars; but prudent, his fall'n Heaps
 Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid Wreaths
 Of teddid Grafts, and the Sun's mellowing Beams
 Rival'd with artful Heats, and thence procur'd
 A costly Liquor, by improving Time
 Equal'd with what, the happiest Vintage bears.

But this I warn Thee, and shall always warn
 No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some
 With watry Turneps have debas'd their Wines,
 Too frugal; nor let the crude Humors dance

In heated Brass; steaming with Fire intense;
 Altho' *Devonia* much commends the Use
 Of strengthening *Vulcan*; with their native Strength
 Thy Wines sufficient, other Aid refuse;
 And, when th' allotted Orb of Time's compleat,
 Are more commended than the labour'd Drinks.

Nor let thy Avarice tempt thee to withdraw
 The Priest's appointed Share; with cheerful Heart
 The tenth of thy Increase bestow and own
 Hea'v'ns bounteous Goodness, that will sure repay
 Thy grateful Duty: This neglected fear
 Signal Avengeance, such as over-took
 A Miser, that unjustly once with-held
 The Clergy's Due; relying on himself,
 His Fields he tended with successless Care,
 Early, and late, when, or unwish't for Rain
 Descended or unseasonable Frosts
 Curb'd his increasing Hopes, or when around
 The Clouds dropt Fatness, in the middle Sky
 The Dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
 His execrable Glebe; recording this,
 Be Just, and Wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now, the Promise of the coming Year
 To know, that by no flattering Signs abus'd,
 Thou wisely may'st provide: The various Moon
 Prophetick, and attendant Stars explain
 Each rising Dawn; e'er Icy Crusts surmount
 The current Stream, the heav'nly Orbs serene
 Twinkle with trembling Rays, and *Cynthia* glows
 With Light unfully'd: Now the Fowler, warn'd
 By these good Omens, with swift early Steps
 Treads the crimp Earth, ranging thro' Fields and Glades
 Offensive to the Birds, sulphureous Death
 Checques their mid Flight and heedless while they strain
 Their tuneful Throats, the tow'ring, heavy Lead
 O'er-takes their Speed; they leave their little Lives
 Above the Clouds, præcipitant to Earth.

The

The VWoodcocks early Visit, and Abode
 Of long Continuance in our temperate Clime,
 Foretell a liberal Harvest: He of Times
 Intelligent, th' harsh *Hyperborean* Ice
 Shuns for our equal Winters; when our Suns
 Cleave the chill'd Soil, he backward wings his Way
 To *Scandinavian* frozen Summers, meet
 For his num'd Blood. But nothing profits more
 Than frequent Snows: O, may'st Thou often see
 Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly Rain,
 Nutricious! Secret Nitre lurks within
 The porous Wet, quick'ning the languid Glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent Vows implore
 A moderate Wind; the Orchat loves to wave
 With Winter-Winds, before the Gems exert
 Their feeble Heads; the loosen'd Roots then drink
 Large Increment, Earnest of happy Years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
 The monthly Stars, their pow'rful Influence
 O'er planted Fields, what Vegetables reign
 Under each Sign. On our Account has *Jove*
 Indulgent, to all Moons some succulent Plant
 Allotted, that poor, helpless Man might slack
 His present Thirst, and Matter find for Toil:
 Now will the *Corinths*, now the *Rasps* supply
 Delicious Draughts; the *Quinces* now, or *Plums*,
 Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thisbein* Fruit
 Are prest to Wines; the *Britens* squeeze the Works
 Of sedulous Bees, and mixing ed'rous Herbs
 Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs
 Medicinal, and short breath'd, ancient Sires.

But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent
 To toil, and omnifarious Drinks wou'dst brew;
 Besides the Orchat, ev'ry Hedge, and Bush
 Affords Assistance; ev'n afflictive *Birch*,
 Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, distills
 A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,
 Profuse of nurling Sap. When Solar Beams

Parch thirsty human Veins, the damask't Meads,
 Unforc'd display ten thousand painted Flow'rs
 Useful in Potables. Thy little Sons
 Permit to range the Pastures; gladly they
 Will mow the *Comflip*-Posies, faintly sweet,
 From whence thou artificial Wines shalt drain
 Of icy Taste, that, in mid Fervors, best
 Slack craving Thirst, and mitigate the Day.

Happy *Irene*, whose most wholesome Air
 Poisons envenom'd Spiders, and forbids
 The baleful Toad and Viper from her Shore!
 More happy in her Balmy Draughts, (enrich'd
 With Miscellaneous Spices, and the Root
 For Thirst-abating Sweetness prais'd,) which wide
 Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart
 Present Redress, and lively Health convey.

See how the *Belga*, Sedulous, and Stout,
 With Bowls of fat'ning *Mum*, or blisful Cups
 Of Kernell-relish'd Fluids, the fair Star
 Of early *Phosphorus* salute, at Noon
 Jocund with frequent-rising Fumes! by Use
 Instructed, thus to quell their Native Flegm
 Prevailing, and engender wayward Mirth.

What need to treat of distant Climes, remov'd
 Far from the sloping Journey of the Year,
 Beyond *Petfora*, and *Islandic* Coasts?
 Where ever-during Snows perpetual Shades
 Of Darknefs, would congeal their livid Blood,
 Did not the *Arctic* Tract, spontaneous yield
 A cheering purple Berry, big with Wine,
 Intensely fervent, which each Hour they crave,
 Spread round a flaming Pile of Pines, and oft
 They interlard their native Drinks with choice
 Of strongest *Brandy*, yet scarce with these Aids
 Enabl'd to prevent the suddain Rot
 Of freezing Nose, and quick-decaying Feet.

Nor less the Sable Borderers of *Nile*,
 Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor They,

Whom

Whom sunny *Borneo* bears, are stor'd with Streams
 Egregious, *Rum*, and *Rice's* Spirit extract.
 For here, expos'd to perpendicular Rays,
 In vain they covet Shades, and *Thrascia's* Gales,
 Pining with *Aequinoctial* Heat unless
 The Cordial Glafs perpetual Motion keep,
 Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their Eyes,
 Void of a bulky Charger near their Lips,
 With which, in often interrupted Sleep,
 Their frying Blood compells to irrigate
 Their dry-furr'd Tongues, else minutely to Death
 Obnoxious, dismal Death, th' Effect of Drought!

More happy they, born in *Columbus' World*,
Carybbes, and they, whom the *Cotton* Plant
 With downy-sprouting Vests arrays! Their Woods
 Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once
 Celestial Food, and Nectar; than, at hand,
 The *Lemmon*, uncorrupt with Voyage long
 To vinous Spirits added (heav'nly Drink!)
 They with Pneumatic Engine, ceaseless draw,
 Intent on Laughter; a continual Tide
 Flows from th' exhilarating Fount. As, when
 Against a secret Cliff, with suddain Shock
 A Ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the Sea,
 Th' astonish'd Mariners all ply the Pump,
 No Stay, nor Rest, 'till the wide Breach is clos'd,
 So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move
 The draining Sucker, then alone concern'd,
 When the dry Bowl forbids their pleasing Work.

But if to hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes
 Are frustrate, shou'dst Thou think thy Pipes will flow
 VVith early-limpid VVine. The horded Store,
 And the harsh Draught, must twice endure the Sun's
 Kind strengthening Heat, twice Winter's purging Cold.

There are, that a compounded Fluid drain
 From different Mixtures, *Woodcock*, *Pippin*, *Moyle*,
 Rough *Eliot*, sweet *Permain*, the blended Streams
 (Each mutually correcting each) create

A pleasurable Medly, of what Taste
 Hardly distinguish'd ; as the showry Arch,
 With list'd Colours gay, Or, *Azure*, *Gules*,
 Delights, and puzzles the Beholder's Eye,
 That views the watry Brede, with thousand Shews
 Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
 Or where one Colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by Art, or Age unlearn'd
 Their genuine Relish, and of fundry Vines
 Assum'd the Flavour ; one sort counterfeits
 The *Spanish* Product, this, to *Gauls* has seem'd
 The sparkling *Nectar* of *Champaigne* ; with that,
 A *German* oft has swill'd his Throat, and sworn,
 Deluded, that Imperial *Rhine* bestow'd
 The Generous Rummer, whilst the Owner pleas'd,
 Laughs inly at his Guests, thus entertain'd
 With Foreign Vintage from his Cyder-Cask.

Soon as thy Liquor from the narrow Cells
 Of close-press'd Husks is freed, thou must refrain
 Thy thirsty Soul ; let none persuade to broach
 Thy thick unwholsome, undigested Cades :
 The hoary Frosts, and Northern Blasts take care
 Thy muddy Beu'rage to serene, and drive
 Præcipitant the baser, ropy Lees.

And now thy Wine's transpicious, purg'd from all
 It's earthy Gross, yet led it feed a while
 On the fat Refuse, least too soon disjoin'd
 From spritely, it, to sharp, or vappid change.
 When to convenient Vigour it attains,
 Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube
 Inflex't ; felt-taught, and voluntary flies
 The defecated Liquor, thro' the Vent
 Ascending, then by downward Tract convey'd,
 Spouts into subject Vessels, lovely clear.
 As when a Noon-tide Sun, with Summer Beams,
 Darts thro' a Cloud, her watry Skirts are edg'd
 With lucid Amber, or undrossy Gold :
 So, and so richly, the purg'd Liquid shines.

Now

Now also, when the Colds abate, nor yet
Full Summer shines, a dubious Season, close
In Glass thy purer Streams, and let them gain,
From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new

For this Intent, the subtle Chymist feeds
Perpetual Flames, whose unresisted Force
O'er Sand, and Ashes, and the stubborn Flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil Sea,
That in his Furnace bubbles sunny-red:
From hence a glowing Drop with hollow'd Steel
He takes, and by one efficacious Breath
Dilates to a surprizing Cube, or Sphære,
Or Oval, and fit Receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastick Lungs,
To human Life subservient; by his Means
Cyders in Metal trail improve; the *Moyle*,
And tastful *Pippin*, in a Moon's short Year,
Acquire compleat Perfection: Now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each Drop Delight
Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav'd.
But harsher Fluids different lengths of time
Expect: Thy Flask will slowly mitigate
The *Eliot's* Roughness. *Stirom*, firmest Fruit,
Embottled (long as *Priameian* Troy
Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, e'er justly mild.
Softened by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,
Fallacious Drink! Ye honest Men beware,
Nor trust its Smoothless; The third circling Glass
Suffices Virtue: But may Hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanting Cups
Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts disclose,
And thro' Intemperance grow a while sincere.

The Farmer's Toil is done; his Cades mature,
Now call for Vent, his Lands exhaust permit
T'indulge a while. Now solemn Rites he pays
To *Bacchus*, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.

His honest Friends, at thirsty hour of Dusk,
 Come uninvited ; he with bounteous Hand
 Imparts his smoaking Vintage, sweet Reward
 Of his own Industry ; the well-fraught Bowl
 Circles incessant, whilst the humble Cell
 With quavering Laugh, and rural Jest resounds,
 Ease, and Content, and undissembled Love
 Shine in each Face ; the Thoughts of Labour past
 Encrease their Joy. As, from retentive Cage
 When sullen *Philomel* escapes, her Notes
 She varies, and oft past Imprisonment
 Sweetly complains ; her Liberty retriev'd
 Cheers her sad Soul, improves her pleasing Song.
 Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceeding the Bounds
 Of healthy Temp'rance, nor incroach on Night,
 Season of Rest, but well bedew'd repair
 Each to his Home, with unupplanted Feet.
 E'er Heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosie Dawn
 Domestic Cares awake them ; brisk they rise,
 Refresh'd, and lively with the Joys that flow
 From amicable Talk, and moderate Cups
 Sweetly interchang'd. The pining Lover finds
 Present Redress, and long Oblivion drinks
 Of Coy *Lucinda*. Give the Debtor Wine ;
 His Joys are short, and few ; yet when he drinks
 His Dread retires, the flowing Glasses add
 Courage, and Mirth ; Magnificent in Thought,
 Imaginary Riches he enjoys,
 And in the Goal expatiates unconfin'd.
 Nor can the Poet *Bacchus*' Praise indite,
 Debarr'd his Grape : The Muses still require
 Humid Regalement, nor will ought avail
 Imploring *Phæbus*, with unmoisten'd Lips.
 Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,
 By parching Thirst allur'd : With vehement Suns
 When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,
 How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted Arch
 Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign

Now also, when the Colds abate, nor yet
Full Summer shines, a dubious Season, close
In Glafs thy purer Streams, and let them gain,
From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new

For this Intent, the subtle Chymist feeds
Perpetual Flames, whose unresisted Force
O'er Sand, and Ashes, and the stubborn Flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil Sea,
That in his Furnace bubbles sunny-red:
From hence a glowing Drop with hollow'd Steel .
He takes, and by one efficacious Breath
Dilates to a surprizing Cube, or Sphære,
Or Oval, and fit Receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastick Lungs,
To human Life subservient; by his Means
Cyders in Metal frail improve; the *Moyle*,
And tastful *Pippin*, in a Moon's short Year,
Acquire compleat Perfection: Now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each Drop Delight
Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav'd.
But harsher Fluids different lengths of time
Expect: Thy Flask will slowly mitigate
The *Eliot's* Roughness. *Stirom*, firmest Fruit,
Embottled (long as *Priameian* Troy
Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, e'er justly mild.
Softened by Age, it youthful Vigor gains;
Fallacious Drink! Ye honest Men beware,
Nor trust its Smoothless; The third circling Glafs
Suffices Virtue: But may Hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanting Cups
Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts disclose,
And thro' Intemperance grow a while sincere.

The Farmer's Toil is done; his Cades mature,
Now call for Vent, his Lands exhaust permit
T'indulge a while. Now solemn Rites he pays
To *Bacchus*, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.

His honest Friends, at thirsty hour of Dusk,
 Come uninvited ; he with bounteous Hand
 Imparts his smoaking Vintage, sweet Reward
 Of his own Industry ; the well-fraught Bowl
 Circles incessant, whilst the humble Cell
 With quavering Laugh, and rural Jest resounds,
 Ease, and Content, and undissembled Love
 Shine in each Face ; the Thoughts of Labour past
 Encrease their Joy. As, from retentive Cage
 When sullen *Philomel* escapes, her Notes
 She varies, and oft past Imprisonment
 Sweetly complains ; her Liberty retriev'd
 Cheers her sad Soul, improves her pleasing Song.
 Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceeding the Bounds
 Of healthy Temp'rance, nor incroach on Night,
 Season of Rest, but well bedew'd repair
 Each to his Home, with unupplanted Feet.
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 By parching Thirst allur'd : With vehement Suns
 When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,
 How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted Arch
 Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign

To ply the sweet Carouse, remote from Noise,
 Secur'd of fev'rish Heats! When th' aged Year
 Inclines, and *Borea's* Spirit blusters frore,
 Beware th' inclement Heav'ns; now let thy Hearth
 Crackle with juiceless Boughs; thy lingring Blood
 Now instigate with th' Apples powerful Streams
 Perpetual Showers, and stormy Gusts confine
 The willing Ploughman, and *December* warns
 To Annual Jollities; now sportive Youth
 Carol incondite Rhythms, with suiting Notes,
 And quaver unharmonious; sturdy Swains
 In clear Array, for rustic Dance prepare,
 Mixt with the Buxom Damsels; hand in hand
 They frisk, and bound, and various Mazes weave,
 Shaking their brawny Limbs, with uncouth Mein,
 Transported, and sometimes, an oblique Leer
 Dart on their Loves, sometimes, an hasty Kiss
 Steal from unwary Lassies; they with Scorn,
 And Neck reclind, resent the ravish'd Blifs.
 Mean while, blind *British* Bards with volant Touch
 Traverse loquacious Strings, whose solemn Notes
 Provoke to harmless Revels; these among,
 A subtle Artist stands, in wondrous Bag
 That bears imprison'd Winds, (of gentler sort
 Than those, which erst *Laertes* Son enclos'd.)
 Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful Squeeze
 Of labouring Elbow rouse them, out they fly
 Melodious, and with spritely Accents charm.
 'Midst these Disports, forget they not to drench
 Themselves with bellying Goblets, nor when Spring
 Returns, can they refuse to usher in
 The fresh-born Year with loud Acclaim, and store
 Of jovial Draughts, now, when the sappy Boughs
 Attire themselves with Blooms, sweet Rudiments
 Of future Harvest: When the *Gnossian* Crown
 Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees
 Discharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank
 Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies

Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts
 Exhilarate their languid Minds, within
 The Golden *Mean* confin'd : Beyond, there's naught
 Of Health, or Pleasure. Therefore, when thy Heart
 Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul
 Prompts to pursue the sparkling Glass, be sure
 'Tis time to shun it ; if thou wilt prolong
 Dire Compotation, forthwith Reason quits
 Her Empire to Confusion, and Misrule,
 And vain Debates ; then twenty Tongues at once
 Conspire in senseless Jargon, naught is heard
 But Din, and various Clamour, and mad Rant :
 Distrust, and Jealousie to these succeed,
 And anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane
 Of well-knit Fellowship. Now horrid Frays
 Commence, the brimming Glasses now are hurl'd
 With dire Intent ; Bottles with Bottles clash
 In rude Encounter, round their Temples fly
 The sharp-edg'd Fragments, down their batter'd Cheeks
 Mixt Gore, and Cyder flow : What shall we say
 Of rash *Elpenor*, who in evil Hour
 Dry'd an immeasurable Bowl, and thought
 T'exhale his Surfeit by irriguous Sleep,
 Imprudent ? Him, Death's Iron-Sleep opprest,
 Descending careless from his Couch ; the Fall
 Luxt his Neck-joint, and spinal Marrow bruise'd.
 Nor need we tell what anxious Cares attend
 The turbulent Mirth of Wine ; nor all the kinds
 Of Maladies, that lead to Death's grim Cave,
 Wrought by Intemperance, joint racking Gout,
 Intestine Stone, and pining Atrophy,
 Chill, even when the Sun with *July*-Heats
 Frys the scorch'd Soil, and Dropsy all a-float,
 Yet craving Liquid : Nor the *Centaur's* Tale
 Be here repeated ; how with Lust, and Wine
 Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken Souls
 At feasting Hour. Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, that guard
 The *British* Isles, such dire Events remove

Far from fair *Albion*, nor let Civil Broils
 Ferment from Social Cups: May we, remote
 From the hoarse, brazen Sound of War, enjoy
 Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts
 Enkindle Mirth, and Hospitable Love.
 Too oft alas! has mutual Hatred drench'd
 Our Swords in Native Blood, too oft has Pride,
 And hellish Discord, and insatiate Thirst
 Of other's Rights, our Quiet discompos'd.
 Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd
 Wide-spreading, when by *Eris*' Torch incens'd
 Our Fathers warr'd? What Hero's, signaliz'd
 For Loyalty, and Prowess, met their Fate
 Untimely, undeserv'd! How *Bertie* fell,
Compton, and *Gravill*, dauntless Sons of *Mars*,
 Fit Themes of endless Grief, but that we view
 Their Virtues yet surviving in their Race!
 Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong Rout
 Defy'd their Prince to Arms, nor made account
 Of Faith, or Duty, or Allegiance sworn?
 Apostate, Atheist Rebels! bent to Ill,
 With seeming Sanctity, and cover'd Fraud,
 Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
 Omnipotence; alike their Crime, th' Event
 Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
 Of barbarous Malice, and insulting Pride,
 Abstain'd not from Imperial Blood. O Fact
 Unparallel'd! O *Charles*! O best of Kings!
 What Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed
 On Thy Nativity, that Thou shoud'st fall
 Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,
 Supreme, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death
 By those, Thy Mercy only wou'd have sav'd!
 Yet was the Cyder-Land unstain'd with Guilt;
 The Cyder-Land, obsequious still to Thrones,
 Abhor'd such base, disloyal Deeds, and all
 Her Pruning-hooks extended into Swords,
 Undaunted, to assert the trampled Rights
 Of Monarchy; but, ah! successless She

However faithful ! then was no regard
 Of Right, or Wrong. And this, once happy Land,
 By home-bred Fury rent, long groan'd beneath
 Tyrannic Sway, 'till fair revolving Years
 Our exil'd Kings, and Liberty restor'd.
 Now we exult, by mighty *ANNA*'s Care
 Secure at home, while She to foreign Realms
 Sends forth her dreadful Legions, and restrains
 The Rage of Kings : Here, nobly She supports
 Justice oppress'd ; here Her victorious Arms
 Quell the Ambitions : From Her Hand alone
 All *Europe* fears Revenge, or hopes Redress.
 Rejoice, O *Albion* ! sever'd from the World
 By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
 Of nothing from without ; in One Supreme
 Intirely blest ; and from beginning time
 Design'd thus happy ; but the fond Desire
 Of Rule, and Grandeur, multiply'd a Race
 Of Kings, and numerous Sceptres introduc'd,
 Destructive of the public Weal : For now
 Each Potentate, as wary Fear, or Strength,
 Or Emulation urg'd, his Neighbour's Bounds
 Invades, and ampler Territory seeks
 With ruinous Assault ; on every Plain
 Host cop'd with Host, dire was the Din of War,
 And ceaseless, or short Truce haply procur'd
 By Havoc, and Dismay, 'till Jealousy
 Rais'd new Combustion : Thus was Peace in vain
 Sought for by Martial Deeds, and Conflict stern :
 'Till *Edgar* grateful (as to those who pine
 A dismal half-Year Night, the orient Beam
 Of *Phabus* Lamp) arose, and into one
 Cemented all the long-contending Pow'rs,
 Pacific Monarch ; then Her lovely Head
 Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
 The Spirit of Love ; at Ease, the Bards new strung
 Their silent Harps, and taught the Woods, and Vales,
 In uncouth Rhythms, to eccho *Edgar*'s Name.
 Then Gladness smil'd in every Eye ; the Years

Ran

Ran smoothly on, productive of a Line
Of wise, Heroic Kings, that by just Laws
Establish'd Happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting Enemies in farthest Climes.

See Lyon-Hearted *Richard*, with his Force
Drawn from the North, to *Jury's* hallow'd Plains !
Piously valiant, (like a Torrent swell'd
With wintry Tempests, that disdains all Mounds,
Breaking a Way impetuous, and involves
Within its Sweep, Trees, Houses, Men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest Battel ; and o'er-threw
Whate'er withstood his zealous Rage ; no Pause,
No Stay of Slaughter, found his vigorous Arm,
But th' unbelieving Squadrons turn'd to Flight
Smote in the Rear, and with dishonest Wounds
Mangl'd behind : The *Soldan*, as he fled,
Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnashing with Despite,
And Shame, and murmur'd many an Empty Curse.

Behold Third *Edward's* Streamers blazing high
On *Gallia's* hostile Ground ! his Right with-held,
Awakens Vengeance ; O imprudent *Gauls*,
Relying on false Hopes, thus to incense
The warlike *English* ! one important Day
Shall teach you meaner Thoughts : Eager of Fight,
Fierce *Brutus* Off-spring to the adverse Front
Advance resistless, and their deep Array
With furious Inroad pierce ; the mighty Force
Of *Edward*, twice o'erturn'd their desperate King,
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid Shock :
The third time, with his wide extended Wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior Strength,
Discomfited ; pursu'd, in the sad Chace
Ten Thousands ignominious fall ; with Blood
The Vallies float : Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,
With golden *Iris* his broad Sheild emboss'd.

Thrice glorious Prince ! whom, Fame with all her
[Tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his Loins

New

New Authors of Dissention spring; from him
 Two Branches, that in hosting long contend
 For Sov'rain Sway; (and can such Anger dwell
 In noblest Minds?) but little now avail'd
 The Ties of Friendship; every Man, as lead
 By Inclination, or vain Hope, repair'd
 To either Camp, and breath'd immortal Hate,
 And dire Revenge: Now horrid Slaughter reigns;
 Sons against Father tilt the fatal Lance,
 Careless of Duty, and their native Grounds
 Distain with Kindred Blood, the twanging Bows
 Send Showers of Shafts, that on their barbed Points
 Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you see
 Barons, and Peasants on th' embottled Field
 Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly Heap
 Promiscuously amass: with dismal Groans,
 And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death
 Some call for Aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
 In the fierce Shock, lye gasping, and expire,
 Trampled by fiery Coursers; Horror thus,
 And wild Uproar, and Desolation reign'd
 Unrespited: Ah! who at length will end
 This long, pernicious Fray? What Man has Fate
 Reserv'd for this great Work?—Hail, happy Prince
 Of *Tuder's* Race, whom in the Womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! Thou, Thou art He,
 Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial Rites
 Must close the Gates of *Janus*, and remove
 Destructive Discord: Now no more the Drum
 Provokes to Arms, or Trumpet's Clangor shrill
 Affrights the Wives, or chills the Virgin's Blood;
 But Joy, and Pleasure open to the View
 Uninterrupted! With presaging Skill
 Thou to Thy own unitest *Fergus' Line*
 By wise Alliance; from thee *James* descends,
 Heav'n's chosen Fav'rite, first *Britannic King*.
 To him alone, Hereditary Right
 Gave Power supreme; yet still some Seeds remain'd

Of Discontent; Two Nations under One,
 In Laws and Int'rest diverse, still pursu'd
 Peculiar Ends, on each Side resolute
 To fly Conjunction; neither Fear, nor Hope,
 Nor the sweet Prospect of a mutual Gain,
 Cou'd ought avail, 'till prudent *ANNA* said
Let there be UNION; strait with Reverence due
 To Her Command, they willingly unite,
 One in Affection, Laws, and Government,
 Indissolubly firm; from *Dubris* South,
 To Northern *Orcades*, Her long Domain.

And now thus leagu'd by an eternal Bond,
 What shall retard the *Britons*' bold Designs,
 Or who sustain their Force; in Union knit,
 Sufficient to withstand the Pow'rs combin'd
 Of all this Globe? At this important Act
 The *Mauritanian* and *Cathaian* Kings
 Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*
 Dreads War from utmost *Thule*; uncontrol'd
 The *British* Navy thro' the Ocean vast
 Shall wave her double Cross, t' extreamest Climes
 Terrifie, and return with odorous Spoils
 Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus*' Wealth,
 Pearl, and Barbaric Gold; mean while the Swains
 Shall unmolested reap, what Plenty strows
 From well stor'd Horn, rich Grain, and timely Fruits
 The elder Year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, shall deck
 With ruby-tinctur'd Births, whose liquid Store
 Abundant, flowing in well blended Streams,
 The Natives shall applaud; while glad the talk
 Of baleful Ills, caus'd by *Bekona*'s Wrath
 In other Realms; where e'er the *British* spread
 Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach'd
 Diffusive, to the utmost Bounds of this
 Wide Universe, *Silurian* Cyder borne
 Shall please all Tasts, and triumph o'er the Vine.

T H E E N D.

T H E
SPLENDID SHILLING:
I N
Imitation of *MILTON*.

———Sing Heav'nly Muse,
*Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire.*

HAppy the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken or in Leathern Purse retains
A Splendid Shilling : he not hears with pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful Ale ;
But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,
To *Juniper's*, or *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs,
Where mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye,
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flames.
Chloe or *Phillis* ; he each Circling Glass
Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he Smoaks, and Laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I whom griping Penury furrounds,
And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
(Wretched Repast) my meagre Corps sustain :
Then Solitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
As Winter's Chimney, or well-polish'd Jett,

Exhale

Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Smoak.
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
 Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, ancient Kings,
 Full famous in Romantick tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy Hill, and fruitless Cliff
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
 Hight *Morgannumia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
 Whence flow Nectarous Wines, that well may vye
 With *Massic*, *Setian*, or Renown'd *Falern*.
 Thus while my joyless Hours I lingering spend,
 With Looks demure, and silent pace a *Dund*,
 Horrible Monster ! hated by Gods and Men,
 To my aerial Citadel ascends ;
 With Vocal Heel thrice Thund'ring at my Gates,
 With hideous Accent thrice he calls ; I know
 The Voice ill boding, and the solemn Sound ;
 What shou'd I do, or whether turn ? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
 Of Woodhole ; streight my bristling Hairs erect,
 My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
 So horrible he seems ; his faded Brow
 Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
 And spreading Band admir'd by Modern Saint
 Disastrous Acts forbode ; in his Right hand
 Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
 With Characters and Figures dire inscribed
 Grievous to mortal Eye, (ye Gods avert
 Such Plagues from Righteous Men) behind him stalks
 Another Monster, not unlike himself,
 Of Aspect sullen, by the Vulgar called
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the Gods
 With Force incredible, and Magic Charms
 Erst have indu'd, if he his ample Palm

Should

should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, streight his Body to the touch
 Obsequious (as Whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charm
 In durance vile detain him, till in form
 Of Money, *Pallas* fet the Captive free.
 Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect; oft which insidious Ken,
 This Caitiff eyes your steps alooff, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)
Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful eye,
 Lyes nightly brooding ore a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd Web
 The *Spider* in a Hall or Kitchin spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies: she secret stands
 Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will ought avail
 Their Arts nor Arms, nor shapes of lovely Hue,
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
 Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
 Perswades Men to repel benumbing Frosts,
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
 Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous talk

Of lovely friends delights; distress'd, forlorn;
 Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
 Or desperate Lady near a purling stream,
 Or Lover pendant on a Willow-tree:
 Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, in vain, my parched Throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy Eyes repose:
 But if a Slumber haply do's invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy still awake,
 Longing for Drink, and eager in my Dream,
 Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale.

Awake, I find the settled Thirst—

Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor tast the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
 Mature, John-apple, nor the Downy Peach,
 Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
 Nor Medlar Fruit delicious in decay;
 Afflictions great, yet greater still remain,
 My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
 The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Frosts,
 By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue!)
 A horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
 Wide discontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus, and *Auster*, and the dreadful force
 Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
 Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
 Long sail'd secure, or through the *Egean* Deep,
 Or the *Ionian*, 'till Cruising near
 The *Lilybean* Shoar; with hideous Crush
 On *Scylla* or *Charybdis* dangerous Rocks
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
 So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the Sea, in at the gaping Side,

The crouding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
 Resistless overwhelming ; Horrors seize
 The Marriners Death in their Eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they plump, they swear, they pray:
 Vain Efforts, still the battering Waves rush in
 Implacable, 'till delug'd by the foam,
 The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyfs.

T O A
 L A D Y :
 W I T H
Milton's Paradise Lost.

SEE here how bright the First-born Virgin shone !
 And how the first Fond Lover was undone :
 Such powerful Words our Charming Mother spoke,
 As *Milton's* are, and such as *Yours* her Look.
Your's the best Copy of the Original Face,
 Whose Beauty was to furnish all her Race.
 Your Charms no Author can escape but he ;
 There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

A
SONG.

I.

What ! put off with One Denial ?
And not make a Second Tryal ?
You might see my Eyes consenting,
All about me was relenting :
Women oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
Forgive the Youth who boldly storm.

II.

Lovers, when you Sigh and Languish ;
When you tell us of your Anguish ;
To the Nymph you'll be more pleasing,
When those Sorrows you are reasing :
We love to try how far Men dare,
And never with the Foe should spare.

A
S O N G.

By Mr. Check.

B Right *Cythia's* Power, divinely Great ;
What Heart is not Obeying ?
A Thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her Eyes are playing.

She seems the Queen of Love to reign,
For she alone dispences
Such Sweets as best can entertain
The Gust of all the Sences.

Her Face a Charming Prospect brings ;
Her Breath gives balmy Bliss :
I hear an Angel when she Sings,
And taste of Heaven in Kisses.

Four Sences thus she Feasts with Joy,
From Nature's chiefest Treasure :
Let me the other Sence employ,
And I shall dye with Pleasure.

A Ca-

A Catalogue of *Poems*, Printed and Sold by *H. Hills* in
Black-Fryars, near the Water side.

A Congratulatory POEM to his *Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark*, Lord High Admiral of *Great Britain*, upon the Glorious Successes at Sea. By *N. Tate* Esq; Poet-Laureat to Her Majesty. To which is added a Happy Memorable Song, on the Fight near *Audenarde*, between the Duke of *Marlborough* and *Vendome*, &c. *Windsor Castle*: A POEM. Inscrib'd to the Immortal Honour of our most Gracious Sovereign, *Anne*, Queen of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*. To which is added, *Britain's Jubilee*; a new Congratulatory SONG, &c.

Marlborough Still Conqueror: Or, UNION hath got the Day. A POEM, upon the late Victory obtained by the Prince and Duke of *Marlborough*; And UNION of the Two Kingdoms. By *J. Gaynam*, The Battel of *Audenarde*. A POEM, occasion'd by the Glorious Victory obtain'd over the *French* near that Place, the 11th of *July*, 1708. N. S. by the Confederate Army under the Command of his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, *Montieur D' Auverquerque*, and Prince *Eugene of Savoy*. With the Characters of the General Officers, who were present in the Engagement. Also a New Copy of Verses of *Jack French-man's Lamentation*.

The Flight of the Pretender, with *Advice to the POETS*. A POEM, in the *Arthural*, — *Jobical*. — *Elizabethical* Style and Phrase of the sublime POET MAURUS.

Honesty in Distress; But reliev'd by no Party. A Tragedy, As it is Acted on the Stage, &c.

St. James's Park: A SATYR.

The Kit-Cats. A POEM. To which is added the PICTURE, in Imitation of *Annacreon's Bathillus*. As also the Coquet Beauty, by the Right Honourable the Marquis of *Normanby*.

WINE, A POEM. To which is added *Old England's New Triumph*: Or, the Battel of *Audenard*. A SONG.

A POEM, occasion'd by the much lamented Death of *Mrs Hester Buckworth*, only Daughter of *Sir John Buckworth*, Kt. and Bar.

The LONG VACATION. A SATYR: Address'd to all Disconsolate TRADERS.

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